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The Church Missionary Hymn Book

"Let the song go round the earth—
Jesus Christ is Lord!"

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Jas Edmund Jones

THE

CHURCH MISSIONARY HYMN BOOK

"*Teaching and admonishing* ONE ANOTHER *with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs,*

"*Singing with grace in your hearts* UNTO GOD."

COL. iii. 16 (R.V.)

"*Let them give thanks whom the Lord hath redeemed, and delivered from the hand of the enemy;*

"*And gathered them out of the lands, from the East, and from the West, from the North, and from the South.*"

PSALM cvii. 2, 3 (P.B.V.)

Let the song go round the earth—
Jesus Christ is Lord.

S. G. S.

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CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

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PREFACE.

MANY inquiries about Hymns to be used in connexion with the Commemoration of the Church Missionary Society's Centenary, as well as for more general missionary purposes, have led those, on whom has fallen the responsibility of preparing for the Centenary, to believe that a small Collection of Hymns, mainly of a missionary and devotional character, was much needed to serve both objects. Early in 1898 a Sub-Committee was appointed to prepare such a Collection: the following pages are the result.

It does not profess to be a Book for general Public Worship; but the Compilers believe that it will be widely welcomed by missionary Choirs, Gleaners', and other Unions, Bands, and workers of many kinds, for Special Services or regular Meetings, as well as find a place in home circles, where Christ's command to evangelize the World is loved and honoured.

Together with a number of old and popular Hymns, it contains many which are little known. Of these, some have been written specially for the Society, and others not hitherto published.

A pathetic interest is attached to the Book from the fact that it is the last literary work in which Miss S. G. Stock was engaged before her summons to a higher service. This gentle and gifted lady, who will ever be remembered as the missionary poetess of our age, took the liveliest interest in the preparation of this Hymnal. Her colleagues gratefully acknowledge how much, under God, they owe to her refined taste, her quick perception of beauty, and her spirit so deeply taught in Divine truth.

The Sub-Committee are also deeply indebted to E. J. Bellerby, Esq., Mus. Doc., for the zeal and judgment which he has devoted to the musical portion of the Book. They feel, however, that it is due to him to state that the Sub-Committee retained the selection of the Tunes in their own hands; and also that, while a large number of the Tunes have received his much valued revision, and a larger number his approval, he is not to be held responsible for others, the insertion of which the Committee desired, not so much for their artistic merit as for the recognized popularity which they have attained.

Earnestly desiring that it may please Him who inhabiteth the praises of His people to accept this humble offering, and to use it for His glory in the Church, the Compilers commend it to the kindness of their many friends and fellow-workers in the service of the Lord Christ.

H. E. Fox,
Hon. Secretary, C.M.S.

The Committee tender their warmest thanks to the following friends who have contributed new Hymns, specially written for this Book: Rev. H. E. Fox for No. 21; Miss E. F. Fox for Nos. 191, 225, and 226; Rev. E. C. Ince for No. 239; Mrs. Maude for No. 206; Rev. Canon Rawnsley for No. 188; Rev. W. J. L. Sheppard for Nos. 65, 224, 238, 241, and 242; and Rev. S. J. Stone for No. 63; while No. 48 was also written by the late Miss Stock for this Book.

For free permission to use Hymns, a number of which are published for the first time, the Committee heartily thank A. C. Ainger, Esq., for No. 8; Mrs. Dyce Alexander for No. 34; Rev. Canon Atherton for No. 236; J. P. Attwater, Esq., for No. 87; Rev. S. Baring-Gould

for No. 140; Dr. E. J. Bellerby for No. 103; Miss F. Brook for Nos. 138 and 163; the Children's Special Service Mission for Nos. 190, 193, 195, 198, 202, and 203, taken from *Golden Bells;* Rev. F. Ellerton for Nos. 160 and 235; the Right Rev. Bishop of Exeter for Nos. 4, 10, 46, 51, 114, 137, 213, 216, 218, and 237; Rev. H. E. Fox for No. 240; Rev. Canon Furse for No. 208; Rev. Preb. Gibson for No. 227; Rev. T. Graham for No. 183; Rev. J. G. Gregory for No. 66; Messrs. Hazell, Watson and Viney for Nos. 113, 144, and 179, by the late Miss E. S. Elliott; Miss V. Hine, for No. 205; F. D. How, Esq., for Nos. 86, 141, and 156, by the late Right Rev. Bishop W. Walsham How; the Proprietors of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* for Nos. 212 and 220; Rev. E. C. Ince for No. 16; Miss A. J. Janvrin for Nos. 12 and 136; Rev. W. S. Lewis for No. 176; the London Missionary Society for Nos. 30 and 219; W. Luff, Esq., for No. 103; Miss F. Hepburn-Lyall for No. 3; Messrs. Marshall Bros. for Nos. 85, 118, 129, and 134, taken from *Hymns of Consecration and Faith*; Miss A. W. Marston for No. 17; Rev. G. Matheson for Nos. 98 and 101; Miss Maude for Nos. 230 and 232; Mrs. Maude for Nos. 192 and 231; Messrs. Morgan and Scott for Nos. 6, 11, 19, 33, 88, 89, 106, 117, 146, 150, 175, and 177, taken from *Sacred Songs and Solos*, and for No. 100, taken from *The Christian Choir*; Rev H. C. G. Moule for Nos. 43 and 99; Messrs. Nisbet and Co. for Nos. 53, 67, 90, 115, 124, and 166, all by the late Dr. H. Bonar; Mrs. Pearce for No. 200; the Representatives of the late Rev. W. Pennefather for Nos. 161 and 216; Major Poole for No. 132; Miss K. Sachs for No. 236; the Right Rev. Bishop of Salisbury for Nos. 9, 72, 80, 158, 222, and 223, by the late Right Rev. Bishop C. Wordsworth; Rev. J. S. Scotland for No. 79; Rev. A. Havergal Shaw for Nos. 13, 24, 35, 92, 93, 96, 97, 102, 109, 111, 180, and 186, all by the late Miss Frances Ridley Havergal; Rev. W. J. L. Sheppard for Nos. 94, 116, and 234; the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge for No. 210, by the late Mrs. Rundle Charles; Rev. S. J. Stone for Nos. 38 and 49; the Right Rev. Bishop of Sydney for No. 25; Rev. Preb. Thring for Nos. 56 and 228; Mrs. H. G. Thwaites for Nos. 29, 147, and 178; Rev. L. C. Wallich for No. 104; Rev. W. S. Walsh for No. 68; Miss M. Bradford Whiting for Nos. 152 and 207; the Women's Board of Missions, Chicago, for No. 199; and the Right Rev. Archbishop of York for No. 164; while they are also indebted to the late Rev. Canon Bell for No. 83; and for Nos. 1, 2, 14, 20, 22, 31, 50, 71, 75, 82, 105, 120, 121, 139, 148, 170, 204, 229, and 233 to the late Miss S. G. Stock.

Permission has also been purchased from Messrs. J. Curwen and Sons to use No. 128; and from Messrs. Skeffington and Son to use No. 123.

The Committee desire also to repeat their thanks to a number of friends whose permission was obtained some time ago for the use of Hymns which have appeared in the Society's Hymn-Sheets, and many of which are reprinted in this Book.

For Tunes specially composed for the Book the Committee very gratefully record their indebtedness to the following friends: Dr. E. J. Bellerby for Nos. 68 and 142, and for the arrangement of No. 9; H. Ford Benson, Esq., for No. 136; Livesey Carrott, Esq., for Nos. 115, 185, and 236; J. Downing Farrer, Esq., for Nos. 2 and 196; H. Gibbon, Esq., for Nos. 65 (ii.) and 226; Rev. T. Richard Matthews for Nos. 10 and 160, both printed by permission of Messrs. Novello and Company, Ltd.; C. E. Miller, Esq., for Nos. 32 (i.), 63, 87, and 116; Rev. W. J. L. Sheppard for Nos. 65 (i.) and 194 (ii.); Samuel Smith, Esq., for Nos. 114, 147 (ii.), and 191; and Sir John Stainer for Nos. 163 and 207; while the late Miss Stock also composed No. 48 for this Book.

The Committee would also cordially thank those who have permitted the free use of Tunes, many of which were previously unpublished: A. C. Ainger, Esq., for No. 8; Mrs. Alexander for No. 34; H. Baker, Esq., for No. 124; Dr. W. T. Belcher for No. 233; Dr. E. J. Bellerby for Nos. 103 and 240; H. Ford Benson, Esq., for Nos. 70, 77, and 219; Rev. W. Boyd for No. 238; Rev. Dr. Bullinger for No. 12; Dr. E. Bunnett for No. 51 (ii.), from *Twenty-four Original Tunes*; Livesey Carrott, Esq., for Nos. 29, 37, 110, and 132; the Children's Special Service Mission for Nos. 190, 193, 195, 198, and 202, from *Golden Bells*; G. F. Cobb, Esq., for No. 241; the Congregational Union of England and Wales for No. 69; Dr. S. Corbett for No. 239 (i.); H. R. B. Dart, Esq., for No. 12; F. Dykes, Esq., for Nos. 158 and 188; the Right Rev. Bishop of Exeter for No. 218; J. Downing Farrer, Esq., for Nos. 17, 25, 58, 105, 131, 141, 178 (ii.), 209, 220, and 239 (ii.), all from the *Lowestoft Supplemental Tune Book*; C. H. Forrest, Esq., for Nos. 94 and 234; J. B.

Fortay, Esq., for No. 43; Mrs. Garrett for No. 133; Dr. W. B. Gilbert for No. 198; Rev. T. Graham for No. 183; Rev. J. G. Gregory for No. 66; R. W. Hayne, Esq., for Nos, 176 and 182; Messrs. Hazell, Watson and Viney for Nos, 113, 144, and 179; W. W. Hewitt, Esq., for No. 79; the Proprietors of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* for Nos. 38, 42, 49, 76, 90, 122 (i.), 159, 162, 174 (ii.), 180, 212, 222, 223, and for the harmonies of No. 224; Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marston, Searle and Rivington for Nos. 86 and 211, as well as for their kind permission to use many copyright harmonies from the third edition of *The Hymnal Companion*; Meyer Lutz, Esq., for No. 166; Dr. A. H. Mann for Nos. 103, 120, 213, and 230; F. A. Mann, Esq., for Nos. 126 (ii.), 167, and 172; Messrs, Marshall Brothers for Nos. 75, 85, 118, 129, and 134 from *Hymns of Consecration and Faith*; Sir G. C. Martin for No. 242; Rev. J. H. Matthews for No. 228; J. H. Maunder, Esq., for No. 47; C. E. Miller, Esq., for Nos. 93, 128, and 138; Messrs. Morgan and Scott for Nos. 6, 11, 19, 33, 88, 89, 106, 117, 139, 146, 148, 150, 175 and 177, all from *Sacred Songs and Solos*, and for No. 100, from *The Christian Choir*; Messrs. Nisbet and Co. for No. 20; Messrs. Novello and Company, Ltd., for Nos. 32 (ii.), 80, 82, 91, 98, 119, 140, 156, 174 (i.), and 237; Sir Herbert Oakeley for No. 56 (i.); Rev. H. Parr for No. 18, from *Church of England Psalmody*; R. F. Pearce, Esq., for No. 200; the Religious Tract Society for No. 231 (i.); Rev. A. Havergal Shaw for Nos. 13, 24, 35, 111, 214, and 231 (ii.); Rev. H. F. Sheppard for No. 123; Rev. W. J. L. Sheppard for No. 122 (ii.); Samuel Smith, Esq., for Nos. 21 and 56 (ii.); T. L. Southgate, Esq., for No. 99; Sir John Stainer for No. 164; Chas. Strong, Esq., for No. 112; Sir Arthur Sullivan for No. 67 and for the harmonies of No. 7; the Rev. H. G. Thwaites for Nos. 147 (i.) and 178 (i.); and J. Walch, Esq., for No. 225. The late Miss Stock also contributed Nos. 1, 3, 14, 22, 31, 204, and 229.

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Every care has been taken to discover and obtain permission from the owners of copyright Hymns and Tunes; in the case of any accidental omission the Committee would desire to sincerely apologize for such mistake, which they will gladly correct in any future edition of the Book.

The weakest part of many Hymn Books is to be found in the Texts prefixed to the Hymns. Every care has been taken in this Book to choose appropriate and helpful Texts for this purpose, and it is hoped that it may be found possible, in giving out a Hymn, to read its Text as well, thus giving due prominence to the Word of God.

Where new Tunes have been used, a reference has also been given, wherever possible, to some well-known Tune elsewhere in the Book, which may be substituted when it is deemed inadvisable to use a new and unknown Tune.

Expression-marks have been carefully inserted throughout the Book, which it is earnestly hoped will be observed in the rendering of the Hymns. It should be particularly noticed that each mark is intended to continue in force till another one occurs.

MISSIONARY CHOIRS.

Missionary Choirs need multiplication. Large ones are only possible in large centres, but small ones are possible anywhere. Even a Choir of six or eight at an ordinary parochial missionary meeting would avail to lift the singing from the frequent low-level of feeble dulness towards the high-level of melodious brightness. A missionary Choir is quite within the range of practical parochial possibilities. It need not be relegated to the over-worked Incumbent to organize; a layman or a lady can do it quite as well, possibly better.

But the formation of a Missionary Choir has some essential conditions of success. The Members must possess certain qualifications.

Primarily (because most likely to be overlooked) they should be not only spiritually-minded, but missionary-minded. Possession of ear and voice cannot compensate for the lack of heart. From the heart comes the greatest, though rarest, ingredient of success,—the music which is full of "feeling," the singing which is "unto the Lord." On the other hand, a real interest in Missions does not necessarily imply either ability to sing or power to sing in time and tune. And these cannot be dispensed with. "Make a joyful noise" is an exhortation both Scriptural and missionary, obedience to which is within the reach of everyone; but it is not the standard for attainment by a Missionary Choir.

Combined practice is a necessity. "Trying the Hymns over" alone, at home, can never be a satisfactory substitute. The Choir must sing as one body, and not as a number of units possessed of varying ideas. The product of practice should be threefold. (*a*) First, distinctness of enunciation. Let this, too, be of primary importance. In the union of music and words it is the former, not the latter, which must take the subordinate place. And this, because only the words will carry a Divine message and prove a means of grace. It is more difficult to understand the words of many singers than of one. Yet it is possible to so render Hymns as to be intelligible to others than the fortunate possessors of Hymn Books. But it is a possibility of rare realization. To how many Choirs the Apostolic rebuke may be still applied: "How shall he that occupieth the room of the unlearned say, Amen, at thy giving of thanks, seeing he understandeth not what thou sayest? For thou verily giveth thanks well, but the other is not edified." Let no such reproach be ever levelled at a Missionary Choir. (*b*) Next, a mastery of the art of singing *with expression*. The average Choir apparently looks on expression-marks as printer's errors. Those who have heard such Hymns as "Peace, perfect peace," sung *with* and *without* expression will have learnt differently. It is not hard to train a Choir to sing *forte* and *piano;* a little care will ensure this; but to produce a really effective *crescendo* or *diminuendo* by a body of voices means time, trouble, and long patience. But it is worth it. (*c*) And then, a knowledge of every Hymn and Tune in the Book, so as to be ready to sing any of them at a moment's notice. "I am afraid we don't know this," is a sentence to be expunged from the vocabulary of a Missionary Choir.

At the Meeting if there is no platform, or no room on it, place the Choir facing at right angles to the audience, and of course in front. Let them sing for half-an-hour beforehand, the audience remaining seated, and joining in if they wish. But for this purpose someone must give out the Hymns. This is the time to render new Tunes. In the Meeting itself let old Tunes prevail, though not necessarily old Hymns also. Let the Chairman be asked to give out the Text at the head of the Hymn as well as its first line. And let all the Members of the Choir take the wise advice to a preacher, altered to suit their case, "Pray before singing, while singing, and after singing."

It is not always possible to realize an ideal. It *is* possible to try.

W. J. L. SHEPPARD,
Secretary of the Hymn-Book Sub-Committee.

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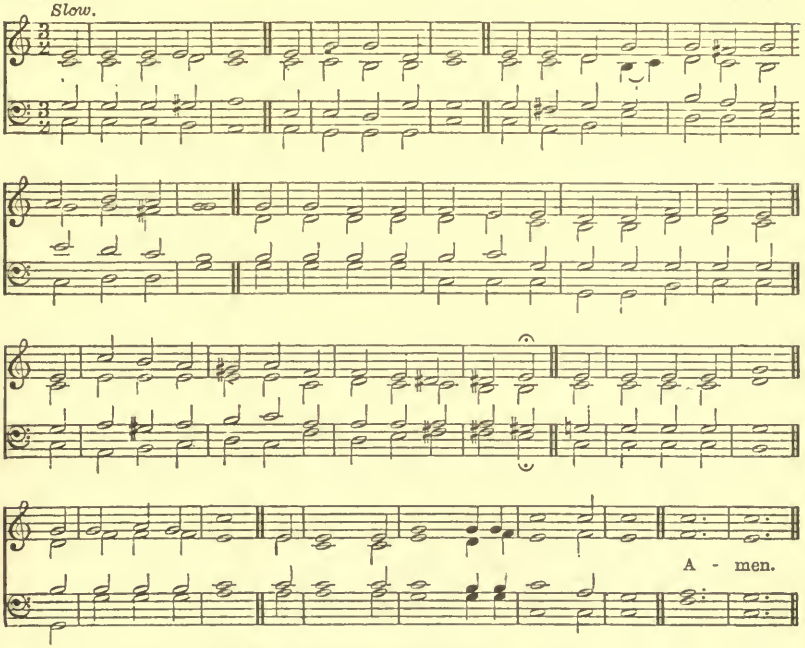
MARKS OF EXPRESSION.

pp signifies *pianissimo*, very soft.
p ,, *piano*, soft.
mp ,, *mezzo piano*, moderately soft.
mf ,, *mezzo forte*, moderately loud.
f ,, *forte*, loud.
ff ,, *fortissimo*, very loud.
cr ,, *crescendo*, louder *by degrees*.
dim ,, *diminuendo*, softer *by degrees*.

The Missionary Call and Claim.

1 Zenana P.M. SARAH G. STOCK.

Slow.

There they cry, but none giveth answer.—Job xxxv. 12.

1 *p* A CRY, as of pain,
Again and again,
cr Is borne o'er the deserts and wide-spreading main;
p A cry from the lands that in darkness are lying, [sighing;
A cry from the hearts that in sorrow are
cr It comes unto me;
It comes unto thee;
p Oh what—oh what shall the answer be?

2 *p* Oh! hark to the call;
cr It comes unto all
Whom Jesus hath rescued from sin's deadly thrall: [languish;
p "Come over and help us! in bondage we
Come over and help us! we die in our
cr It comes unto me; [anguish;"
It comes unto thee;
p Oh what—oh what shall the answer be?

3 *p* It comes to the soul
cr That Christ hath made whole,
The heart that is longing His Name to extol;
p It comes with a chorus of pitiful wailing;
cr It comes with a plea which is strong and prevailing,—
pp "For Christ's sake" to me;
"For Christ's sake" to thee;
Oh what—oh what shall the answer be?

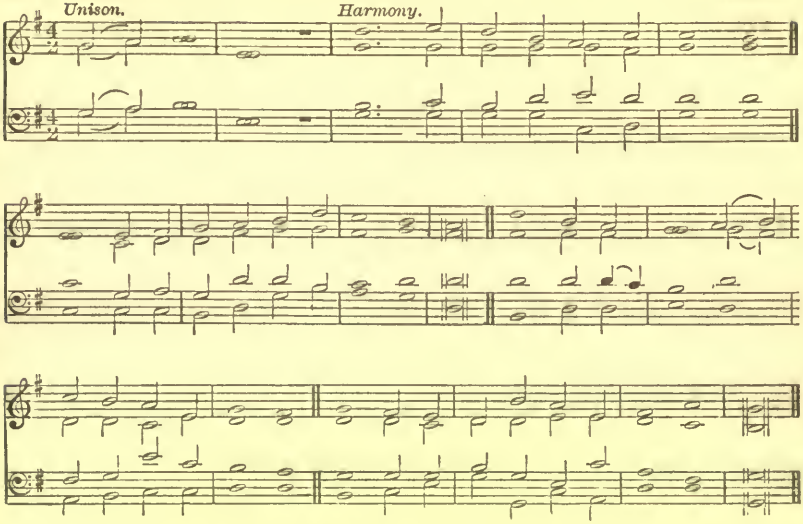
4 *f* We come, Lord, to Thee,
Thy servants are we, [shall be!
cr Inspire Thou the answer, and true it
mf If here we should work, or afar Thou should'st send us, [us,
O grant that Thy mercy may ever attend
cr That each one may be
A witness for Thee,
f Till all the earth shall Thy glory see!

SARAH G. STOCK. Amen.

2 A Debtor

11.10.11.10. J. DOWNING FARRER.

Unison. *Harmony.*



I am debtor.—Rom. i. 14.

1 *p* A DEBTOR! (*mf*) For the love of God unbounded,
Embracing all, hath taken thought for me,
Providing pardon, peace securely founded,
cr And life and joy to last eternally.

2 *p* A debtor! (*f*) For mine eyes have seen His glory
And in mine ears the gospel music rings;
Familiar is the old, the blessed story
dim Of how He died, (*f*) Who is the King of Kings.

3 *p* A debtor! And can one so favoured render
Aught unto Him Whose love hath given me all?
cr I hear His royal word, so sweet and tender,
"Come unto Me!" (*f*) I must repeat the call.

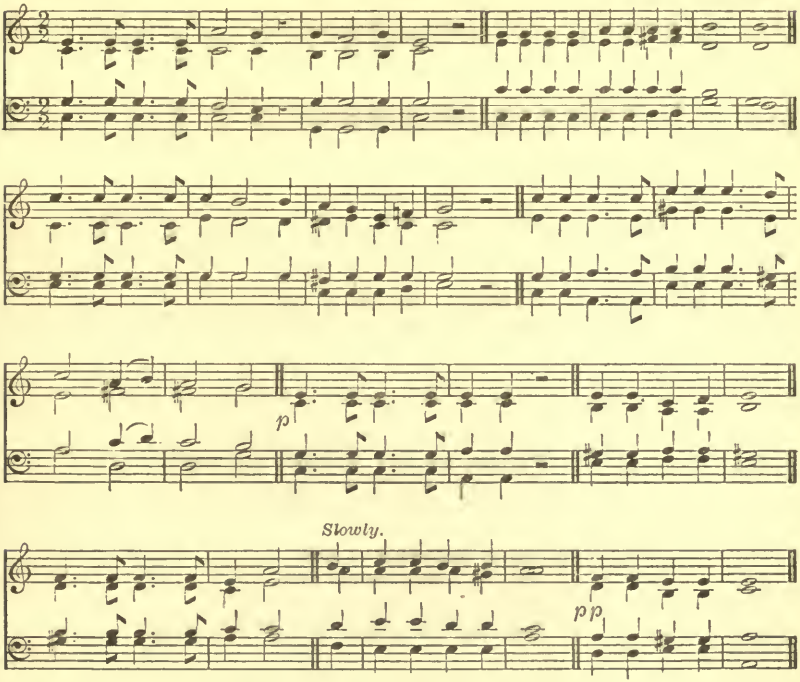
4 *p* A debtor! (*mf*) For He trusts me with His treasure
That I may share His blessed work,—to give;
And life has come to me at His good pleasure,
cr That others too may hear the word and live.

5 *p* A debtor! For in shadows darkly lying
Are thousand souls for whom my Saviour bled,
And distant lands, in sin and sorrow sighing,
cr Wait for His message to be comforted.

6 *p* A debtor! (*mf*) Loyal messengers have started,
cr God sends them, helps them, speeds them on their way;
Accepts the service of the faithful-hearted,—
p What am I doing my great debts to pay?

SARAH G. STOCK.

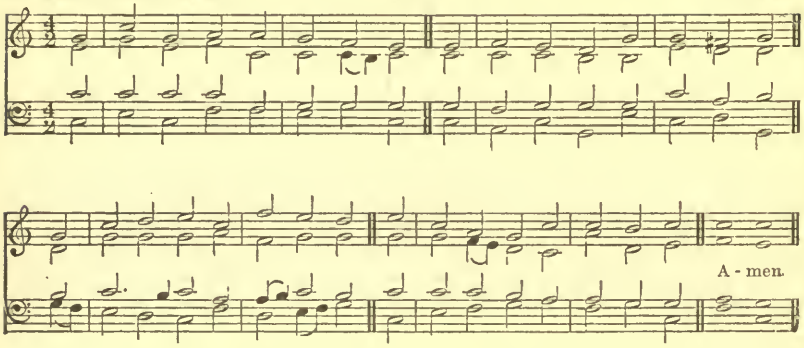
3 Africa

P.M. SARAH G. STOCK.

Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.—Ps. lxviii. 31.

1 *mp* AFRICA is waiting! waiting to-day!
cr Waiting for the message of salvation.
p Africa is waiting, why do ye still delay?
cr Quickly shout the good news out of jubilation!
p Africa is waiting!
Hear her cry of pain:
Africa is waiting!
pp Oh! shall she wait in vain?
Shall she wait in vain?

2 *mp* Africa is waiting! waiting to-day!
cr Stretching sin-stained hands unto our Jesus:
p Africa is waiting: (*cr*) Oh! then at once away!
Tell her how, e'en here and now, from sin He frees us.
p Africa is waiting!
Hear her cry of pain:
Africa is waiting!
pp Oh! shall she wait in vain?
Shall she wait in vain?

FRANCES HEPBURN LYALL.

4 Winchester New L.M. German

He . . . now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed.—Gal. i. 23.

1 *f* ALL-MERCIFUL, Almighty Lord,
We bless the love, its depth and height,
Which made, by Thy transforming word,
Thy foe a burning, shining light.

2 *mf* A chosen messenger of God,
Eternity o'ershadowing time,
Whose bleeding feet unwearied trod
From shore to shore, from clime to clime.

3 *mp* Content to reckon all things loss,
To live and die for Thy dear Name;
cr His only glory, Lord, Thy Cross;
f His heart aglow with heavenly flame.

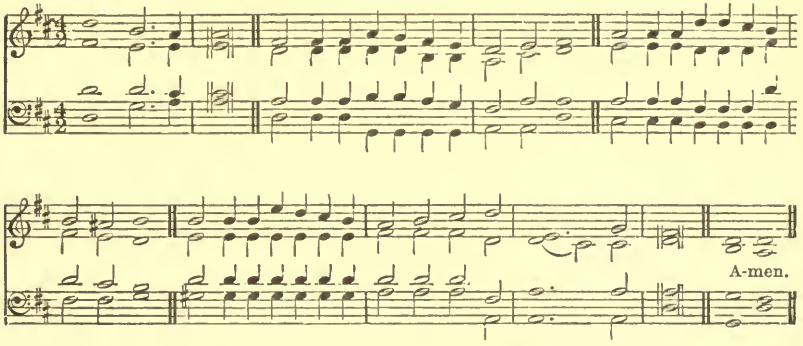
4 *mp* O Master, may we follow him
Most humbly, as he followed Thee;
cr Nor let the Gospel torch grow dim,
But quenchless flash o'er land and sea.

5 *f* Still from the warrior hosts, that crowd
The ramparts and the gates of hell,
cr May strong, heroic souls be bowed
Beneath Thy feet, Emmanuel:

6 *mf* Henceforth no more their own, but Thine,
Much loved, much loving, much forgiven,
cr Apostles of the grace Divine,
Which fashions thus the heirs of heaven. Amen.

BISHOP E. H. BICKERSTETH.

5 Ora Labora

4.10.10.10.4. SIR R. P. STEWART.

Go, work to-day in my vineyard.—St. Matt. xxi. 28.

1 *f* COME, labour on!
p Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
cr While all around him waves the golden grain?
And to each servant does the Master say,
"Go, work to-day."

2 *f* Come, labour on!
mf Claim the high calling angels cannot share,—
cr To young and old the Gospel-gladness bear:
dim Redeem the time, its hours too swiftly fly,
p The night draws nigh.

3 *f* Come, labour on!
p The labourers are few, the field is wide,
cr New stations must be filled, and blanks supplied;
mf From voices distant far, or near at home,
The call is "Come!"

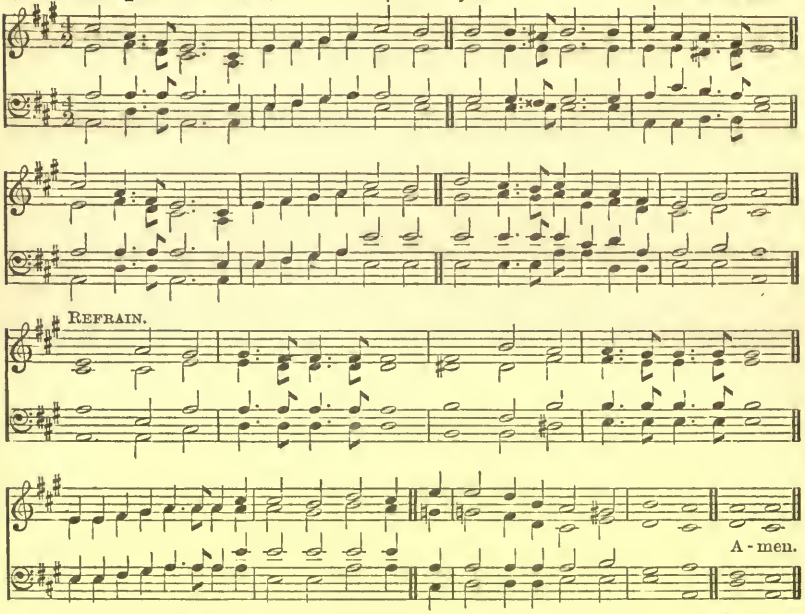
4 *f* Come, labour on!
Away with gloomy doubt and faithless fear!
No arm so weak but may do service here:
dim By feeblest agents can our God fulfil
cr His righteous will.

5 *f* Come, labour on!
dim No time for rest till glows the western sky,
p While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
cr And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,—
f "Servants, well done."

6 *f* Come, labour on!
mf The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,
f Blessed are those who to the end endure;
How full their joy, (*dim*) how deep their rest shall be,
v O Lord, with Thee! Amen.

JANE BORTHWICK.

6 Omnis Potestas Mihi

11.10.11.10, *with Refrain.* J. McGRANAHAN.

All power is given unto Me. . . Go ye therefore, and teach all nations.—St. Matt. xxviii. 18, 19

1 *p* FAR, far away in heathen darkness dwelling,
Millions of souls for ever may be lost,
cr Who, who will go, salvation's story telling,
Looking to Jesus, counting not the cost?
f "All power is given unto Me!
All power is given unto Me!
Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel;
And lo, I am with you alway."

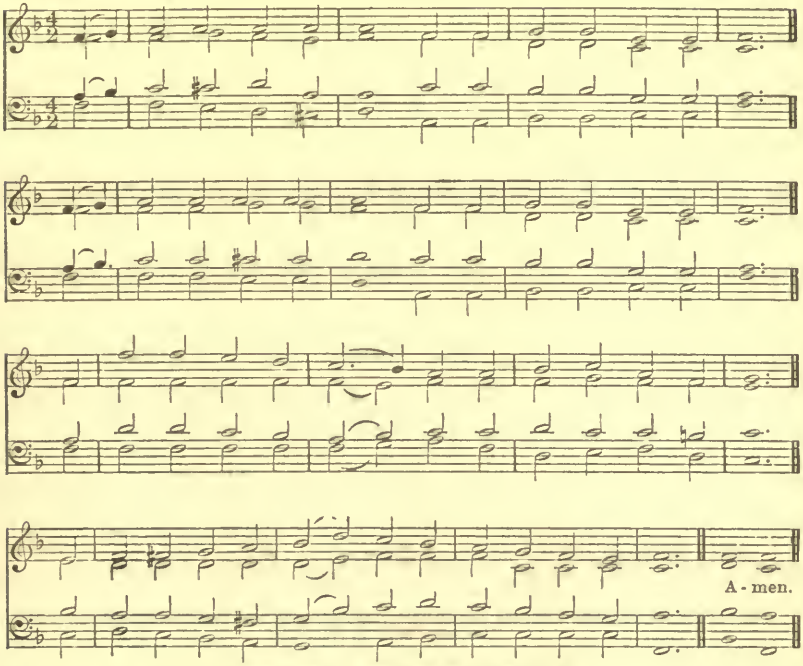
2 *mf* See, o'er the world, wide open doors inviting:
f Soldiers of Christ, arise and enter in!
Christians, awake! your forces all uniting,
Send forth the Gospel, break the chains of sin.
f "All power is given," &c.

3 *p* "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is calling;
"Why will ye die?" re-echo in His Name;
mf Jesus hath died to save from death appalling,
cr Life and salvation therefore go proclaim.
f "All power is given," &c.

4 *mf* God speed the day when those of every nation
f "Glory to God" triumphantly shall sing;
Ransomed, redeemed, rejoicing in salvation,
Shout, "Hallelujah, for the Lord is King!"
ff "All power is given," &c. Amen.

G. M. J.

7 Trichinopoly

7.6.7.6. D. Arr. by Sir A. Sullivan.

Come over . . . and help us.—Acts xvi. 9.

1 *mf* FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

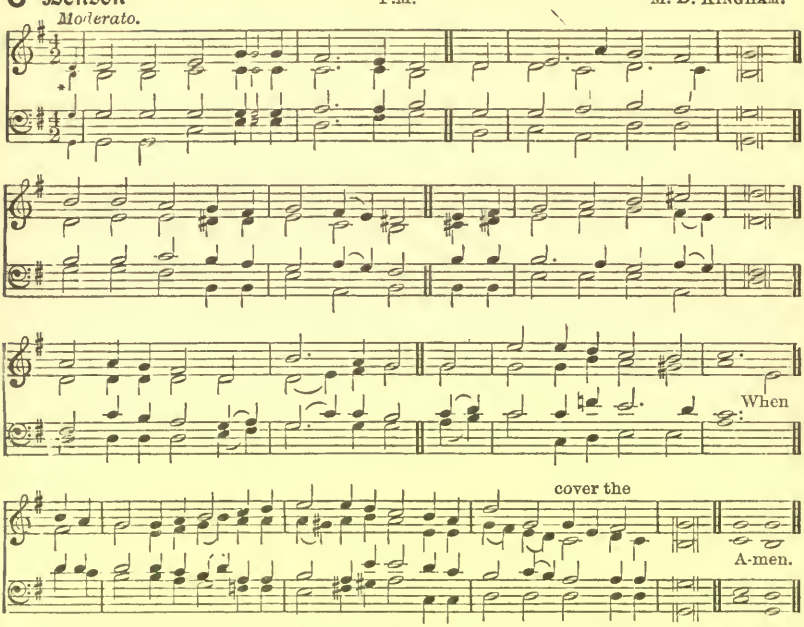
2 *mf* What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
dim And only man is vile;
mf In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
p The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 *mf* Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
ff Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

4 *f* Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll;
cr Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
ff Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. Amen.

BISHOP HEBER.

May also be sung to "Missionary" No. 205.

8 Benson P.M. M. D. Kingham.

The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.—Hab. ii. 14.

1 *mf* GOD is working His purpose out, as year succeeds to year:
God is working His purpose out, and the time is drawing near,—
cr Nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely be,
f When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

2 *mf* From utmost East to utmost West, where'er man's foot hath trod,
cr By the mouth of many messengers goes forth the voice of God;
Give ear to Me, ye continents,—ye isles, give ear to Me,
f That the earth may be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

3 *mf* What can we do to work God's work, to prosper and increase
The brotherhood of all mankind,—the reign of the Prince of Peace?
What can we do to hasten the time,—(*cr*) the time that shall surely be,
f When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

4 *f* March we forth in the strength of God with the banner of Christ unfurled,
cr That the light of the glorious Gospel of truth may shine throughout the world:
Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin, to set their captives free,
ff That the earth may be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

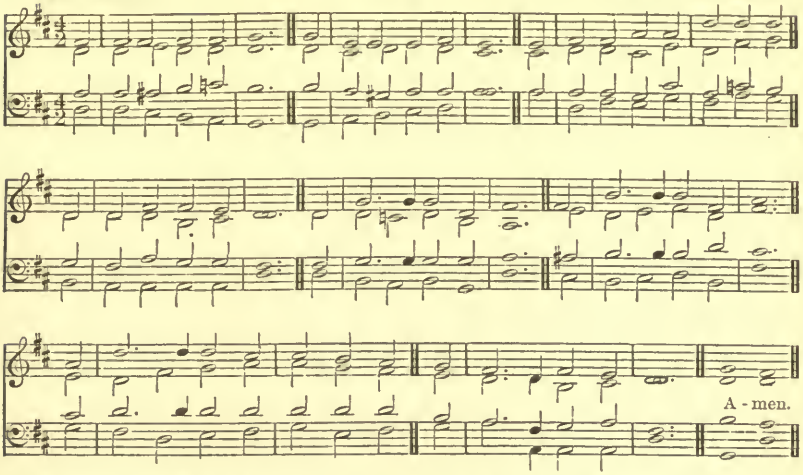
5 *mp* All we can do is nothing worth, (*cr*) unless God blesses the deed,
mp Vainly we hope for the harvest, (*cr*) till God gives life to the seed;
Yet nearer and nearer draws the time,—(*f*) the time that shall surely be,
ff When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

A. C. Ainger. Amen.

* *The Words must be sung to the Tune in their natural rhythm, the notes being repeated or not, as required. The small notes in 1st line for 2nd verse.*

9 Leominster

D.S.M. Arr. by DR. E. J. BELLERBY.



This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come.—St. Matt. xxiv. 14.

1 *mf* "GO forth," the Lord has said,
"And preach the word to all;"
cr May all the world Thy Name adore,
And Thee their Saviour call!
f The earth from east to west,
The earth from sea to sea,
As with a zone of holy love
Shall soon encircled be.

2 *mf* And when that word is preached,
And when that work is done,
When Christ is known, (*cr*) and Christ is praised
From risen to setting sun;
f Then Christ Himself will come,
And call us from the tomb;
dim And all will see the Judge appear,
p And all will hear their doom.

3 *mp* O everlasting Lord,
How shall we see Thy face,
If we have failed to spread abroad
The Gospel of Thy grace?
pp O endless, endless shame,
O endless misery!
mp For none, who have not fought the fight,
Will share the victory.

4 *mf* But O what joys await
Thy valiant soldiers, Lord,
cr Who have with faith and zeal advanced
The kingdom of Thy word!
f They will in glory stand,
They will in glory shine,
Bright as the starry firmament;
They will be ever Thine.

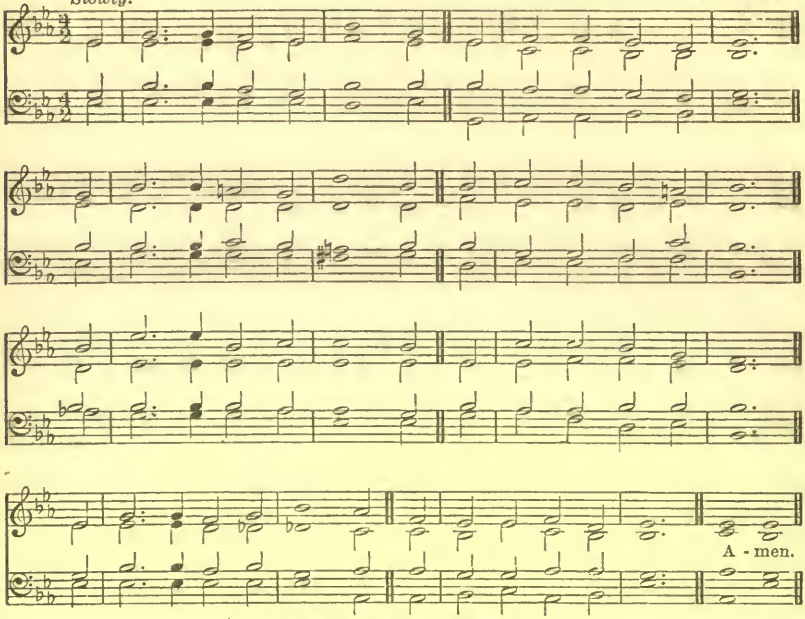
5 *mf* O therefore bless the Lord,
With praise and offerings;
cr With heart and hand glad homage pay
To the great King of Kings.
f To Father, and to Son,
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee
May all the world Hosannas sing,
One God and Persons Three. Amen.

BISHOP C. WORDSWORTH.

10 St. Nicholas

7.6.7.6. D.

REV. T. RICHARD MATTHEWS.

Slowly.

(Copyright, 1899, by Novello and Company, Limited.)

Strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world.
Ephes. ii. 12.

1 *mp* HARK! hark, the voice of numbers,
Whose number no man knows,
cr Awakes the Church's slumbers,
And stirs her long repose:
mp The wail of men and mothers,
dim The children's piteous cry,
cr "Come, help us, we are brothers;
dim Come, help us, ere we die."

2 *mp* Ah, woe for human nature,
Woe for its deeds of shame,
When man, the ruined creature,
Knows not the Maker's Name;
When no true balm assuages
Time's daily load of care,
p And o'er the coming ages
Broods infinite despair!

3 *mp* There no baptismal blessing
Rests on the infant brow;
No lips, our God confessing,
Pledge there the holy vow;
No ear enraptured listens
To Jesus' words of grace;
No eye with longing glistens
To see Him face to face.

4 *p* Still onward to the river,
Which all must cross, they move.
pp And meet the dread For-ever,
Unweeting "God is love."
cr And yet the Sun has risen
Of everlasting day;
f The bars of death's dark prison
Our Life has borne away.

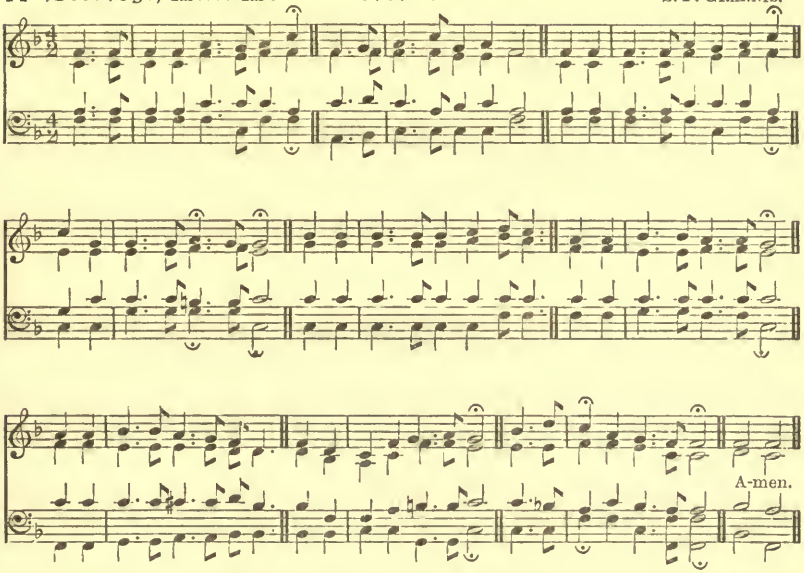
5 *mf* Oh, tell them of the story
Which leads to perfect bliss,
cr Until that world of glory
Spans all the gloom of this;
And in the dawning splendour
f The one Name only given
Claims every heart's surrender,
And knits our earth to heaven.

BISHOP E. H. BICKERSTETH. Amen.

May also be sung to "Missionary," No. 205.

11 Ecce Ego, Mitte Me

8.7.8.7. D. S. P. GRANNIS.



Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.—Isaiah vi. 8.

1 *mf* HARK the voice of Jesus crying,—
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvest waiting; [away?"
Who will bear the sheaves
f Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers thee;
Who will answer,—gladly saying,—
"Here am I; send me, send me?"

2 *mf* If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
cr You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
cr And the least you do for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

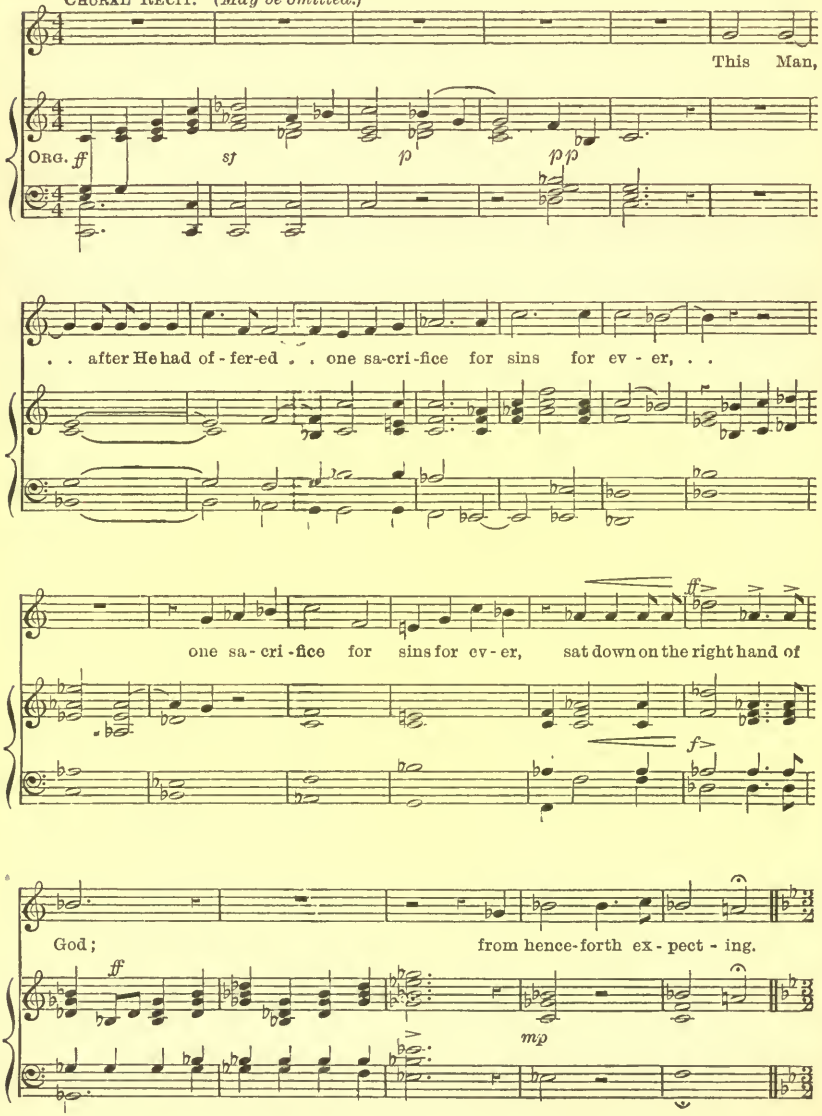
3 *mf* If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all;
cr With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what heaven demands;
f You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

4 *mf* Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
p While the souls of men are dying,
cr And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
f Answer quickly when He calleth,
rall "Here am I; send me, send me!"

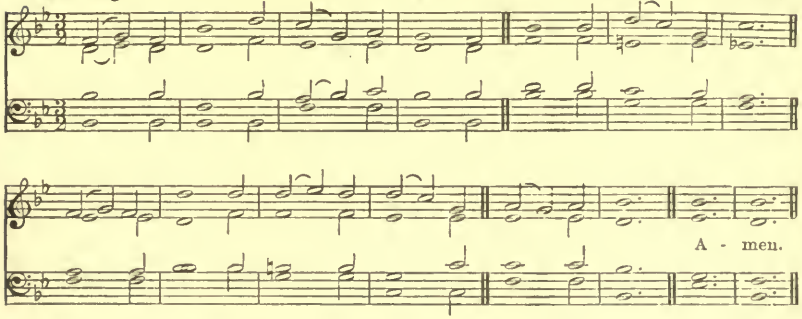
D. MARCH. Amen.

May also be sung to "Everton," No. 15.

12

CHORAL RECIT. (*May be omitted.*) H. R. B. DART.

This Man,
ORG. ff
sf
p
pp
. . after He had of - fer-ed . . one sa-cri-fice for sins for ev - er, . .
one sa - cri - fice for sins for ev - er, sat down on the right hand of
ff
f
God;
from hence-forth ex - pect - ing.
ff
mp

Bullinger 8.5.8.3. REV. E. W. BULLINGER.



This Man, after He had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sat down on the right hand of God from henceforth expecting, till His enemies be made His footstool.—Heb. x. 12,13.

1 *mf* HE expecteth, He expecteth!
dim Down the stream of time,
p Still the words come softly ringing
Like a chime.

2 *p* Oft-times faint, (*cr*) now waxing louder
As the hour draws near,
f When the King, in all His glory,
Shall appear.

3 *mp* He is waiting with long patience
cr For His crowning day,
ff For that kingdom which shall never
Pass away.

4 *mf* And till every tribe and nation
Bow before His throne,
cr He expecteth loyal service
From His own.

5 *mf* He expecteth—(*p*) but He heareth
Still the bitter cry
From earth's millions,—"Come and help us
dim "For we die."

6 *mf* He expecteth—doth He see us
Busy here and there,
dim Heedless of those pleading accents
p Of despair?

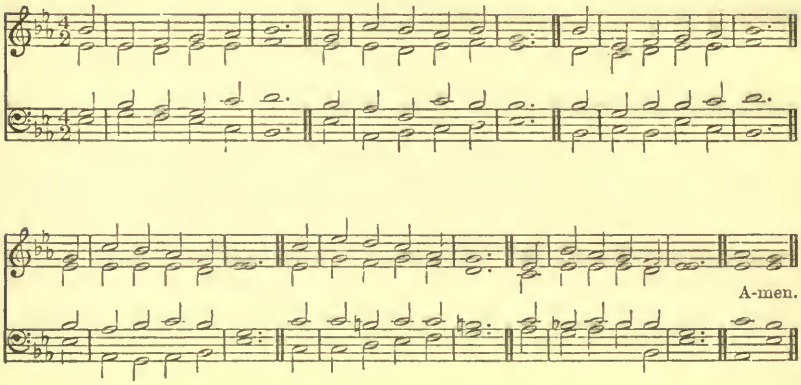
7 *mf* Shall we—dare we disappoint Him?
f Brethren, let us rise,
He Who died for us is watching
From the skies;

8 *cr* Watching till His royal banner
Floateth far and wide,
ff Till He seeth of His travail
Satisfied! Amen.

ALICE J. JANVRIN.

13 Baca

6.6.6.6.6.6 REV. W. H HAVERGAL.



Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.—Gal. ii. 20.
They . . . first gave their own selves to the Lord.—2 Cor. viii. 5.

1 *mp* I GAVE My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
cr That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
mp I gave My life for thee;
p What hast thou given for Me?

2 *mp* I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,
cr That an eternity
Of joy thou mightest know.
mp I spent long years for thee;
p Hast thou spent one for Me?

3 *f* My Father's home of light,
My rainbow-circled throne
dim I left, for earthly night,
p For wanderings sad and lone.
mf I left it all for thee;
p Hast thou left aught for Me?

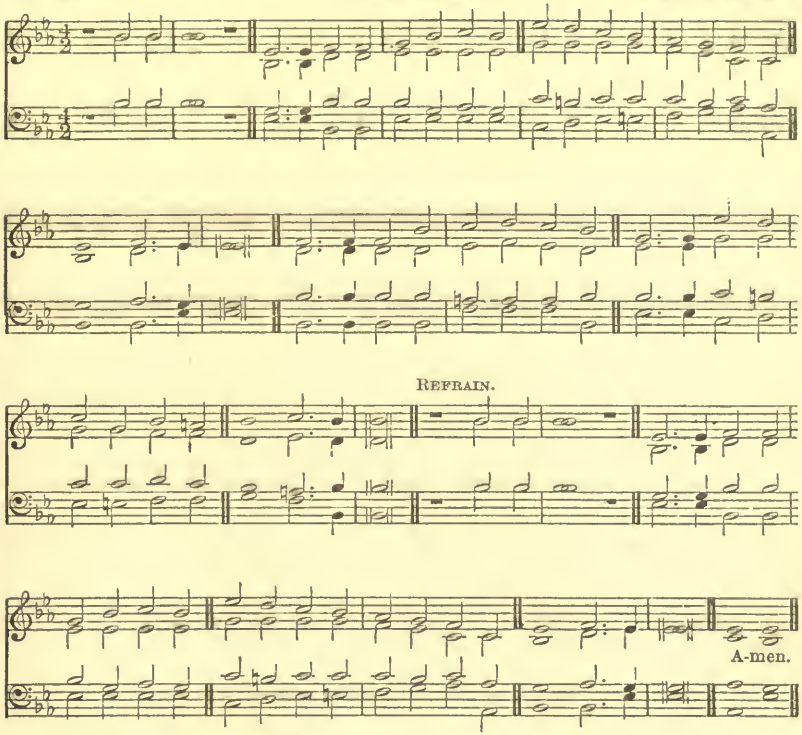
4 *p* I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
cr To rescue thee from hell.
p I suffered much for thee;
What canst thou bear for Me?

5 *mf* And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
cr Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love.
Great gifts I brought to thee;
p What hast thou brought to Me?

6 *mf* Oh, let thy life be given,
cr Thy years for Me be spent,
f World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent.
mf I gave Myself for thee;
rall p Give thou thyself to Me. Amen.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

14 Taita

P.M., *with Refrain.* SARAH G. STOCK.

If any man serve Me, let him follow Me.—St. John xii. 26

1 *p* JESUS calls!
He it is Who died to save thee,
cr He it is Who all things gave thee,—
p Come, follow Him!
cr Come, thy every need confessing,
Come to Him for rest and blessing;
f Trust, trust in Him!
p Jesus calls!
He it is Who died to save thee,
cr He it is Who all things gave thee,—
p Come, follow Him!

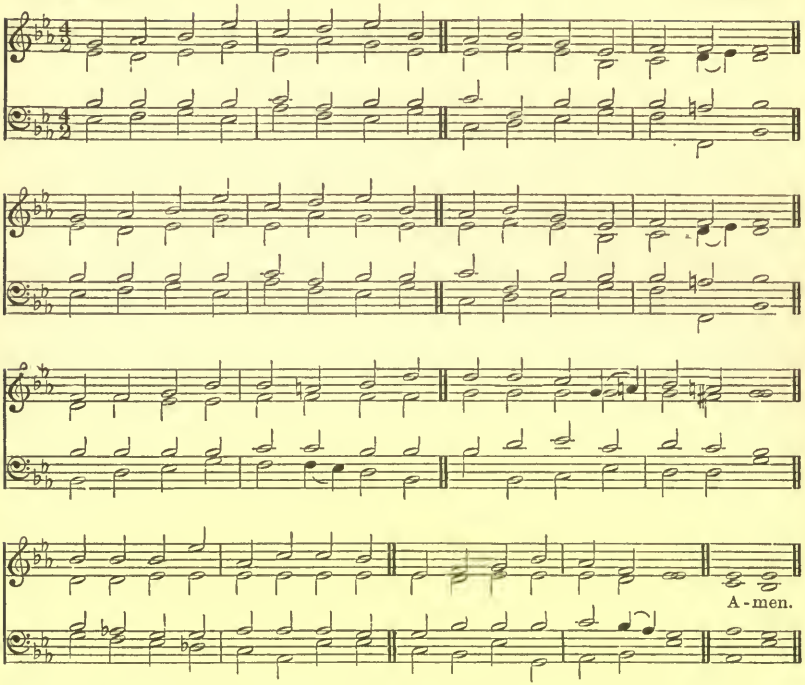
2 *p* Jesus calls!
cr Over highway, hill, and hollow,
Everywhere He bids thee follow,—
p Yea, follow Him!
cr He will shield, uphold, and guide thee,
In His presence sweetly hide thee;
f Trust, trust in Him!
p Jesus calls! &c.

3 *p* Jesus calls!
f There, where warfare He is waging,
And the angry foe is raging,—
p Come, follow Him!
cr With thy Captain onward leading,
f Thou to victory art speeding;
Trust, trust in Him!
p Jesus calls! &c. Amen.

SARAH G. STOCK.

15 Everton

8.7.8.7. D.

H. SMART.

Look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest.—St. John iv. 35.

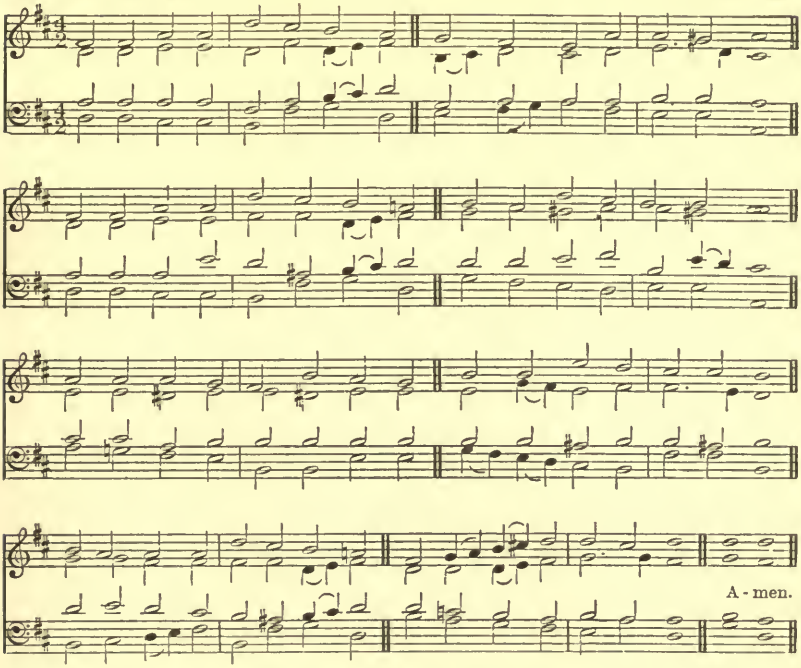
1 *mf* LORD, her watch Thy Church is keeping;
When shall earth Thy rule obey?
When shall end the night of weeping,
When shall break the promised day?
dim See the whitening harvest languish,
Waiting still the labourers' toil;
p Was it vain, Thy Son's deep anguish?
cr Shall the strong retain the spoil?

2 *mf* Tidings, sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard;
Can they hear without a preacher?
f Lord Almighty, give the word.
cr Give the word; in every nation
Let the Gospel-trumpet sound,
ff Witnessing a world's salvation
To the earth's remotest bound.

3 *ff* Then the end: Thy Church completed,
All Thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin:
p Gone for ever, parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;—
ff Lo! her watch Thy Church is keeping,
rall Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign. Amen.

REV. H. DOWNTON.

16 St. Cecilia's

8.7.8.7. D. E. H. THORNE.

The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.—St. Luke xix. 10.
As my Father hath sent Me, even so send I you.—St. John xx. 21.

1 *mf* LO! the risen Lord ascending
On the Mount of Olives stands,
O'er His chosen servants bending,
Blesses with uplifted hands;—
f "I command that every nation
Shall of My redemption know:
With the tidings of salvation
Go to seek My brethren, go!"

2 *mf* Hear the Church's marching orders,
This our mission,—Seek and Save!
cr Over earth's remotest borders
High the blood-red banner wave.
p To the souls in darkness lying
cr Let the stream of mercy flow,
Living waters for the dying,—
f Go to seek His brethren, go!

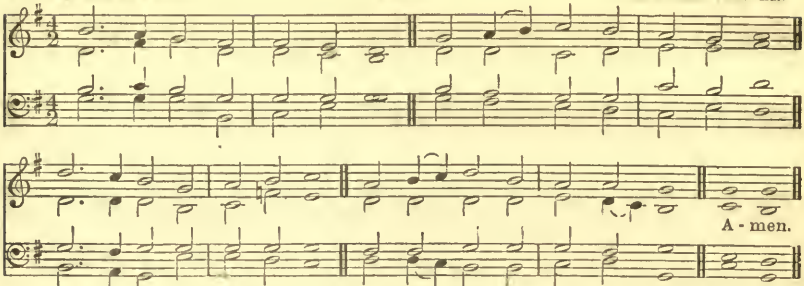
3 *mf* Jesus, by Thy love constrainèd,
We Thy high command obey,
cr By Thy promised power sustainèd,
Go we forth without delay.
f Every land the tidings hearing,
Still Thy kingdom, Lord, shall grow;
Looking for Thy glad appearing,
rall We to seek Thy brethren go! Amen.

REV. E. C. INCE.

May also be sung to "Everton," No. 15.

17 New Calabar

7.7.7.7. J. DOWNING FARRER.



Freely ye have received, freely give.—St. Matt. x. 8.

1 *mf* NOW the Lord our souls has fed
With Himself, the Living Bread,
cr Fed us, sitting at His feet,
With the finest of the wheat.

2 *f* We have endless treasure found,
We have all things and abound,—
Rich abundance, and to spare;
p Shall we not the blessing share?

3 *mf* For, while we are feasting here,
p Starving millions, far and near,
Call us with the bitter cry:—
pp "Come and help us, or we die!"

4 *mp* We have heard of their distress,
Of their want and hopelessness;
cr Now a Voice our ears doth greet,
Saying,—"Give ye them to eat."

5 *mf* And we here have told the Lord
We were listening for His word,—
That where'er His call might be
cr We would follow joyfully.

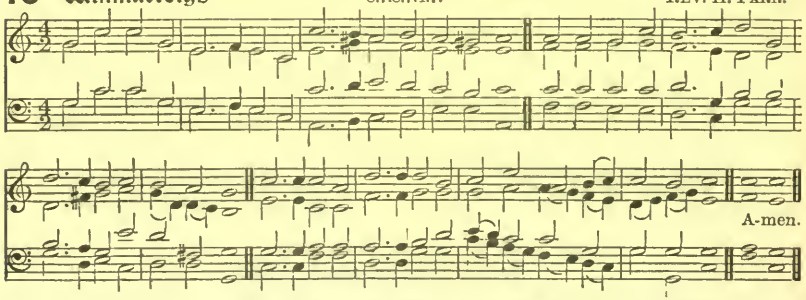
6 *p* Speak, Lord; we thy servants hear;
cr Thou hast taught us not to fear;
And whate'er Thy word shall be,
We can do it, Lord, in Thee. Amen.

ANNIE W. MARSTON.

May also be sung to "St. Bees," No. 199.

18 Winmarleigh

8.7.8.7.4.7. REV. H. PARR.



The dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness.—St. Luke i. 78, 79.

1 *p* O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still and gaze,
cr All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
f Blessèd jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

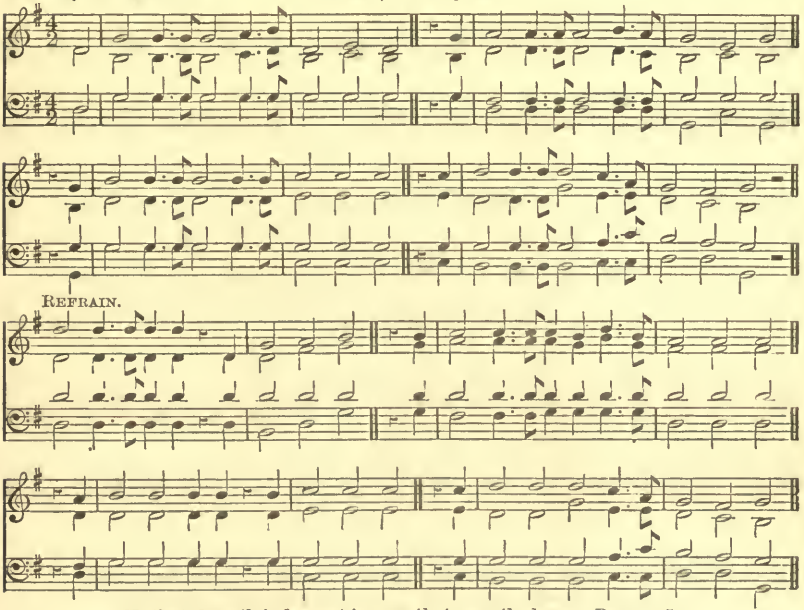
2 *mf* Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
cr That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary:
f Let the Gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole

3 *p* Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
cr Grant them, Lord, thy glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night:
f And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 *f* Fly abroad, eternal Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease:
cr May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase:
ff May thy sceptre
Sway the enlightened world around.
W. WILLIAMS. Amen.

May also be sung to "Kensington New," No. 119.

19 Quis Metet

10.10.10.10, *with Refrain.* G. F. ROOT.

He that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame.—PROV. X. 5.

1 *mf* O where are the reapers that garner in [fields of sin?
The sheaves of the good from the
With sickles of truth must the work be done, [home."
And no one may rest till the "Harvest-
f Where are the reapers? Oh, who will come [vest-home"?
And share in the glory of the "Har-
cr O who will help us to garner in
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

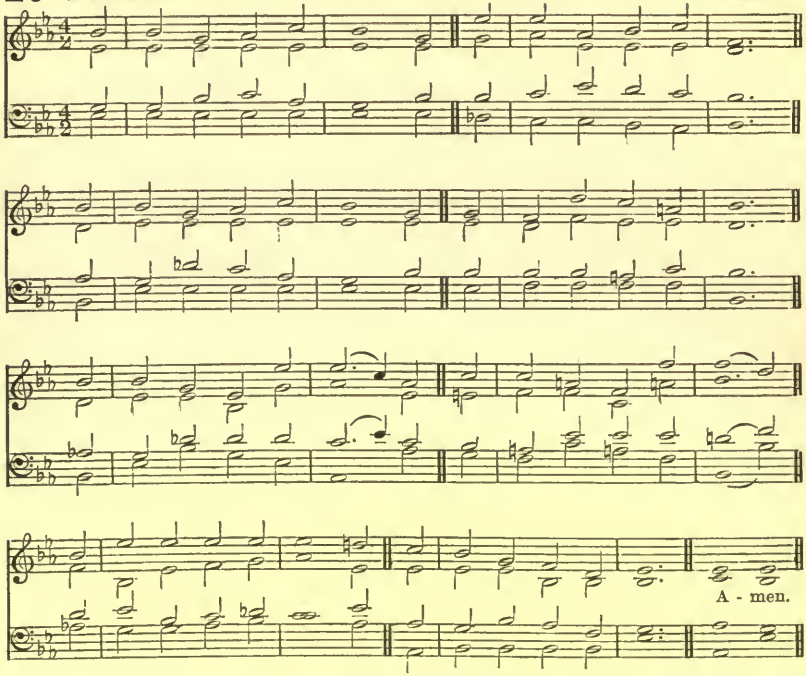
2 *mf* Go out in the by-ways and search them all; [weeds are tall;
The wheat may be there though the
Then search in the highway and pass none by,
cr But gather from all for the Home on high.
f Where are the reapers? &c.

3 *mf* The fields are all ripening, and far and wide [tide:
The world now is waiting the harvest-
p But reapers are few, and the work is great, [harvest wait.
And much will be lost should the
f Where are the reapers? &c.

4 *mf* So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
And gather together the golden grain;
cr Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come, [vest-home."
ff Then share in the joy of the "Har-
f Where are the reapers? &c.

E. E. REXFORD.

20 Lancashire

7.6.7.6.D. H. SMART.

And they also shall overcome that are with Him, called and chosen and faithful.—
Rev. xvii. 14. (R.V.)

1 *mf* O MASTER! when Thou callest
No voice may say Thee nay,
cr For blest are they that follow
Where Thou dost lead the way;
f In freshest prime of morning,
Or fullest glow of noon,
mf The note of heavenly warning
Can never come too soon.

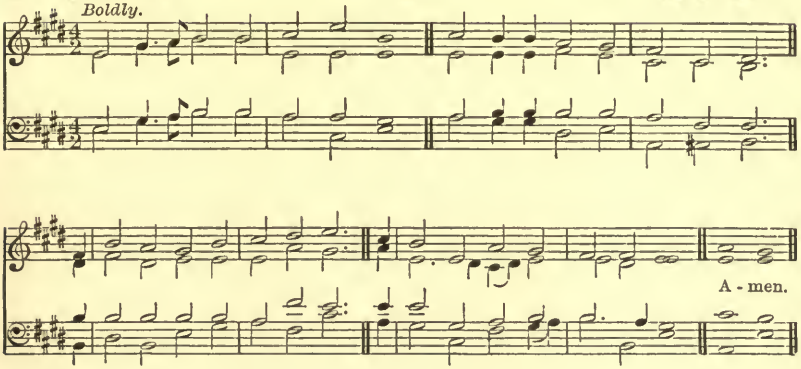
2 *mf* O Master! where Thou callest
No foot may shrink in fear,
cr For they who trust Thee wholly
Shall find Thee ever near;
p And chamber still and lonely,
cr Or busy harvest field,
Where Thou, Lord, rulest only,
Shall precious produce yield.

3 *mf* O Master! whom Thou callest
No heart may dare refuse;
cr 'Tis honour, highest honour,
When Thou dost deign to use
f Our brightest and our fairest,
Our dearest,—all are Thine;
Thou who for each one carest,
We hail Thy love's design.

4 *mf* They who go forth to serve Thee,
We too, who serve at home,
cr May watch and pray together
Until Thy Kingdom come;
f In Thee for aye united,
Our song of hope we raise,
ff Till that blest shore is sighted,
Where all shall turn to praise! Amen.

SARAH G. STOCK.

21 Melanesia L.M. SAMUEL SMITH.



The glorious gospel of the blessed God.—1 Tim. i. 11.

1 *f* SEND forth the Gospel! Let it run
Southward and Northward, East and West;
cr Tell all the earth Christ died and lives,
Who giveth pardon, life, and rest.

2 *f* Send forth Thy Gospel, Mighty Lord!
mf Out of this chaos bring to birth
cr Thine own Creation's promised hope,—
f The better days of heaven on earth.

3 *f* Send forth Thy Gospel, Gracious Lord!
dim Thine was the Blood for sinners shed;
cr Thy voice still pleads in human hearts;
To Thee Thine other sheep be led.

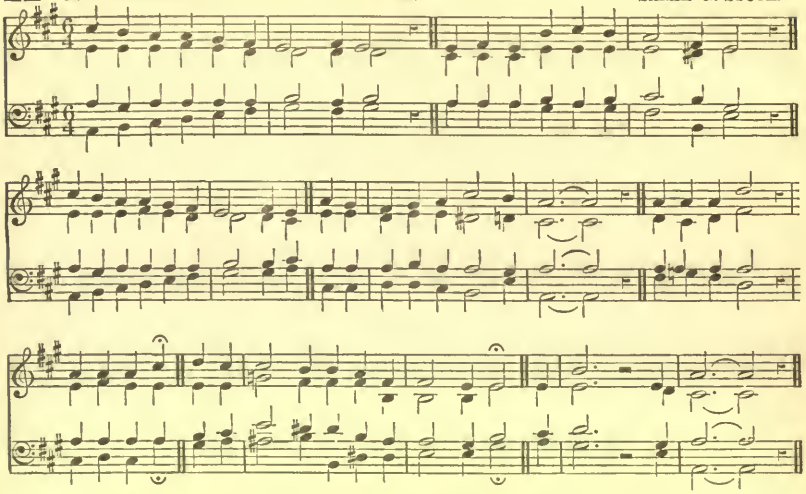
4 *f* Send forth Thy Gospel, Holy Lord!
Kindle in us love's sacred flame,—
cr Love giving all, and grudging naught
For Jesu's sake,—in Jesu's Name.

5 *f* Send forth the Gospel! Tell it out!
Go, brothers, at the Master's call;
cr Prepare His way, Who comes to reign,
ff The King of Kings and Lord of all. Amen.

REV. H. E. FOX.

May also be sung to "Pentecost," No. 238.

22 Bournemouth

P.M. SARAH G. STOCK.

Separate Me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them.—Acts xiii. 2

1 *mf* SOME one shall go at the Master's word
Over the seas to the lands afar,
cr Telling to those who have never heard
f What His wonderful mercies are.
Shall it be you—Shall it be I—
Who shall haste to tell what we know so well?
p Shall you? Shall I?

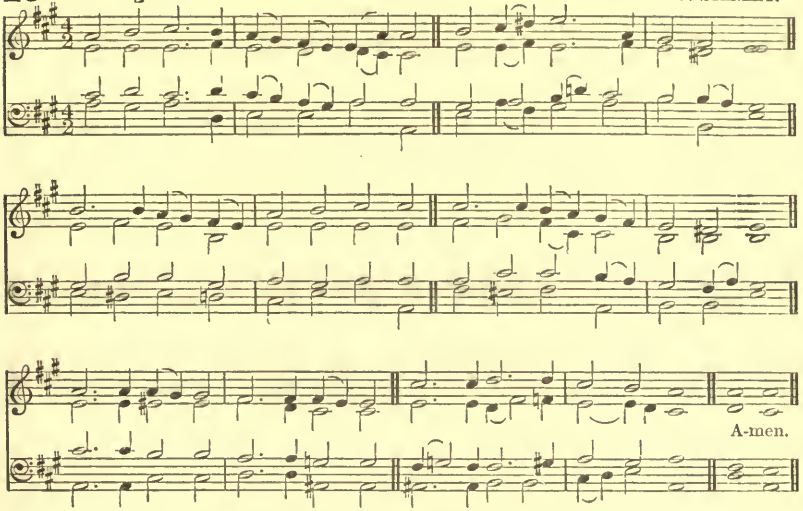
2 *mf* Some one shall gather the sheaves for Him,
f Some one shall bind them with joyful hand,
p Some one shall toil through the shadows dim,
cr For the morn in the heavenly land.
f Shall it be you—Shall it be I—
Who shall bind the corn for the golden morn?
p Shall you? Shall I?

3 *mf* Some one shall travel with eager feet
Over the mountain and through the wild,
cr Bringing the news of redemption sweet
dim To each wandering, sinful child.
f Shall it be you—Shall it be I—
Who shall sound the tale over hill and vale?
p Shall you? Shall I?

4 *f* Some one shall carry His banner high,
Waving it out where the foe holds sway,
cr Some in His service shall live and die,
ff And with Jesus shall win the day!
f Shall it be you—Shall it be I—
Who His Name shall bear, and His triumph share?
p Shall you? Shall I?

SARAH G. STOCK.

23 Calvary

8.7.8.7.4.7. J. STANLEY.

They grope in the dark without light.—Job xii. 25.

1 *p* SOULS in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through;
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom His soul in travail knew;—
cr Thousand voices
Call us, o'er the waters blue.

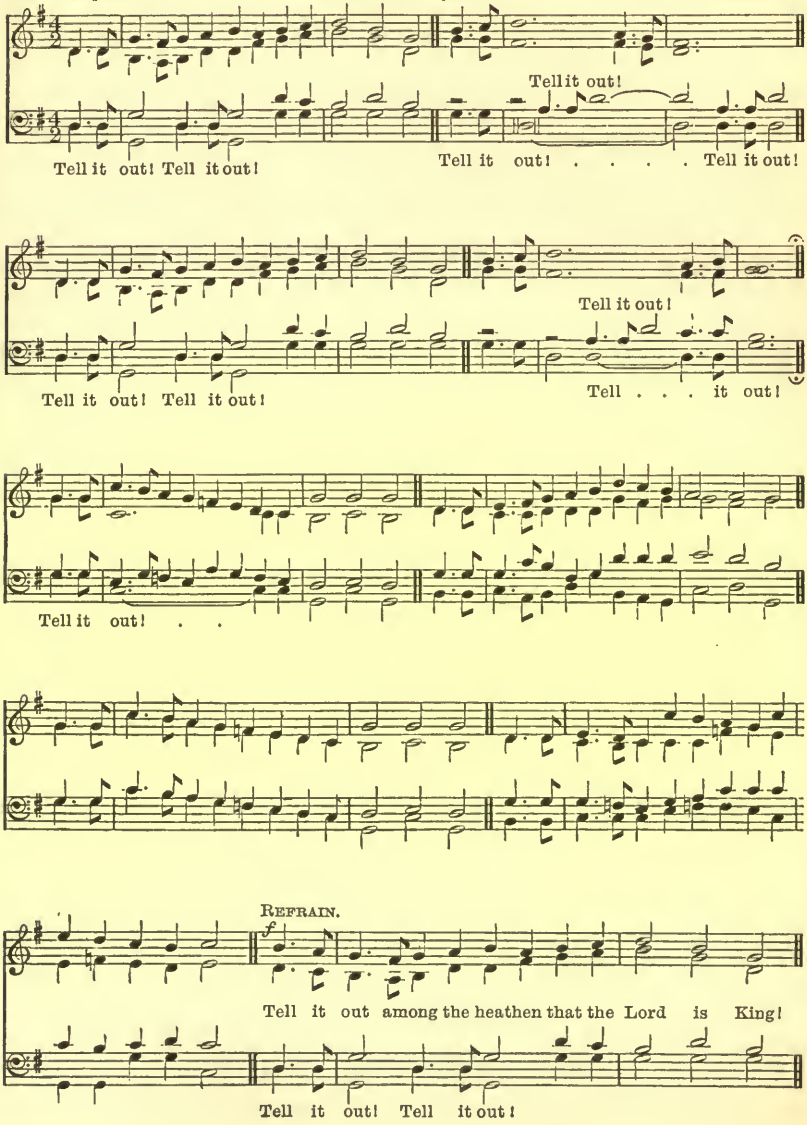
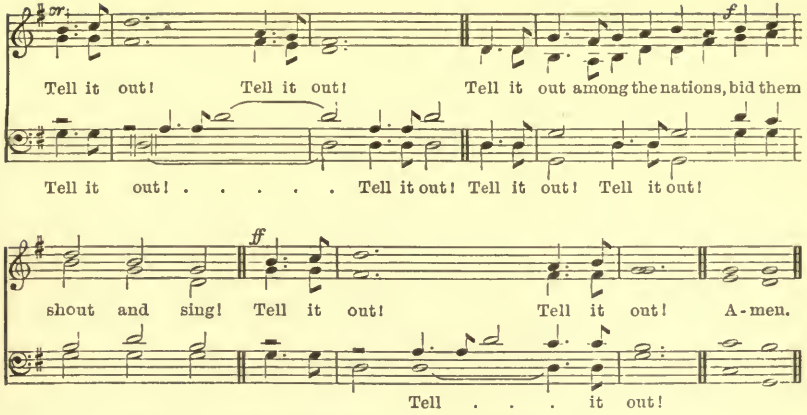
2 *mf* Christians, hearken! (*p*) none has taught them
Of His love, so deep and dear,
Of the precious price that bought them,
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;
mf Ye who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

3 *mf* Haste, oh, haste, and spread the tidings
cr Wide to earth's remotest strand;
dim Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us,—when we stand
p In the judgment,—
From some far, forgotten land.

4 *mf* Lo! the hills for harvest whiten
All along each distant shore;
cr Seawards far the islands brighten,—
f Light of nations! lead us o'er;
When we seek them,
Let Thy Spirit go before. Amen.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

24 Epenetus

P.M., *with Refrain.* F. R. HAVERGAL.

Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out! . . . . Tell it out!
Tell it out!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell . . . it out!
Tell it out! . .
REFRAIN.
Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King!
Tell it out! Tell it out!

cr
f
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out among the nations, bid them
Tell it out! . . . . . Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!
ff
shout and sing! Tell it out! Tell it out! A-men.
Tell . . . it out!

Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King.—Ps. xcvi. 10. (P.B.V.)

1 *mf* TELL it out among the heathen that the Lord is King!
f Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
cr Tell it out, with adoration, that He shall increase,
That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace;
ff Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves may roar,
That He sitteth on the water-floods, our King for evermore!
Tell it out, &c.

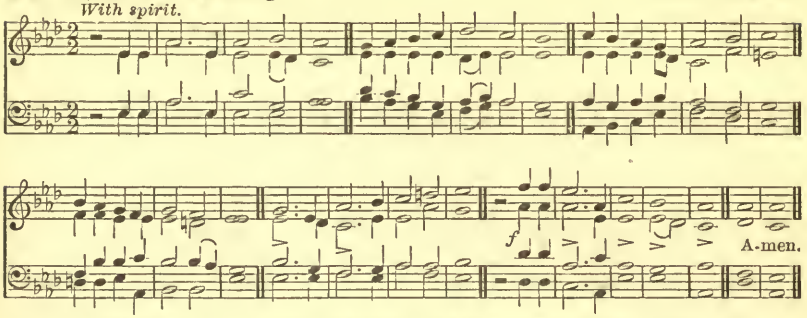
2 *mf* Tell it out among the heathen that the Saviour reigns!
f Tell it out! Tell it out!
cr Tell it out among the nations, bid them burst their chains!
f Tell it out! Tell it out!
p Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives;
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives;
Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save;
cr Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the grave.
Tell it out, &c.

3 *f* Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns above!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations that His reign is love!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
cr Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home;
Tell it out across the mountains and the ocean foam!
ff Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea!
Tell it out, &c. Amen.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

25 Speed the Message

7.7.7.7.7.7. J. DOWNING FARRER.

With spirit.

The blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords.—1 Tim. vi. 15.

1 *mf* TELL it out, the Lord is King:
Tell it out in accents clear,
Message meet for every land,
Message meant for every ear,
cr Light, and love, and life to bring;
f Tell it out, the Lord is King!

2 *mf* Tell it out, 'tis God's desire
Written in His word of grace;
Message fit for human need,
Fit for every clime and place,
cr Light, and love, and life to bring;
f Tell it out, the Lord is King!

3 *mf* Tell it out, proclaim the Christ,
Tell the message far and wide;
Doors are open, enter them;
Messengers be multiplied,
cr Light, and love, and life to bring;
f Tell it out, the Lord is King!

4 *mp* Everywhere the peoples yearn
For the mighty healing word;
cr Christians, speed the message forth,
Let it everywhere be heard,
f Light, and love, and life to bring;
Tell it out, the Lord is King!

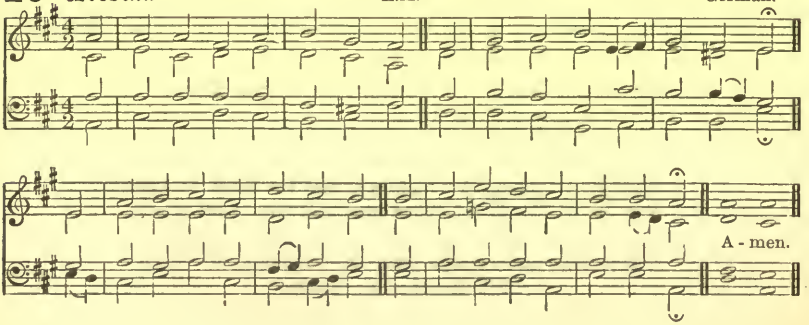
5 *mf* Spread the Gospel of the King,
Tell it out to all the earth,
You who have it in your heart,
You who know its boundless worth,
cr Light and love, and life to bring;
ff Tell it out, the Lord is King! Amen.

BISHOP SAUMAREZ SMITH.

May also be sung to "Dix," No. 192.

26 Breslau

L.M. German.



It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.—St. Matt. xviii. 14.

1 *p* THE heathen perish: day by day
Thousands on thousands pass away!
cr O Christians, to their rescue fly,
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

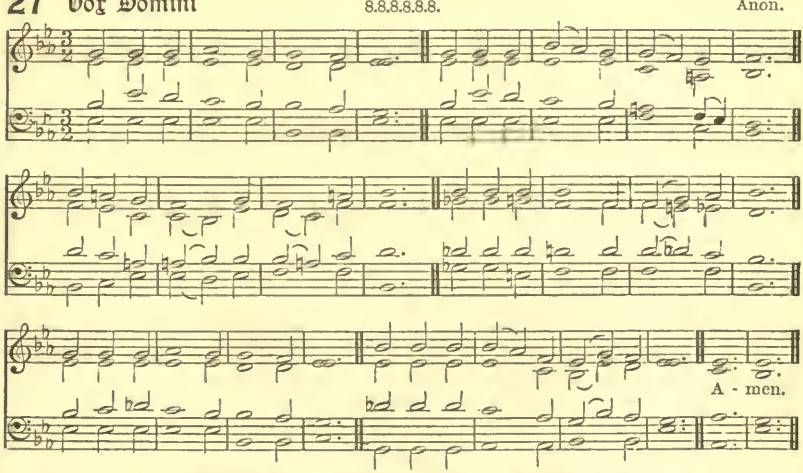
2 *mf* Wealth, labour, talents freely give,
Yea, life itself, that they may live:
cr What hath your Saviour done for you!
And what for Him will ye not do?

3 *mf* Thou Spirit of the Lord, go forth,
cr Call in the South, wake up the North;
Of every clime, from sun to sun,
f Gather God's children into one! Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

27 Vox Domini

8.8.8.8.8.8. Anon.



The Master is come, and calleth for thee.—St. John xi. 28.

1 *mf* THE Master comes! He calls for thee,—
Go forth at His Almighty word,
Obedient to His last command,
dim And tell to those who never heard,
p Who sit in deepest shades of night,
f That Christ has come to give them light!

2 *mf* The Master calls! Arise and go;
f How blest His messenger to be!
mf He, Who hath given thee liberty,
Now bids thee set the captives free!
cr Proclaim His mighty power to save,
dim Who for the world His life-blood gave.

3 *mf* The Master calls! Shall not thy heart
cr In warm responsive love reply,
"Lord, here am I; send me, send me,—
Thy willing slave,—to live or die;
p An instrument unfit indeed,
cr Yet Thou wilt give me what I need!"

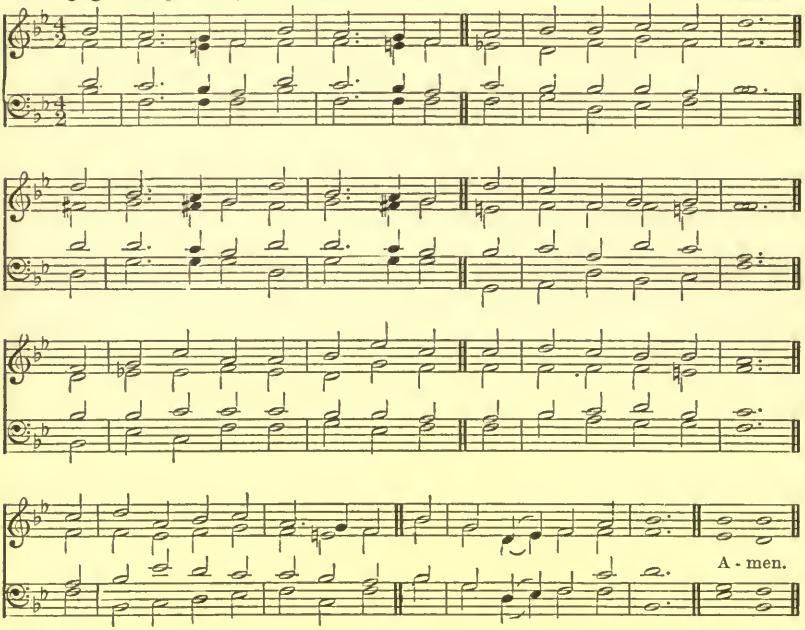
4 *mf* And if thou canst not go, yet bring
An offering of a willing heart;
cr Then, though thou tarriest at home,
Thy God shall give thee too thy part;
mf The messengers of peace upbear
In ceaseless and prevailing prayer.

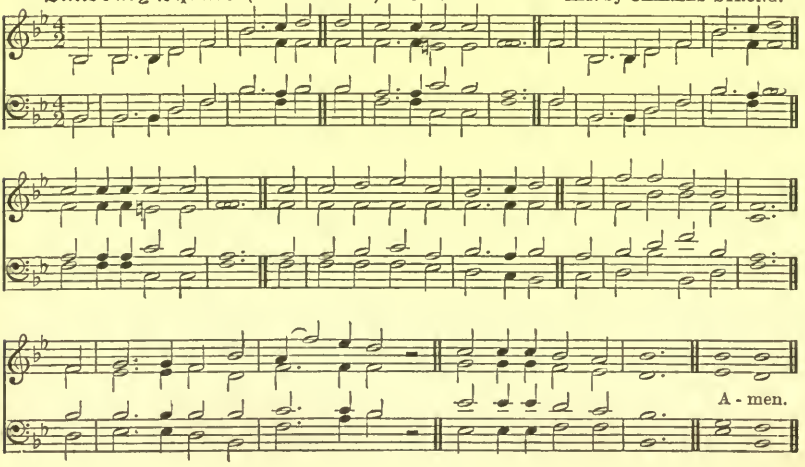
5 *mp* Short is the time for service true,
cr For soon shall dawn that glorious Day,
When, all the harvest gathered in,
Each faithful heart shall hear Him say,—
f "My child, well done! your toil is o'er—
Enter My joy for evermore!" Amen.

E. MAY GRIMES.

May also be sung to "Rest," No. 164.

28 Fight of Faith (*First Tune.*) D.C.M.

Dr. A. L. PEACE.

Salisbury Square (*Second Tune.*) D.C.M.

Arr. by CHARLES STRONG.

These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.—Rev. xiv. 4.

1 *f* THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?
p Who best can drink His cup of woe,
cr Triumphant over pain;
p Who patient bears His cross below,—
f He follows in His train.

2 *mf* The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
cr Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save;
dim Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
p In midst of mortal pain,
cr He prayed for them that did the wrong;
f Who follows in his train?

3 *f* A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came, [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane, [feel;
dim They bowed their necks, the death to
f Who follows in their train?

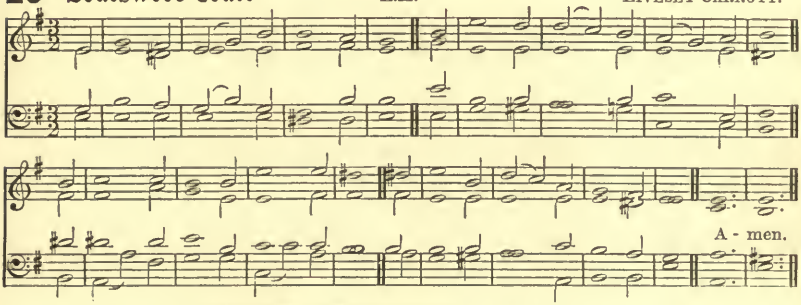
4 *f* A noble army,—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
cr Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
f They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
dim Through peril, toil, and pain:
p O God, to us may grace be given
rall To follow in their train! Amen.

BISHOP HEBER.

May also be sung to "St. Ann," No. 52.

29 Southwood Court

L.M. LIVESEY CARROTT.



Little children, it is the last hour.—1 John ii. 18. (R.V.)

1 *mp* THE sunset burns across the sky,
Upon the air its warning cry
The curfew tolls, from tower to tower:
p O children, 'tis the last, last hour!

2 *mp* The work that centuries might have done
cr Must crowd the hour of setting sun,
f And through all lands the saving Name
Ye must in fervent haste proclaim.

3 *mf* Ere yet the vintage shout begin,
f O labourers, press in! press in!
And fill unto its utmost coasts
The vineyard of the Lord of Hosts.

4 *mf* It is a vineyard of red wine,
Wherein shall purple clusters shine;
cr The branches of His own right hand
Shall overspread Emmanuel's land.

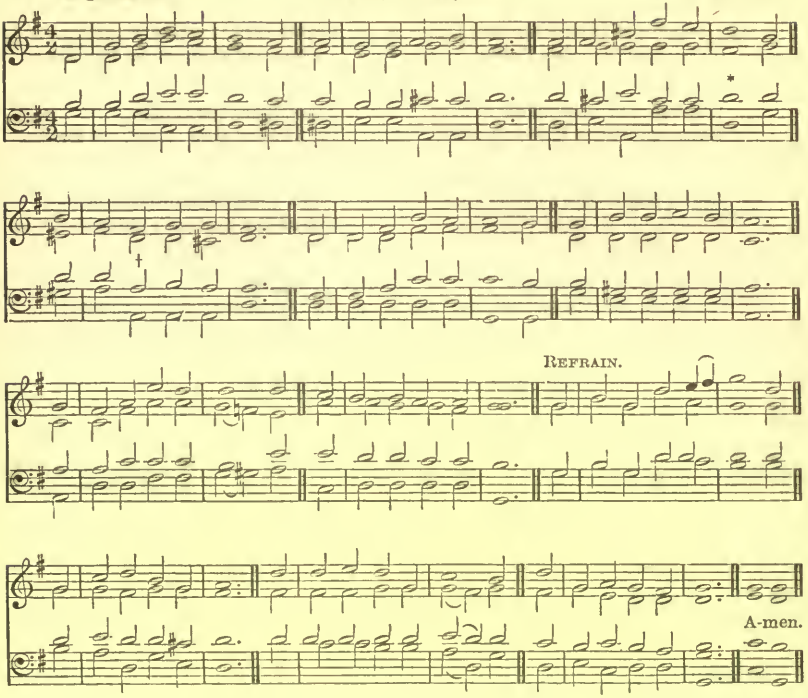
5 *mf* The fields are white to harvest. (*p*)
Weep,
O tardy workers, as ye reap, [won
cr For wasted hours that might have
dim Rich harvests ere the set of sun.

6 *p* We hear His footsteps on the way!
cr O work while it is called to-day,
f Constrained by love, endued with power,
dim O children, in this (*p*) last, last hour
CLARA THWAITES. Amen.

May also be sung to "Hursley," No. 97.

30 Exultation

7.6.7.6.D., *with Refrain.* C. E. KETTLE.



Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.—St. Mark xvi. 15.

1 *f* THE whole wide world for Jesus!
Once more before we part,
cr Ring out the joyful watchword
From every grateful heart.
ff The whole wide world for Jesus!
f Be this our battle-cry,
The lifted cross our banner,
A sign to conquer by!
ff The whole wide world for Jesus!
Once more before we part,
cr Ring out the joyful watchword
From every grateful heart.

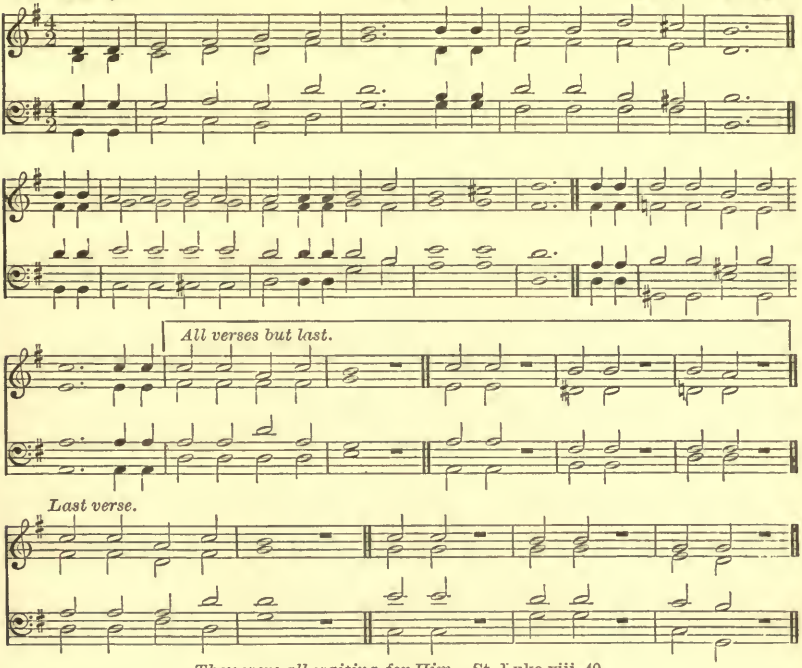
2 *f* The whole wide world for Jesus!—
mf From out the Golden Gate,
Through all Pacific's sunny isles
To China's princely state;
From India's vales and mountains,
Through Persia's land of bloom,
To storied Palestina,
dim And Afric's desert gloom.
ff The whole wide world, &c.

3 *f* The whole wide world for Jesus,
Through all its fragrant zones!
cr Ring out again the watchword
In loftiest, gladdest tones.
ff The whole wide world for Jesus!
mf We'll wing the song with prayer,
cr And link the prayer with labour,
f Till Christ His crown shall wear.
ff The whole wide world, &c.
Amen.

C. H. JOHNSON.

* In verse 2 this chord must be divided.

† In verse 3 this chord must be divided.

31 Mengo P.M. SARAH G. STOCK.

They were all waiting for Him.—St. Luke viii. 40.

1 *p* THEY are waiting everywhere,
cr Where the fields of earth are fair,
Where the rivers nobly run,
Where the blossoms seek the sun,
f Where the hills rise, high and grand,
Looking proudly o'er the land,—
pp Waiting! Waiting! Waiting!

2 *p* They are waiting in the wild,
Sick, and weary, and defiled,
cr And the Saviour's healing word
dim They have never, never heard;
p Ever hungry and unfed,
Left without the living Bread,—
pp Waiting! Waiting! Waiting!

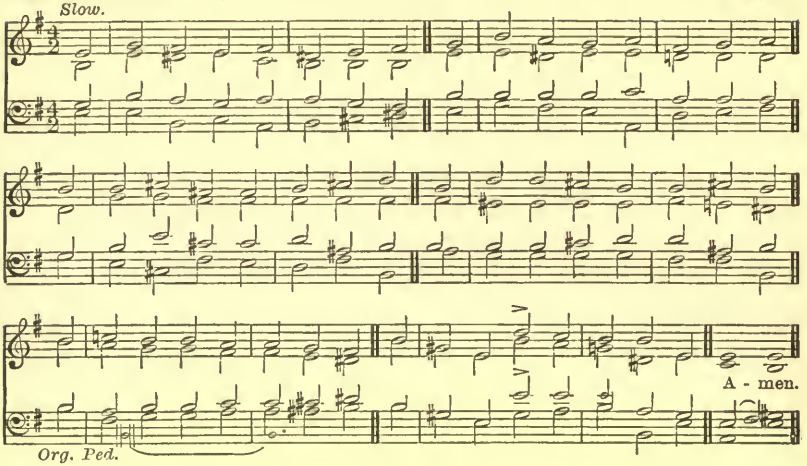
3 *p* Oh! the long, long years are flown
cr Since the Master bade His own
Bear the message far and wide
Of a Saviour crucified;
f Flash the light o'er vale and hill,—
p Yet they sit in darkness still,—
pp Waiting! Waiting! Waiting!

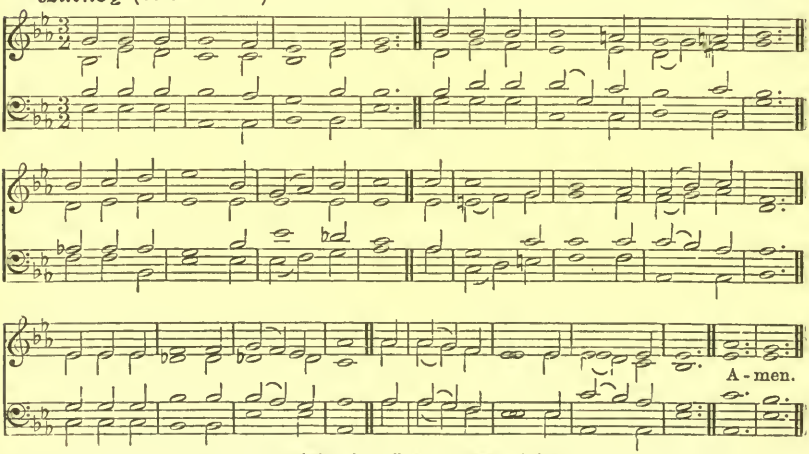
4 *cr* For the happy beam of day
That shall chase their gloom away,
f For the news, so glad and blest,
That shall set their heart at rest,
p For the peace we know and prize,
cr And the hope beyond the skies,—
pp Waiting! Waiting! Waiting!

5 *cr* Yet not voiceless or alone,
For their cry to heaven hath flown,
p And the Master waiteth too,
cr Waiteth, ransomed souls, for you,
Till the life-devotion sweet
Be outpourèd at His feet,—
pp Waiting! Waiting! Waiting!

6 *cr* Till the Gospel of His grace
Shall be told in every place,
f And His chosen ones shall stand
Side by side, a white-robed band;
For the Kingdom from above,
For His coming Whom they love,—
rall pp Waiting! Waiting! Waiting!

SARAH G. STOCK

32 Medmenham (*First Tune.*) 8.8.8.8.8.8. C. E. Miller.

Barnby (*Second Tune.*) Sir J. Barnby.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

Come over into Macedonia, and help us.—Acts xvi. 9.

1 *p* THROUGH midnight gloom from Macedon,
The cry of myriads as of one,
pp The voiceful silence of despair,
Is eloquent in awful prayer,
cr The soul's exceeding bitter cry,—
dim "Come o'er and help us, (*p*) or we die."

2 *p* How mournfully it echoes on!
For half the earth is Macedon;
mf These brethren to their brethren call,
cr And by the Love which loved them all,
And by the whole world's Life they cry,—
dim "O ye that live, (*p*) behold we die!"

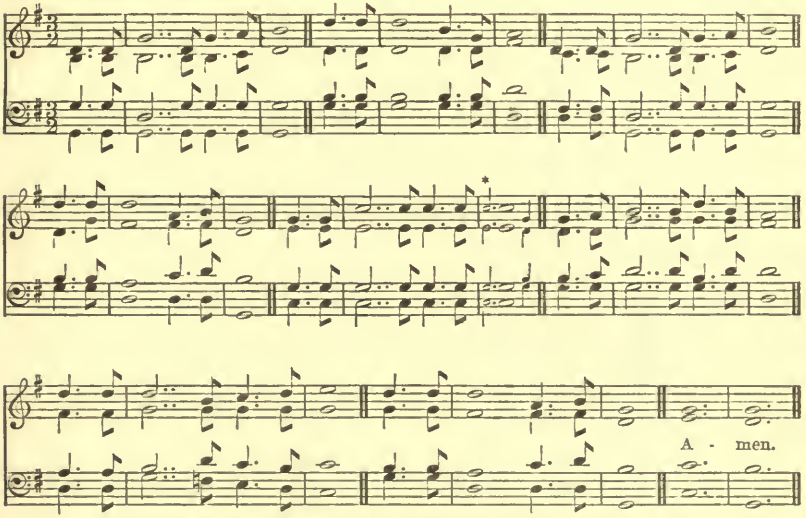
3 *mf* By other sounds the world is won
Than that which wails from Macedon;
cr The roar of gain is round it rolled,
Or men unto themselves are sold,
dim And cannot list the alien cry,—
"O hear and help us, (*p*) lest we die."

4 *mf* Yet with that cry from Macedon
cr The very car of Christ rolls on;
"I come; who would abide My day
In yonder wilds prepare My way;
My voice is crying in their cry:
dim Help ye the dying, (*p*) lest ye die."

5 *mf* Jesus, for men of Man the Son,
cr Yea, Thine the cry from Macedon;
f O by the kingdom and the power
And glory of Thine Advent hour,
Wake heart and will to hear their cry,
dim Help us to help them, (*p*) lest we die.

REV. S. J. STONE. Amen.

33 Christus Salvator

P.M. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.—Isaiah xlv. 22.

1 *mf* WE have heard the joyful sound:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Tell the message all around:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
cr Bear the news to every land,
Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
f Onward!—'tis our Lord's command:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

2 *mf* Waft it on the rolling tide:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Say to sinners far and wide:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
f Sing, ye islands of the sea,
Echo back, ye ocean caves;
Earth shall keep her jubilee:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

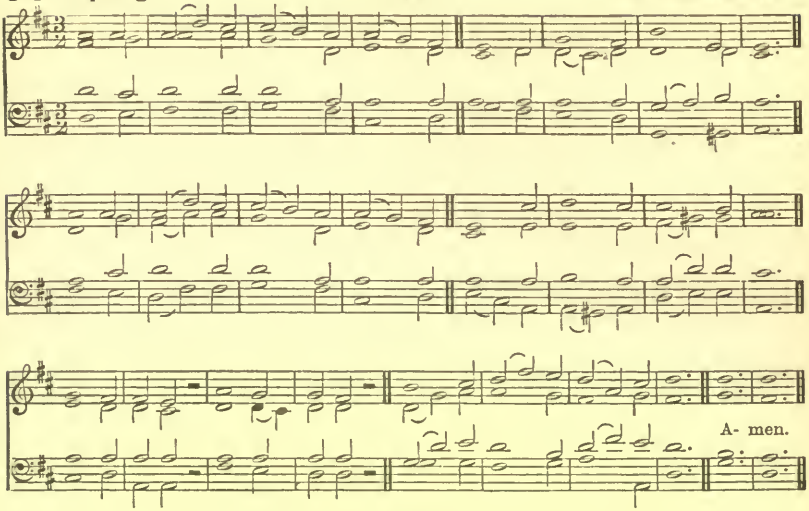
3 *f* Give the winds a mighty voice!
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Let the nations now rejoice,—
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
ff Shout salvation full and free
To every strand that ocean laves;
This our song of victory,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves! Amen.

P. J. OWENS.

* Small notes for 3rd Verse.

34 Copsley

8.7.8.7.8.7. W. B. ARMSTRONG.



Apart from Me ye can do nothing.—St. John xv. 5. (R.V.)

1 *mf* WE will dwell on Calvary's mountain,
Where the flocks of Zion feed;
Oft resort unto that fountain
dim Opened where our Lord did bleed,
cr Thence deriving
Grace and strength for every need.

2 *mf* There with trimmèd lamps we'll tarry
cr Till the Lord comes from on high;
mf Watch in prayer, and ne'er grow weary,
cr Till we hear the midnight cry,—
f "Haste to meet Him,
Lo! the Bridegroom draweth nigh!"

3 *p* Lord, Thy other sheep are calling,
cr Send us with a message clear;
May we gladly hasten forward,
To obey Thy voice so dear,—
f "Go ye therefore,
I am with you, have no fear."

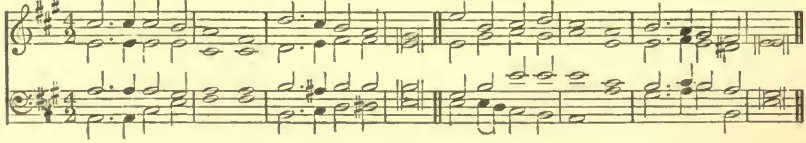
4 *p* Dare we let them die in darkness,
cr When we have the light of God,
And the life which has been purchased
With the Saviour's precious blood?
f Seek to win them,
Win them back through Christ to God. Amen.

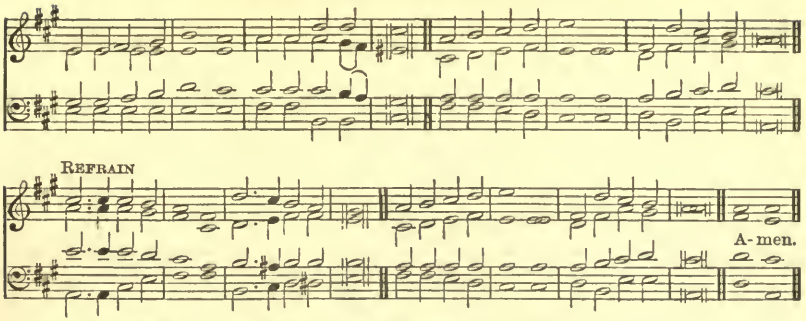
M. DYCE ALEXANDER AND OTHERS.

May also be sung to "Unser Herrscher," No. 61.

35 Hermas

6.5.6.5. D., *with Refrain.* F. R. HAVERGAL.





Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse.—1 Chron. xii. 18.

1 *mf* WHO is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
cr Who will be His helpers,
Other lives to bring?
mf Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
cr Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?
mf By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace Divine,
f We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

2 *mf* Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
cr Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;
p But for Love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died;
cr He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.
mf By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace Divine,
f We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

3 *mf* Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
p But with Thine own life-blood,
cr For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
f Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
mf By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace Divine,
f We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

4 *mf* Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
cr But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
f Victory is secure,
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
mf Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace Divine,
f We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

5 *mf* Chosen to be soldiers
p In an alien land;
cr Chosen, called, and faithful,
For our Captain's band;
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold;
f Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true and bold,
mf Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace Divine,
f Always on the Lord's side,
rall Saviour, always Thine.

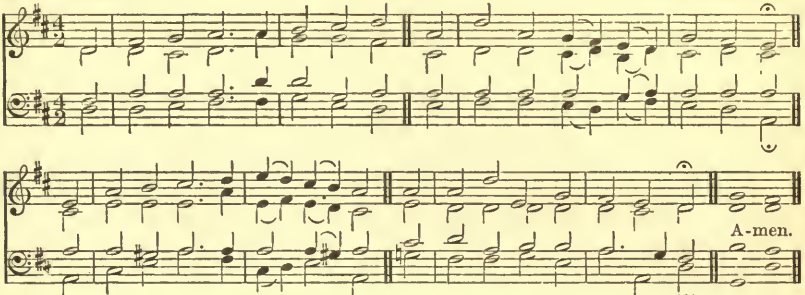
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Amen.

See also Hymns 45, 48, 60, 70, 73, 75, 76, 77, 79, 81, 97, 103, 108, 110, 124, 125, 129, 130, 131, 132, 135, 136, 138, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 167, 168, 170, 174, 176, 178, 181, 182, 223, 224, 225, 226.

Missions to the Jews.

36 Truro

L.M. DR. C. BURNEY.



Awake, awake; put on strength, O arm of the Lord.—Isaiah li. 9.

1 *f* ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake;
cr And let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 *f* Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone;"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

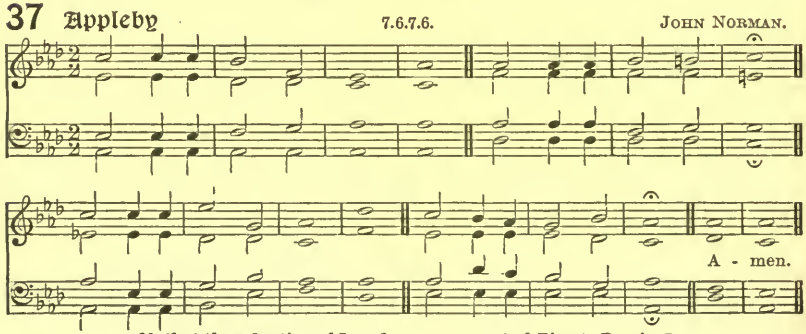
3 *mf* Let Zion's time of favour come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home;
cr And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

4 *mf* Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
cr In every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
f And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

W. SHRUBSOLE. Amen.

May also be sung to "Old Hundredth," No. 40.

37 Appleby

7.6.7.6. JOHN NORMAN.

Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion!—Ps. xiv. 7.

1 *mf* O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
cr To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home!

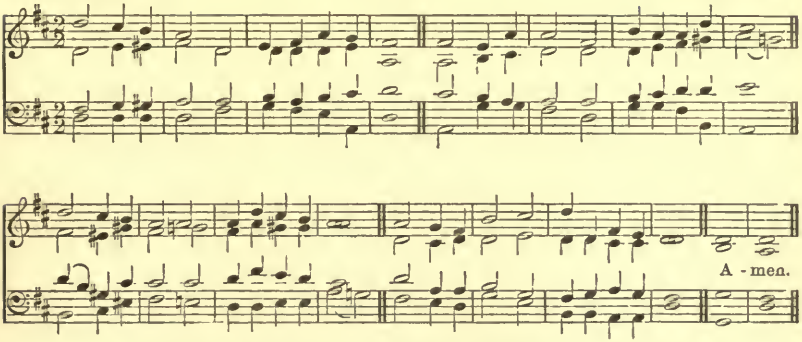
2 *p* How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
cr Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

3 *p* Let fall Thy rod of terror,
cr Thy saving grace impart;
f Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fettered heart.

4 *f* Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
cr Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

H. F. LYTE. Amen.

May also be sung to "St. Alphege," No. 92.

38 Shiplake 10.10.10.10. E. HULTON.

The gifts and calling of God are without repentance.—Rom. xi. 29.

1 *mf* UNCHANGING God, hear from eternal heaven;
We plead Thy gifts of grace, for ever given,
Thy call, without repentance, calling still,
The sure election of Thy sovereign will.

2 *mf* Out of our faith in Thee, Who canst not lie,
Out of our hearts' desire, goes up our cry,
cr From hope's sweet vision of the thing to be,
From love to those who still are loved by Thee.

3 *p* Bring Thy belovèd back, Thine Israel,
Thine own elect, who from Thy favour fell,
But not from Thine election!—O forgive,
cr Speak but the word, and, lo! the dead shall live.

4 *p* Father of mercies! these the long-astray,
These in soul-blindness now the far-away,
cr These are not aliens, but Thy sons of yore,
f O by Thy Fatherhood, restore, restore!

5 *mf* Breathe on Thy Church, that it may greet the day,
cr Stir up her will to toil, and teach, and pray,
Till Zionward again salvation come,
And all her outcast children are at home.

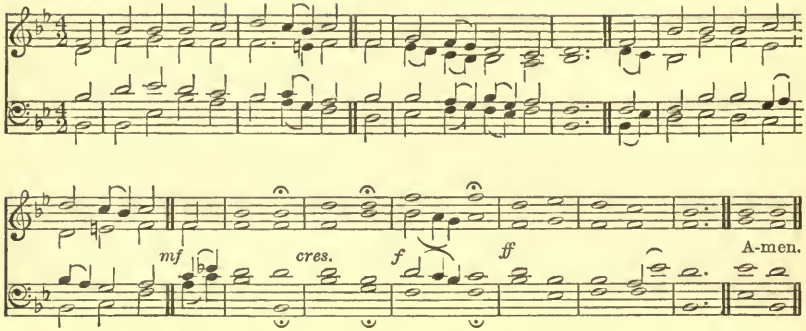
6 *f* Triune Jehovah, Thine the grace and power,
Thine all the work, its past, its future hour,
cr O Thou, Who failest not, Thy gifts fulfil,
And crown the calling of Thy changeless will. **Amen.**

REV. S. J. STONE.

See also Hymns 130, 179, 184.

Praise.

39 Miles Lane

C.M. W. SHRUBSOLE.

He is Lord of lords and King of kings.—Rev. xvii. 14.

1 *f* ALL hail the power of Jesu's Name!
dim Let angels prostrate fall;
cr Bring forth the royal diadem,
f And crown Him, Lord of all.

2 *mf* Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
cr Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
f And crown Him, Lord of all.

3 *mf* Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
cr Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
f And crown Him, Lord of all.

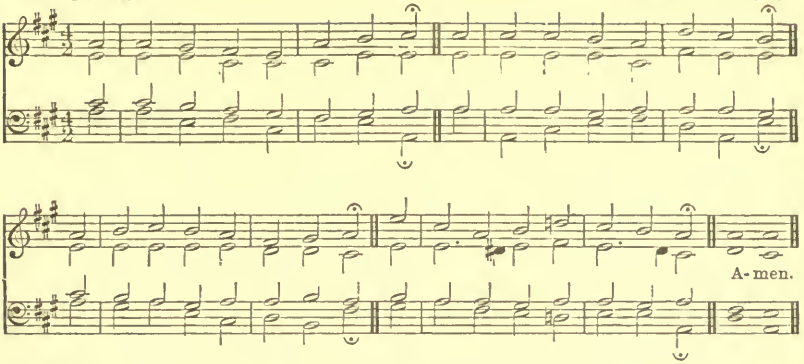
4 *p* Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
cr Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
f And crown Him, Lord of all.

5 *f* Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
cr To Him all majesty ascribe,
ff And crown Him, Lord of all.

6 *mf* O that with yonder sacred throng,
dim We at His feet may fall,
f There join the everlasting song,
ff And crown Him, Lord of all. Amen.

E. PERRONET.

40 Old Hundredth

L.M. Genevan Psalter.

O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands; serve the Lord with gladness, and come before His presence with a song.—Ps. c. 1. (P.B.V.)

1 *f* ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
p Him serve with fear, (*cr*) His praise forth tell,
f Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 *mf* The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
dim We are His flock, He doth us feed;
p And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 *f* O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
cr Praise, laud, and bless His Name always;
For it is seemly so to do.

4 *f* For why? The Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
cr His truth at all times firmly stood;
ff And shall from age to age endure. Amen.

W. KETHE.

41

O praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise Him, all ye people. For His merciful kindness is great toward us, and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever.—Ps. cxvii.

1 *f* FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
cr Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

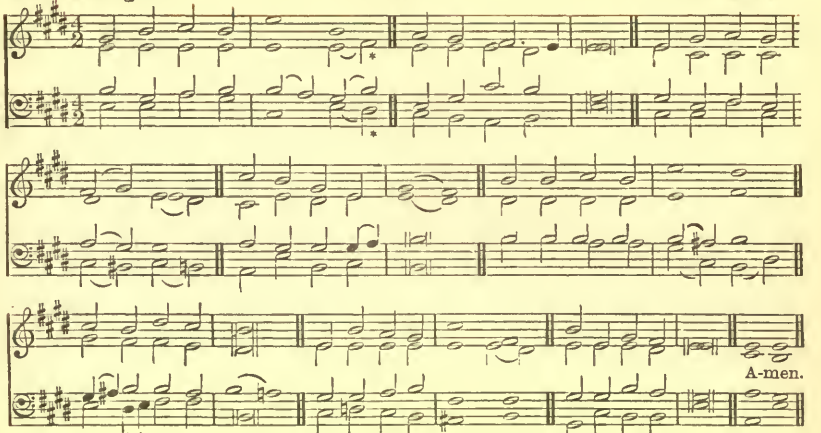
2 *f* Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
cr Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

42 Evelyns

6.5.6.5. D.

DR. W. H. MONK.



God . . . gave unto Him the Name which is above every name; that in the Name of Jesus every knee should bow.—Phil. ii. 9, 10. (R.V.)

1 *mf* AT the Name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
cr Every tongue confess Him
f King of glory now;
mf 'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord
cr Who from the beginning
f Was the Mighty Word.

2 *mf* At His voice creation
cr Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
f Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders,
In their great array.

3 *p* Humbled for a season,
To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners,
Unto whom He came,
cr Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed;

4 *mf* Bore it up triumphant,
p With its human light,
cr Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height;
f To the throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast,
ff Filled it with the glory
dim Of that perfect rest.

5 *f* Name Him, brothers, name Him,
With love as strong as death,
p But with awe and wonder,
pp And with 'bated breath;
mf He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
cr Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted, and adored.

6 *mf* In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true;
cr Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

7 *f* Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
ff For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
rall King of glory now. Amen.

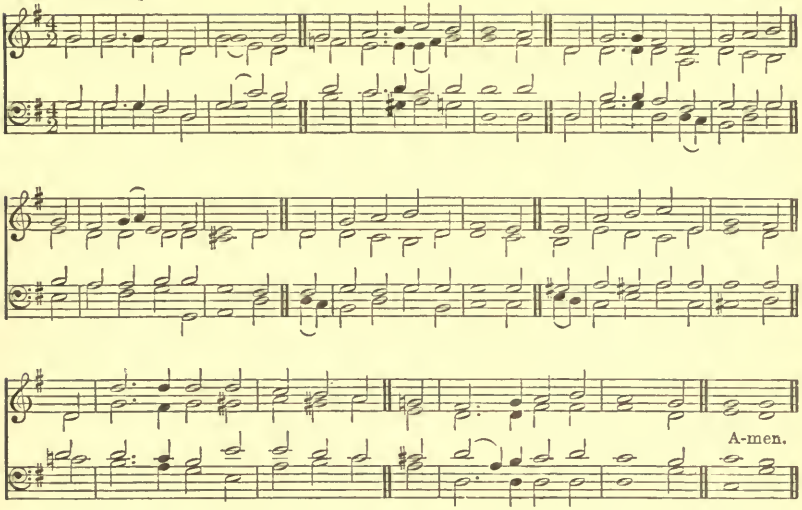
CAROLINE M. NOEL.

* In verse 5, sing this chord to the first word of line 2, and divide the ⌣ of the melody to the same,

May also be sung to "Ruth," No. 55 (II.).

43 Triumphant

7.7.8.7. D. J. B. FORTAY.



So shall they fear the Name of the Lord from the west, and His glory from the rising of the sun.—Isaiah lix. 19.

1 *mf* CHIEF Shepherd of Thy people,
We own with joy the union
Of souls that know, where'er below,
The Spirit's blest communion;
cr Our voices join the concert,
The strain of rapturous cadence,
f That springs and rolls between the poles
Swift as the solar radiance.

2 *mf* When o'er Pacific billows
cr The Sabbath wakes in glory,
Their praises due Thy scattered few
In China sing before Thee;
They sing, (*f*) and westward ever
The sunlight speeds the chorus
From Burmah's shore to far Lahore,
From Araby to Taurus.

3 *mf* Anon awakening Europe
Begins her loud devotion,
Her song that flies from Lapland's ice
To Moorish gates of ocean;
And hymns from Britain mingle
cr With voices gathering ever
f Where rises bright Leonè's height
Where Niger pours his river.

4 *mf* Soon as the arch of morning
Atlantic waves embraces,
cr From zone to zone before the throne
Ascend Columbia's praises;
f And onward swells the echo,
On Southern waters flying,
To blend with songs of island tongues
From rock to rock replying.

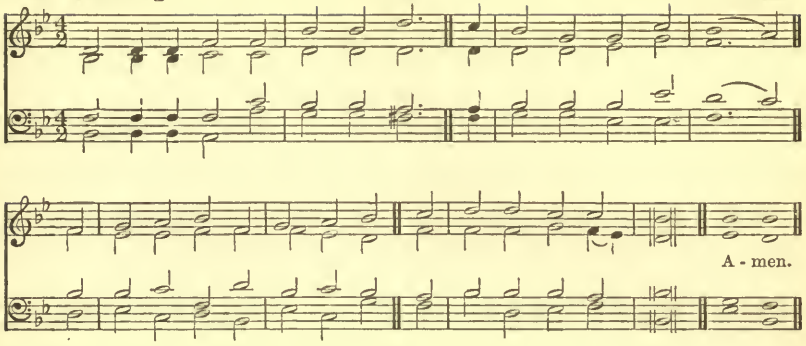
5 *f* All, all as one we praise Thee,
Great Giver of salvation,
Whose equal grace nor time, nor place,
Nor language knows, nor nation;
We praise, (*p*) and wait imploring
cr Thy hour of final favour;
f Call in Thine own, reveal Thy Throne,
ff And o'er us reign for ever. Amen.

REV. H. C. G. MOULE.

May also be sung to "Lostwithiel," No. 127.

44 Nativity

C.M. H. LAHEE.



I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne.—Rev. v. 11.

1 *f* COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 *f* "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
p "For He was slain for us."

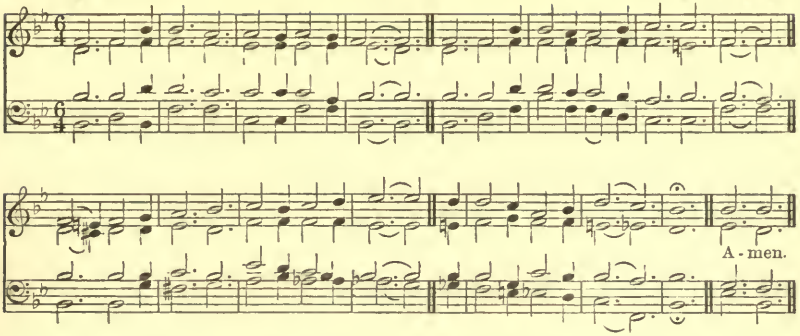
3 *mf* Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power Divine:
cr And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4 *f* Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
cr Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

5 *ff* The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
dim And to adore the Lamb. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

May also be sung to "London New," No. 173.

45 **Mission** 10.10.10.7. W. MULLINEUX.

Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name.—St. Matt. vi. 9.

1 *mf* FATHER, to Whom the tribes of earth belong,
With all the legions of the heavenly throng,
cr Bought by Thy love we raise redemption's song,
ff The strain of Hallelujah.

2 *p* Thou, Whose dear Son from highest heaven came,
cr That every knee might bend before Thy Name,
f Tune every tongue to swell the loud acclaim
ff Of perfect Hallelujah.

3 *p* Grant that Thy Spirit from the throne above
cr May fill the ransomed with their Saviour's love,
f Till to Thy service all Thy servants move,
ff To teach the Hallelujah.

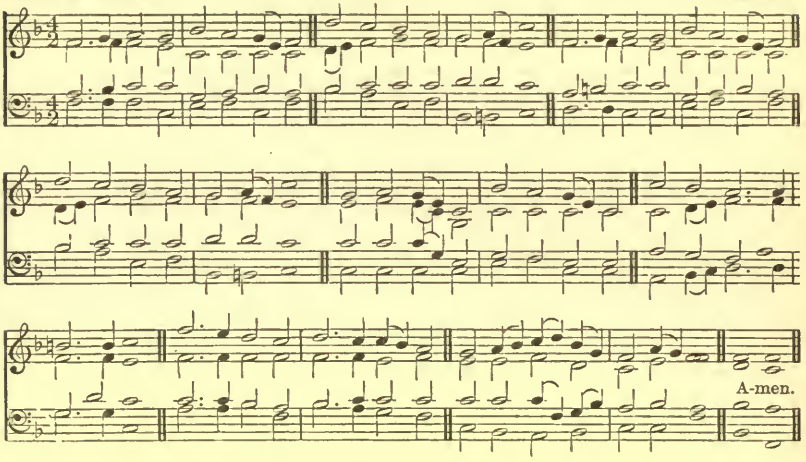
4 *mf* Their lips, their footsteps with Thy counsel guide,
cr Till, as the tidings fill the whole world wide,
f Creation gathers to the Crucified
ff With songs of Hallelujah.

5 *f* For light celestial, for earth's darkness riven,
For Satan vanquished, and for sins forgiven,
And for the seed of Life sent down from heaven,
ff We lift the Hallelujah.

6 *f* Lord of the harvest, Christ, the reapers' King,
Send forth Thy servants to the harvesting,
cr That heaven and earth, and sea and sky may ring
ff With one long Hallelujah. Amen.

REV. NAPIER MALCOLM.

46 Austria

8.7.8.7. D. J. HAYDN.

The voice of a great multitude, . . . saying, Alleluia.—Rev. xix. 6.

1 *mf* HARK, creation's Alleluia,
Rising from a thousand shores,
Vibrates sweet as angel voices,
cr Loud as many waters roars,—
f "Blessing, glory, power, salvation
To our God upon the throne,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Infinite, supreme, alone."

2 *mf* On and on, from dawn to sunset,
Borne on every changeful wind,
From the myriad-minded peoples
Of the hoary climes of Ind,
From the ransomed sons of Afric,
From old Sinim's crowded lands,
From the freeborn wanderers roaming
Araby's unconquered sands.

3 *mf* From the coasts of ice to regions
Where perpetual summer smiles,
From the sunny hearted children
Of the far Pacific isles,
cr From the numbers without number
f Of rejoicing Christendom,
From the watchers for His advent
Who will soon to Zion come;

4 *mf* Gathering strength from every nation,
cr Every kindred, tribe, and tongue,
f Hark, that everlasting anthem,
Hark, that glorious tide of song,
cr Floods the valleys with its music,
Echoes from the lasting hills,
ff Onward, upward, till the temple
Of the living God it fills.

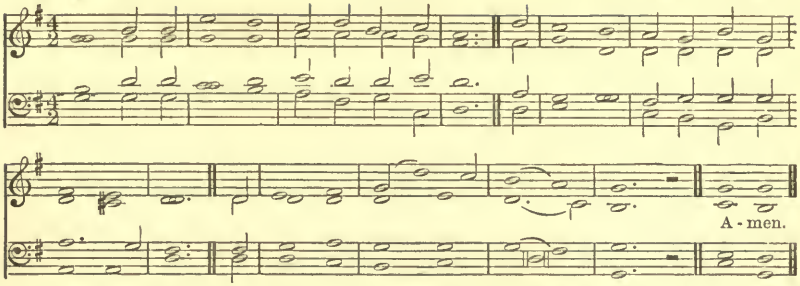
5 *p* Hark, it mingles with the raptures
Of the armies of the sky,
Who have passed through tribulation
Into perfect rest on high,
cr Clothed in robes of spotless beauty,
Palms of triumph in their hand,
f Harping on their harps Hosannas,
As before His face they stand:

6 *f* "Glory unto Him Who loved us,
Him Who washed us with His blood,
Kings and priests henceforth for ever
To our Father and our God.
ff Alleluia! saints and angels,
Raise your loudest, loftiest strains;
Alleluia! hell is vanquished;
God the Lord Almighty reigns."

BISHOP E. H. BICKERSTETH. Amen.

49 Harvest

10.10.7. DR. C. J. FROST.



O sing unto the Lord a new song; for He hath done marvellous things.—Ps. xcviii. 1.

1 *mf* LORD of the Harvest! it is right and meet
That we should lay our first fruits at Thy feet
f With joyful Alleluia!

2 *mf* Sweet is the soul's thanksgiving after prayer;
cr Sweet is the worship that with heaven we share,
f Who sing the Alleluia!

3 *p* Lowly we prayed (*cr*) and Thou didst hear on high,—
mf Didst lift our hearts, and change our suppliant cry
f To festal Alleluia.

4 *f* So sing we now in tune with that great song,
cr That all the age of ages shall prolong,
ff The endless Alleluia.

5 *mf* To Thee, O Lord of harvest, Who hast heard,
cr And to Thy white-robed reapers given the word,
f We sing our Alleluia.

6 *mf* O Christ, Who in the wide world's ghostly sea
cr Hast bid the net be cast anew, to Thee
f We sing our Alleluia.

7 *mf* To Thee, Eternal Spirit, Who again
cr Hast moved with life upon the slumbrous main,
f We sing our Alleluia.

8 *cr* Yea, West and East the companies go forth:
f "We come!" is sounding to the South and North:
f To God sing Alleluia.

9 *mf* The fishermen of Jesus far away
cr Seek in new waters an immortal prey:
f To Christ sing Alleluia.

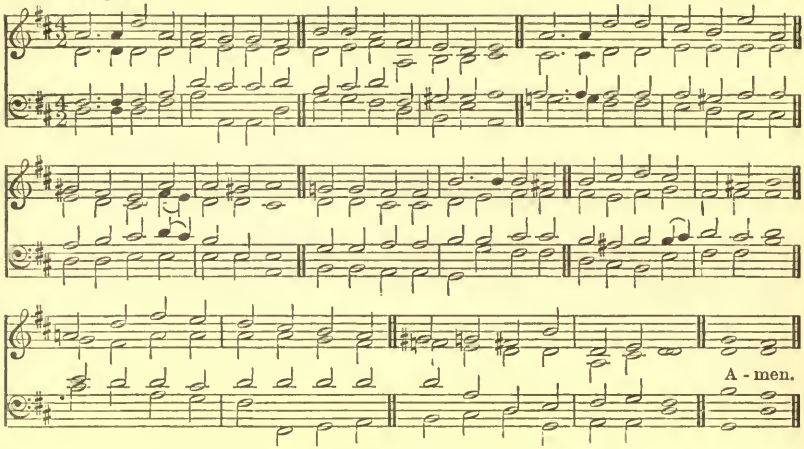
10 *p* The Holy Dove is brooding o'er the deep,
cr And careless hearts are waking out of sleep;
f To Him sing Alleluia.

11 *mf* Yea, for sweet hope new-born,—blest work begun,—
cr Sing Alleluia to the Three in One,
f Adoring Alleluia.

12 *f* Glory to God! The Church in patience cries;
ff Glory to God! The Church at rest replies,
With endless Alleluia. Amen.

REV. S. J. STONE.

50 Lux Eoi

8.7.8.7. D. SIR A. SULLIVAN.

And in that day shall ye say, Praise the Lord.—Isaiah xii. 4.

1 *mf* LORD, Thy ransomed Church is waking
Out of slumber far and near,
cr Knowing that the morn is breaking
When the Bridegroom shall appear;
f Waking up to claim the treasure
With Thy precious life-blood bought,
And to trust in fuller measure
All Thy wondrous death hath wrought.

2 *f* Praise to Thee for this glad shower,
Precious drops of latter rain;
Praise, that by Thy Spirit's power
Thou hast quickened us again:
cr That Thy Gospel's priceless treasure
Now is borne from land to land,
And that all the Father's pleasure
dim Prospers in Thy piercèd hand.

3 *mf* Praise to Thee for saved ones yearning
O'er the lost and wandering throng;
cr Praise for voices daily learning
To upraise the glad new song;
Praise to Thee for sick ones hasting
Now to touch Thy garment's hem;
f Praise for souls believing, tasting
All Thy love has won for them.

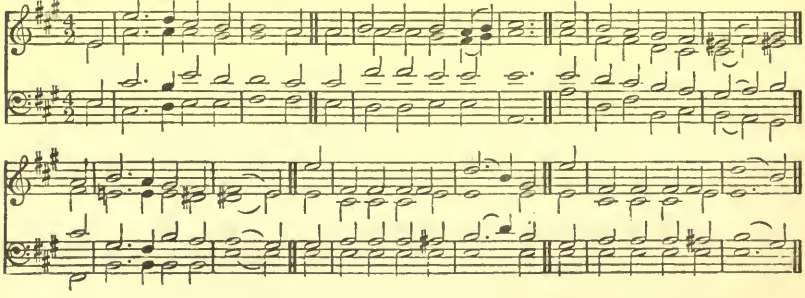
4 *f* Set on fire our heart's devotion
With the love of Thy dear Name;
Till o'er every land and ocean
Lips and lives Thy Cross proclaim:
cr Fix our eyes on Thy returning,
Keeping watch till Thou shalt come,
Loins well girt, lamps brightly burning;
rall. ff Then Lord, take Thy servants home.

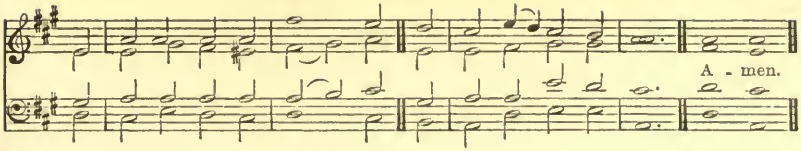
SARAH G. STOCK. Amen.

May also be sung to "Austria," No. 46.

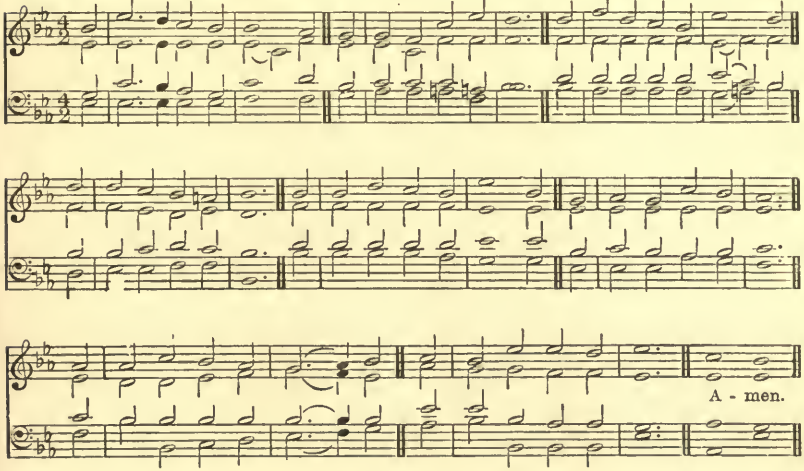
51 Hinton Martell (*First Tune.*)

7.6.7.6. D. Adapted from MENDELSSOHN.





St. Gregory (*Second Tune.*) 7.6.7.6. D. Dr. E. Bunnett.



Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the Jubilee to sound.—Lev. xxv. 9.

1 *f* O BROTHERS, lift your voices,
Triumphant songs to raise,
Till heaven on high rejoices,
And earth is filled with praise.
cr Ten thousand hearts are bounding
With holy hopes and free;
ff The Gospel trump is sounding,
The trump of Jubilee.

2 *mf* O Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close:
cr The cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes.
f Faith is our battle-token:
Our Leader all controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken;
Our captives, ransomed souls.

3 *p* Not unto us,—(*f*) Lord Jesus,
To Thee all praise be due;
p Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
cr Has freed our brethren too.
p Not unto us,—(*f*) in glory
The angels catch the strain,
cr And cast their crowns before Thee
Exultingly again.

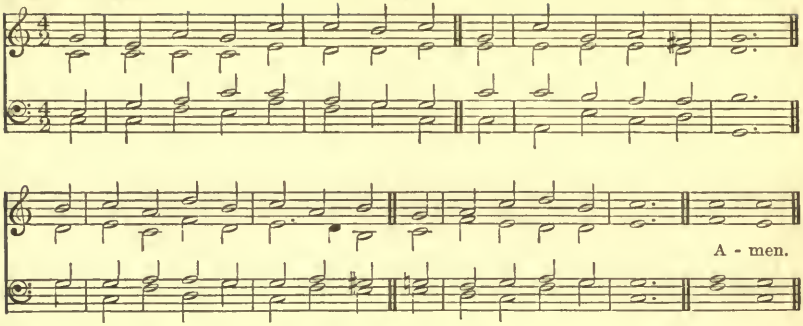
4 *f* Great God of our salvation,
Thy presence we adore:
Praise, glory, adoration
Be Thine for evermore.
cr Still on in conflict pressing
On Thee thy people call,
ff Thee King of Kings confessing,
Thee crowning Lord of all. **Amen.**

Written for the First C.M.S. Jubilee, 1848, *by the present Bishop of Exeter (Right Rev. Dr. E. H. Bickersteth), then Curate-in-charge of Banningham, Norfolk.*

May also be sung to "*Lancashire,*" *No.* 20.

52 St. Ann

C.M. DR. W. CROFT.



Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail.—Heb. i. 12.

Unison.

1 *f* O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;

Harmony.

2 *mf* Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
cr Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
f And our defence is sure.

3 *mf* Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
f From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 *f* A thousand ages in Thy sight
dim Are like an evening gone,
p Short as the watch that ends the night
cr Before the rising sun.

5 *mp* Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
dim They fly forgotten, as a dream
pp Dies at the opening day.

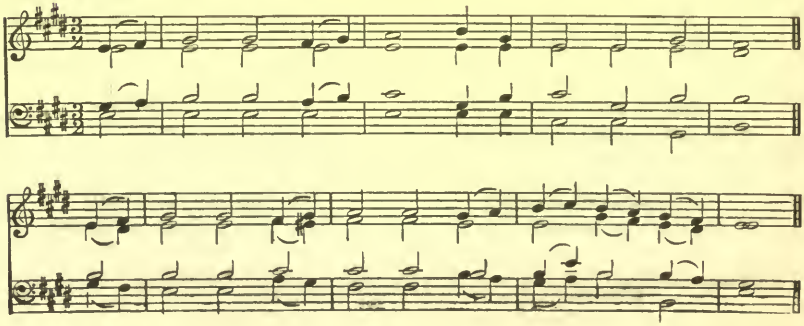
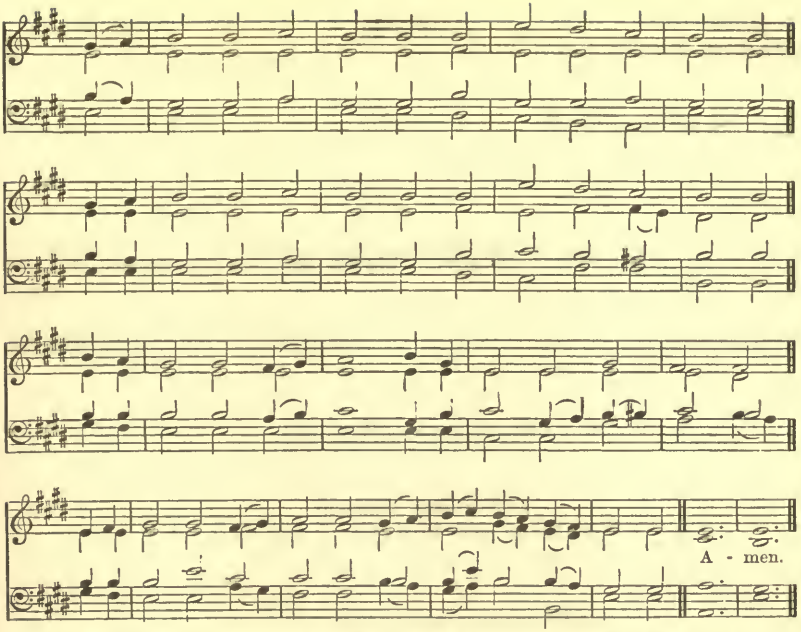
Unison.

6 *ff* O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
rall And our eternal home. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

53 Laus Deo

P.M. Anon.



Declare His glory among the heathen . . . for the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised.—Ps. xcvi. 3, 4.

1 *f* PRAISE, praise ye the Name of Jehovah our God;
Declare, O declare ye His glories abroad.
cr Proclaim ye His mercy from nation to nation,
Till the uttermost islands have heard His salvation;
ff For His love floweth on free and full as a river,
And His mercy endureth for ever and ever.

2 *f* Praise, praise ye the Lamb (*dim*) Who for sinners was slain,
Who went down to the grave, (*cr*) and ascended again;
And Who soon shall return, when these dark days are o'er,
f To set up His kingdom in glory and power;
ff For His love, &c.

3 *f* Then the heaven, and the earth, and the sea shall rejoice,
cr The field and the forest shall lift the glad voice,
The sands of the desert shall flourish in green,
And Lebanon's glory be shed o'er the scene;
ff For His love, &c.

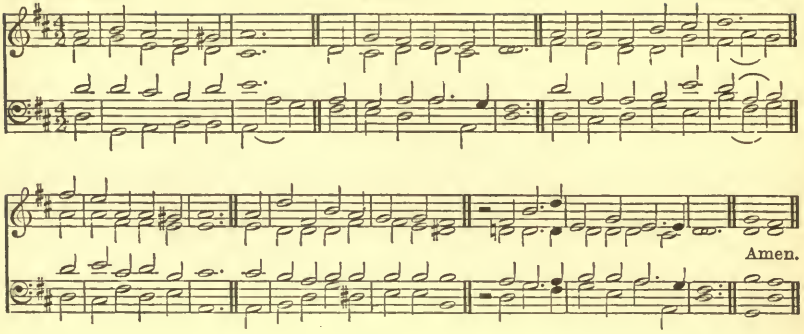
4 *f* Her bridal attire and her festal array
All nature shall wear on that glorious day,
cr For her King cometh down with His people to reign,
And His presence shall bless her with Eden again;
ff For His love, &c. Amen.

DR. H. BONAR.

54 Gopsal

6.6.6.6.8.8.

HANDEL.



Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice.—Phil. iv. 4.

1 *f* REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore;
cr Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
ff Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

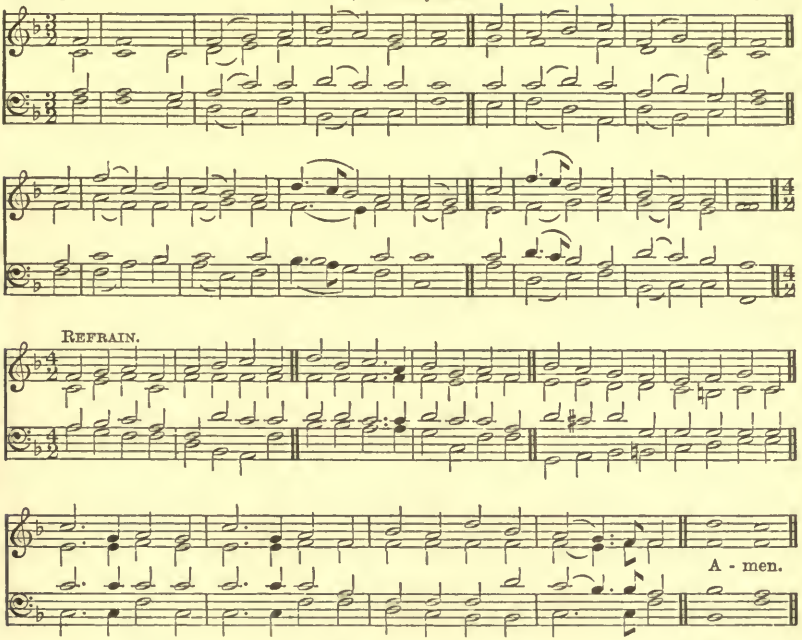
2 *f* Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love:
p When He had purged our stains,
f He took His seat above.
ff Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 *f* He sits at God's right hand,
dim Till all His foes submit,
p And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
ff Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 *f* Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
cr And take His servants up
To their eternal home;
ff We soon shall hear the Archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice. Amen.

REV. C. WESLEY.

55 Irish

C.M., *with Refrain.* Anon.

Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.—Rev. vii. 10.

1 *f* SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
cr A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
ff Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord.

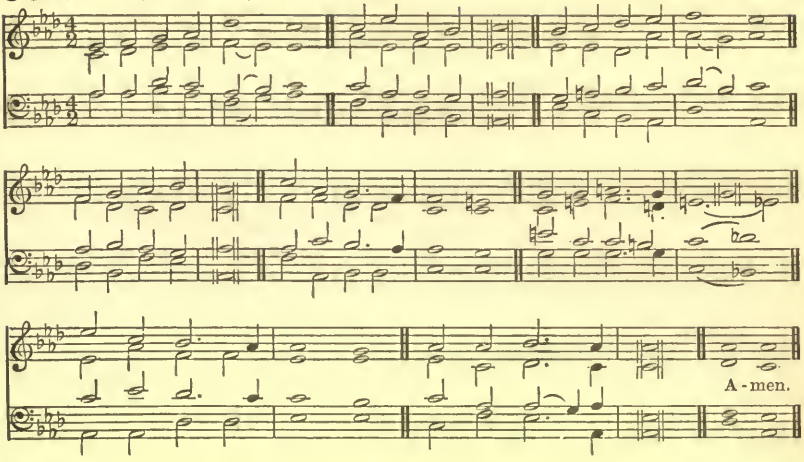
2 *f* Salvation! Let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
cr While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
ff Glory, honour, &c.

3 *mf* Salvation! (*p*) O Thou bleeding Lamb,
cr To Thee the praise belongs;
f Salvation shall inspire our hearts
And dwell upon our tongues.
ff Glory, honour, &c. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

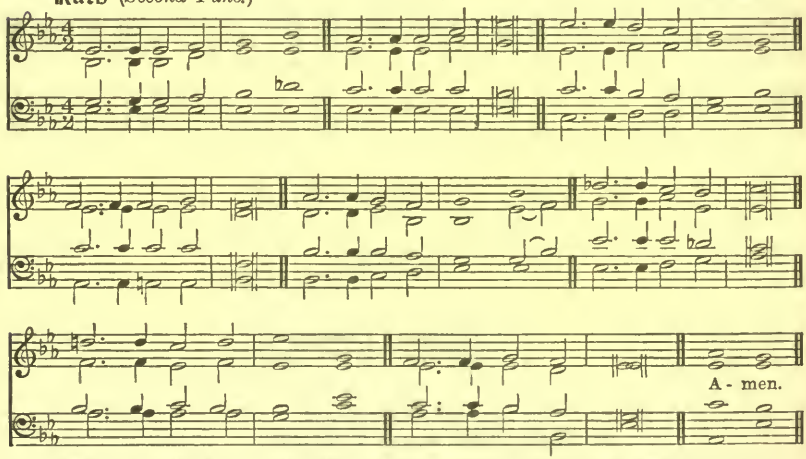
56 Edina (*First Tune.*)

6.5.6.5. D. SIR HERBERT OAKELEY.



Ruth (*Second Tune.*)

6.5.6.5. D. SAMUEL SMITH.



I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.—Phil. iii. 14.

1 *mf* SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour,
Listen while we sing;
cr Hearts and voices raising
f Praises to our King.
mf All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
cr Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

2 *p* Farther, *(dim)* ever farther
From Thy wounded side,
Heedlessly we wandered,
pp Wandered far and wide;
cr Till Thou cam'st in mercy,
Seeking young and old,
mf Lovingly to bear them,
Saviour, to Thy fold.

3 *mf* Nearer, (*cr*) ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
dim Deep in adoration
p Bending low the knee.
Thou, for our redemption,
Cam'st on earth to die;
f Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

4 *mf* Great, (*cr*) and ever greater,
Are Thy mercies here;
cr True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
p Where no pain nor sorrow,
Toil nor care, is known;
f Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.

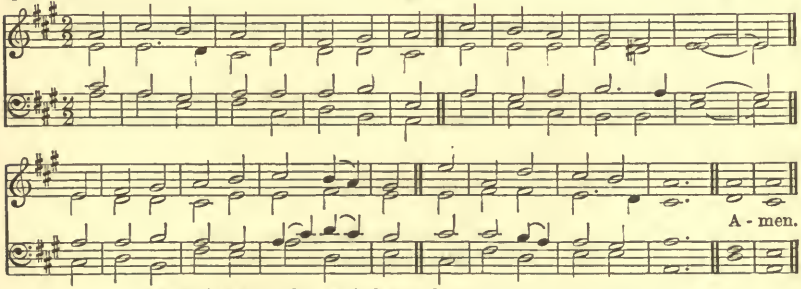
5 *mf* Brighter still, (*cr*) and brighter,
Glows the western sun,
f Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
mf Time will soon be over,
dim Toil and sorrow past,
p May we, blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

6 *mf* Onward, (*cr*) ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
cr Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
f Till the prize is won.

7 *f* Higher then, (*cr*) and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
ff Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
rall Praises to their King. Amen.

REV. GODFREY THRING.

57 Streatham

C.M. SIR G. J. ELVEY.

A Jubilee shall that fiftieth year be unto you.—Lev. xxv. 11.

1 *f* SING we to God in joyful strains
Our hymn of Jubilee!
And tell to earth that Jesus reigns,
Who set the captive free.

2 *f* Proclaim His love, Whose blood hath bought,
Whose power released the slave;
cr Who with the hosts of darkness fought,
And triumphed o'er the grave.

3 *f* Sing we, (*dim*) who once in heathen night
p And Satan's thraldom lay;
Nor freedom knew, nor hope, nor might,
cr Till dawned our Gospel-day.

4 *f* Now, called to light and liberty,
The Lord's behest fulfil;
ff And shout the song of Jubilee
dim To lands in darkness still.

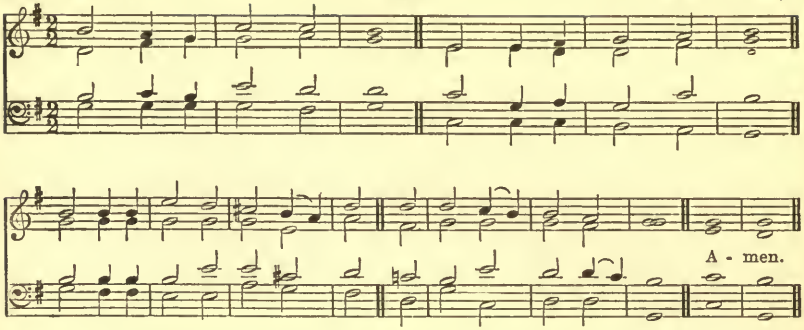
5 *mf* The Lord, Whose banner we unfurled,
Our feeble work doth bless;
cr And thousands, through the awakening world,
His conquering powers confess.

6 *cr* From land to land the tidings tell,
Till all mankind are free;
f Till every voice in triumph swell
ff The song of Jubilee.

7 *f* O Thou, to Whom all power is given!
Soon be Thy victory won:
cr Return and reign, till, as in heaven,
On earth Thy will be done.
Amen.

Written for the First C.M.S. Jubilee, 1848, *by the Rev. G. Pettitt, Missionary in Tinnevelly.*
May also be sung to "St. Ann," No. 52.

58 Warfare

S.M. J. Downing Farrell.

Stand up and bless the Lord your God for ever and ever.—Neh. ix. 5.

1 *f* STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
cr Stand up, and bless the Lord your God
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 *f* Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
dim Who would not fear His holy Name,
f And laud and magnify?

3 *mf* O for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
cr To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.

4 *f* God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
ff Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

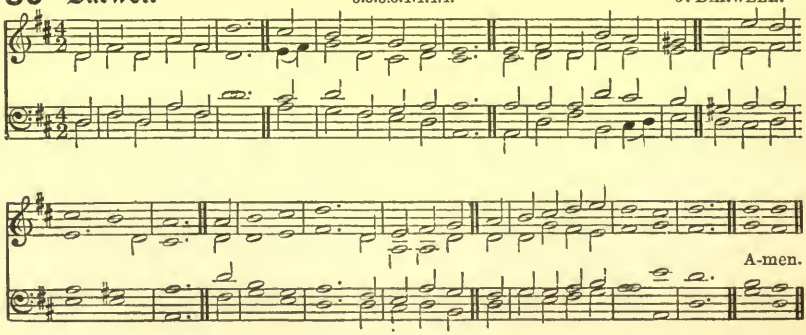
5 *f* Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
ff Stand up, and bless His glorious Name
rall Henceforth for evermore. Amen.

J. Montgomery.

May also be sung to "Venice," No. 104.

59 Darwell

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4. J. Darwell.



Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!—Ps. cvii. 8.

1 *f* WITH songs of grateful praise
Surround Jehovah's seat;
The goodness of His ways
Through all the earth repeat;
cr His mercy rose
Ere time was known,
And from His throne
Eternal flows.

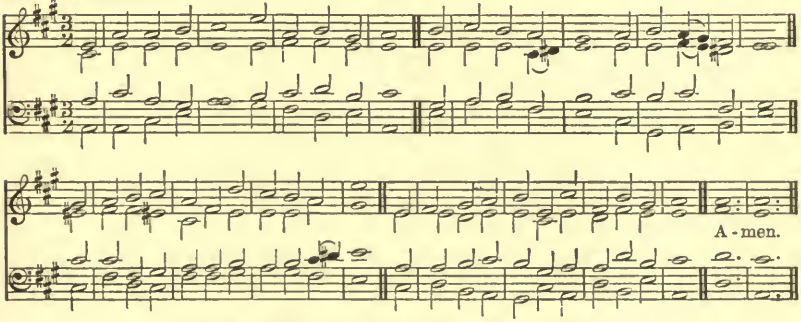
2 *mf* He bids His light arise,
And sends His Gospel forth:
cr From East to West it flies,
And fills the South and North;
f His mighty grace
Its power imparts,
And willing hearts
His truth embrace.

3 *mf* Then far as isles extend,
To the vast ocean's bound,
cr Let kings to Jesus bend,
And pour their offerings round;
f Arabia raise
The song Divine,
And Afric join
T'exalt His praise;

4 *mf* Let India's fertile shore
Its gifts and honour bring,
cr To hail the Saviour's power,
f To crown Emmanuel King;
Remotest lands
Their homage pay,
ff Till all obey
His high commands. Amen.

W. GOODE.

60 **Hanover** 10.10.11.11. DR. W. CROFT.



The Name of the Lord Jesus was magnified.—Acts xix. 17.

1 *mf* YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
cr And publish abroad His wonderful Name;
f The Name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

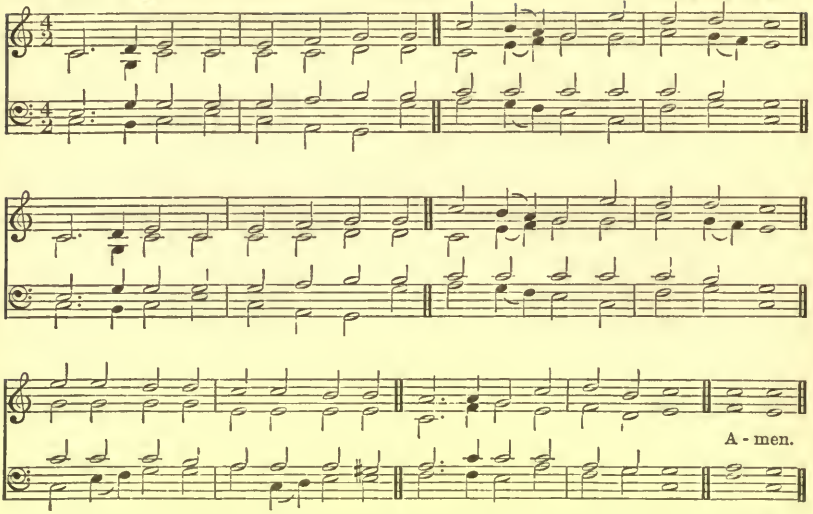
2 *f* God ruleth on high, Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh, His presence we have;
cr The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 *f* Salvation to God, Who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son;
cr The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
dim Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 *f* Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
cr All glory and power, all wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
ff And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love! Amen.

REV. C. WESLEY.

61 Unser Herrscher.

8.7.8.7.8.7. JOACHIM NEANDER.

Now is salvation nearer to us than when we first believed. The night is far spent, and the day is at hand.—Rom. xiii. 11, 12. (R.V.)

1 *mf* YES, we trust the day is breaking,
cr Joyful times are near at hand;
f God, the mighty God, is speaking
By His word in every land:
mf When He comes, His lost ones seeking,
cr Darkness flees at His command.

2 *f* Let us hail the joyful season,
Let us hail the rising ray;
When the Lord appears, there's reason
To expect a glorious day,
cr At the brightness of His coming
Gloom and darkness flee away.

3 *p* While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
cr God the Saviour is preparing
Means to spread His truth abroad;
Every tongue and every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

4 *f* Oh how pleasant, how reviving
To our hearts, to hear each day
Joyful news, from far arriving,
That the Gospel wins its way;
cr Those enlightening and enlivening
dim Who in death and darkness lay.

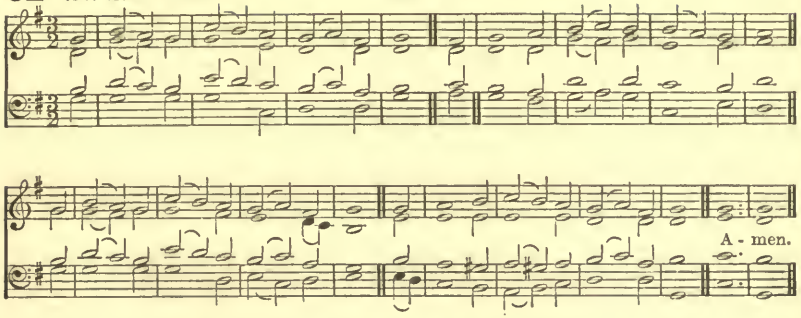
5 *f* God of Israel, high and glorious,
Let Thy people see Thy hand;
cr Let the Gospel be victorious
Through the world in every land;
ff Come, Lord Jesus, O come quickly;
Lord, Thy blessing now command. Amen.

T. KELLY.

See also Hymns 118, 127, 141, 156, 167, 168, 169, 172, 173, 174, 175, 177, 180, 212, 237, 239, 240, 241, 242.

Intercession.

62 St. Alkmund L.M. Anon.



Pray one for another, that ye may be healed.—James v. 16.

1 *mf* ALMIGHTY God, Whose only Son
cr O'er sin and death the triumph won,
And ever lives to intercede
dim For souls who Thy sweet mercy need;

2 *mp* In His dear Name to Thee we pray
For all who err and go astray,
For sinners, wheresoe'er they be,
Who do not serve and honour Thee.

3 *mp* There are who never yet have heard
The tidings of Thy blessèd word,
dim But still in heathen darkness dwell,
Without one thought of heaven or hell;

4 *mp* And some, within Thy sacred fold,
To holy things are dead and cold,
And waste the precious hours of life
In selfish ease, or toil, or strife;

5 *mp* And many a quickened soul within
There lurks the secret love of sin,
p A wayward will, or anxious fears,
Or lingering taint of bygone years.

6 *mf* O give repentance true and deep
To all Thy lost and wandering sheep,
cr And kindle in their hearts the fire
Of holy love and pure desire.

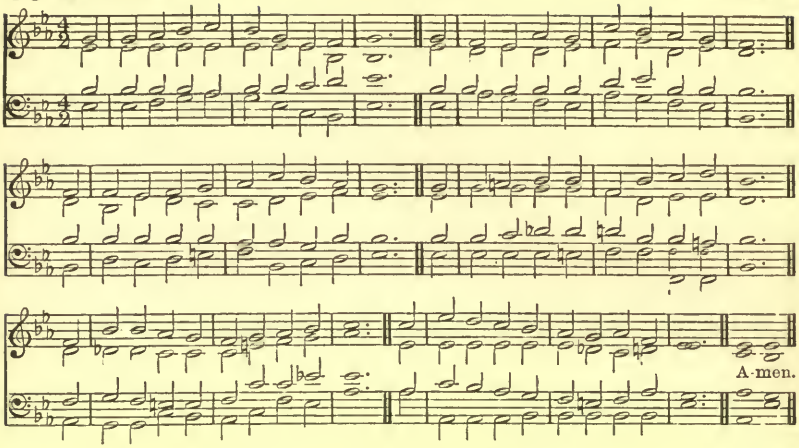
7 *f* That so from angel-hosts above
May rise a sweeter song of love,
cr And we, with all the blest, adore
ff Thy Name, O God, for evermore. Amen.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER.

May also be sung to "Melcombe," No. 215.

63 Lanberne

10.10.10.10.10.10. C. E. MILLER.



A HYMN OF INTERCESSION FOR THE CLERGY,

In view of their opportunities of rousing and sustaining Missionary interest throughout the Church.

We persuade men.—2 Cor. v. 11.

1 *mf* AWAKE, O Lord, the zeal of those who stand,—
As stood the Seraphim about Thy Throne,—
For holy ministry of heart and hand,
cr In worship and in work to lead Thine own:
f Awake their zeal of love (*dim*) for those who lie,
Not yet Thine own, (*p*) beneath the alien sky;

2 *cr* Of love, in Him Who in His Love gave all,
dim Himself and Home and Life-Blood of His Cross,
cr That they might come all willing at His call,
And count all other loveliest things as loss,
f And, winning Him, win others to their joy,—
Their joy of love and its most sweet employ.

3 *mf* From glowing hearts, Lord, give them tongues of fire
To burn away the bonds of earthly things
cr From those high spirits who would fain aspire,
That they, unbound, may as on angel wings
f Spread over wave and wild, through frost and flame,
ff Th'immortal music of Emmanuel's Name.

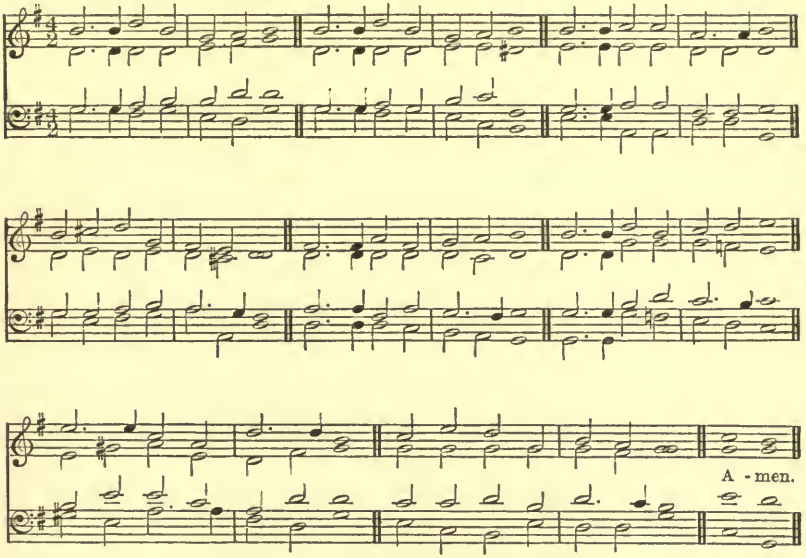
4 *p* Be, too, their message to Thy lowliest:
cr Who, giving not themselves, their own may lend:
p For whom are not the exile and the quest,
cr Yet, going not, can intercede and send
By alms love-hallowed, and the fostering care
Of holiest sympathies and ceaseless prayer.

5 *f* Yea, grant, O Lord, that as Thy sons behold
dim Those fields afar that wait the reaper's hand,
cr Or hear across the mighty waters rolled
dim Some new soul-pleading from the Morians' land,
cr They may in strong persuading instant be
rall To win that alien world to Love and Thee. Amen.

REV. S. J. STONE.

May also be sung to "Pro Mundi Vita," No. 211.

64 St. George (Elvey) 7.7.7.7. D. Sir G. J. Elvey.



The Lord gave the word; great was the company of those that published it.—Ps. lxviii. 11.

1 *f* GIVE the word, eternal King,
Swift and fair from hill to hill,
cr Speed the angel-feet that bring
News of glory and good-will,
News of freedom's open door,
Thy redemption's sweet release,
Priceless treasure to the poor,
dim To the weary perfect peace.

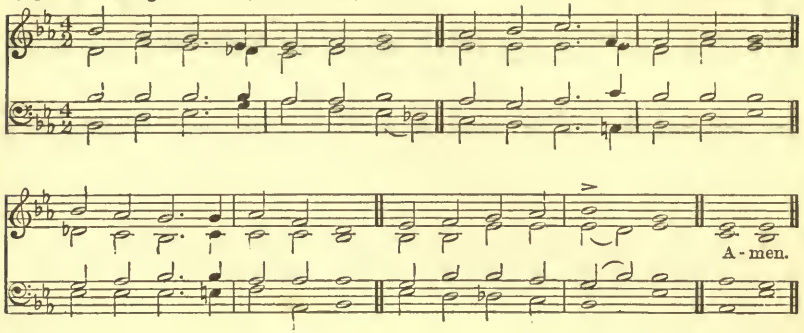
2 *f* Give the word, ascended Son,
p By the travail of Thy soul,
cr By the triumph it hath won,
Let the tidings onward roll;
f In the depth and o'er the height
Thy love's banner be unfurled;
ff Make Thine own, in hell's despite,
All the kingdoms of the world.

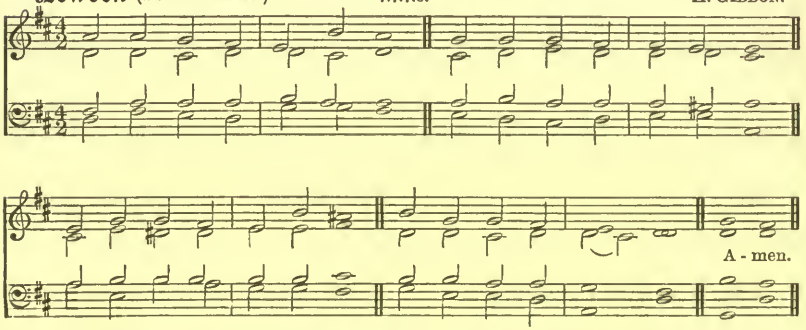
3 *f* Give the word, O Holy Ghost,
West, and East, and South, and North,
cr Make a second Pentecost;
Bid Thy companies go forth,
mf Bearing all the gifts of grace
On Thy wings, O mystic Dove,
Visions of the Saviour's face,
dim Music of the Father's love.

4 *f* Father, Son, and Spirit, God!
mp By the sum of human ill,
pp By Thy dread avenging rod,
cr By Thine all-absolving will,
p Lo, before Thy feet we fall,
cr Holy, holy, holy, Lord!
f Three in One, and All in All,
rall Hear our cry, (*ff*) and give the word!

Rev. S. J. Stone. Amen.

65 St. Elizabeth's (*First Tune.*) 7.7.7.6. REV. W. J. L. SHEPPARD.



Bowdon (*Second Tune.*) 7.7.7.6. H. GIBBON.

I exhort therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men.—1 Tim. ii. 1.

1 *mf* FATHER, Who didst give Thy Son
dim For a world by sin undone,
Sparing not Thine only One;
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

2 *mp* Saviour, Who didst undergo
Shame and pain and death, (*cr*) that so
All the world Thy life might know;
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 *mf* Holy Spirit, far and wide
cr Drawing to the Crucified
dim Souls for whom the Saviour died,
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 *mf* Wake Thy Church from selfish sleep,
Teach her Christ's commands to keep,
cr Bid her launch into the deep;
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 *mf* Teach her thus her love to show,
And to every nation go,
cr That the world her Lord may know;
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 *p* Those who yet to idols kneel,
Who to senseless ears appeal,
Grant their sin and need to feel;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 *p* Those who still are seeking light,
Struggling through the lessening night,
cr Bring to clearer, fuller sight;
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 *mf* Those who 'mid their heathen race
Have come forth to seek Thy face;
cr Strengthen with Thy heavenly grace;
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

9 *mf* Where the waving harvests stand,
Whitening fields on every hand,
cr Send, O Lord, Thy reaper-band;
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

10 *mf* Prosper Thou their work, O Lord,
Save from peril, fire, or sword,
cr Be to them their great Reward;
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

11 *mf* If our loved ones Thou should'st call,
Let not self our souls enthral,—
cr Make us glad to yield Thee all;
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

12 *mf* Teach us all our prayers to raise,
Claiming blessing all our days,
f Lifting still our song of praise;
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

13 *mf* Teach us all our gifts to bring
cr For the service of our King,
f Till the earth His praise shall sing;
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

14 *mp* Teach us all ourselves to lay
At Thy feet, to serve, obey,—
As Thou wilt to go or stay;
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

15 *mf* Grant us faith that aye prevails,
Grant us hope no fear assails,
cr Grant us love that never fails;
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

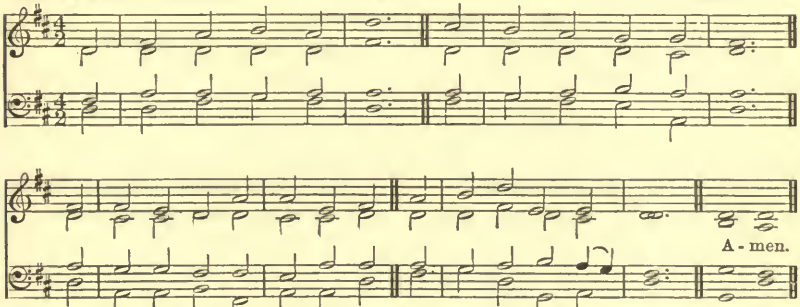
16 *mf* So that, with the host untold
cr Of earth's nations manifold,
f Palms of triumph we may hold,—
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

17 *f* Stand with them before the throne,
All Thy great salvation own,
cr Praising Thee, and Thee alone;
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

REV. W. J. L. SHEPPARD. Amen.

66 Hawthorndene

S.M. REV. J. G. GREGORY.



O Lord, hearken and do; defer not, for Thine own sake, O my God.—Dan. ix. 19.

1 *mf* DEFER not, O our God,
f Make bare Thine arm of might,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod
Spread Thou Thy Gospel-light.

2 *mf* O call Thy remnant forth
From men of every race,
cr In East and West, in South and North,
By Thy prevailing grace.

3 *mf* Thy powers, e'en now, each land
cr O'erspreads with wonders, Lord;
f In all the earth Thy mighty hand
Hath magnified Thy word.

4 *mf* If further still the light
Of Gospel truth must shine,
cr Ere He, to Whom belongs the right,
Shall come as King Divine,—

5 *p* Then, hear, O Lord, our prayer,
cr Restrain not Thou Thy power,
f Pour down on those, who Christ declare,
A heart-refreshing shower.

6 *f* Soon shall He speak the word,
Whom every eye shall see,
ff And all shall bow before the Lord
Of endless majesty. Amen.

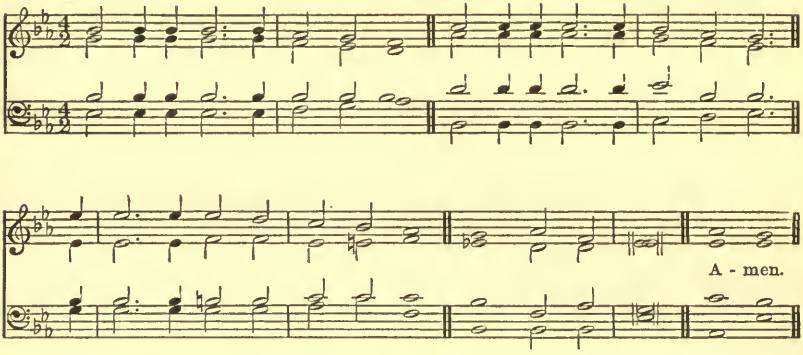
REV. J. G. GREGORY.

May also be sung to "Franconia," No. 189.

67 Banford

8.8.8.4.

SIR A. SULLIVAN.



Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.—1 Cor. i. 7.

1 *mf* GREAT King of kings, why dost Thou stay?
dim Why tarriest Thou upon Thy way?
Why lingers the expected Day?
f Thy kingdom come!

2 *p* Sin has prevailed on earth too long;
Ages of evil, pain, and wrong,
Have marred the meditated song:
f Thy kingdom come!

3 *mf* Life in its fulness is with Thee,
Life in its holy liberty;
cr From death and chains this world set free:
f Thy kingdom come!

4 *p* Unloved, unworshipped, slighted now,
cr When shall each knee before Thee bow,
Of things above and things below?
f Thy kingdom come!

5 *p* Earth is still waiting for the Day
cr When old things shall have passed away,
And all be clad in new array:
f Thy kingdom come!

6 *f* O King of glory, King of peace,
dim Bid all these storms and tumults cease,
cr Bring in Thy reign of righteousness.
f Thy kingdom come!

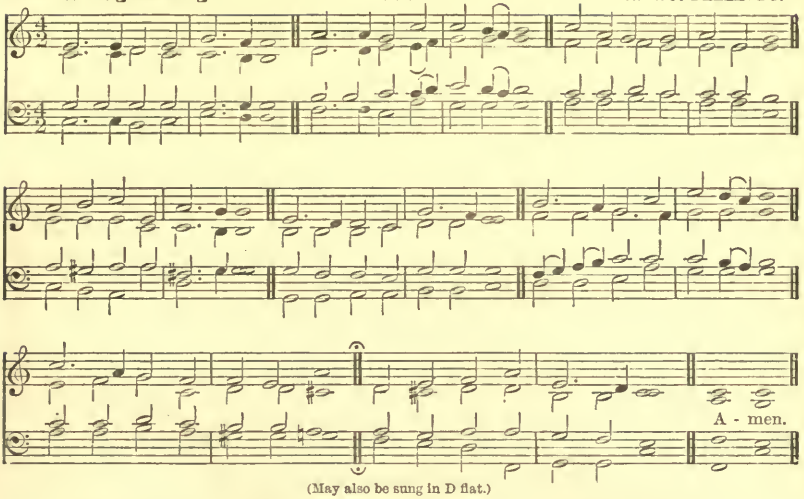
7 *p* Peace, gentle peace, is on its way,
cr And holy love this earth to sway;
f Hasten, O Lord, that glorious Day:
Thy kingdom come!

8 *f* Oh, bid Thy blessèd Gospel go
Forth to each child of sin and woe,
cr That all Thy wondrous grace may know:
rall. ff Thy kingdom come! Amen.

DR. H. BONAR.

68 Selby Abbey

7.7.7.7. D. DR. E. J. BELLERBY.



(May also be sung in D flat.)

Praying always with all prayer and supplication . . . for all saints.—Eph. vi. 18.

1 *mf* HERE again at Jesu's feet,
As one family we meet,
Scattered far o'er life's rough sea,
cr Still as one we bow the knee:
mf Saviour, hear us as we come
To Thy mercy-seat and throne,
Be not silent to our cry,
dim Hear Thy children's litany.

2 *mf* For the work so near Thy heart,
p For our own imperfect part;
cr For the word to thousands preached,
p For the millions still unreached;
cr For the wanderers coming home,
p For the souls that will not come;
For the unknown bended knee;—
dim Hear Thy children's litany.

3 *mf* For our King, and all who stand
Rulers of our fatherland;
For the shepherds and the sheep,
For the watch which they must keep;
cr For the right against the wrong,
For the weak against the strong;
mf For the captive and the free;—
p Hear Thy children's litany.

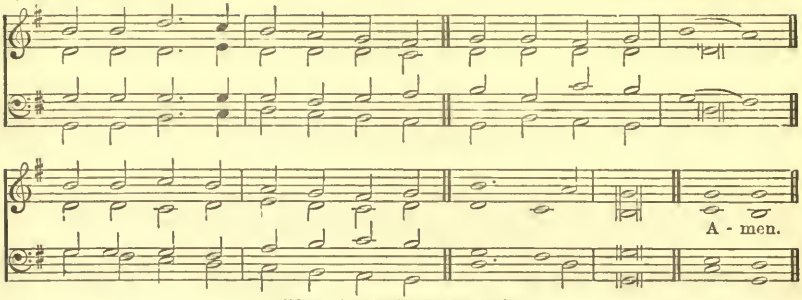
4 *mp* For the loved ones far away,
cr Looking for the coming Day;
mf For the grace to persevere
cr Till the Master shall appear;
p For the sick and sad and lone,
For the ones we call "our own,"
dim For the friends we cannot see;—
pp Hear Thy children's litany.

5 *mp* For Jerusalem below,
Trodden down in bitter woe;
For the chosen race who roam,
p Wanderers without a home;
cr For the breaking of the light
Through the darkness of their night,
For the promised days to be;—
p Hear Thy children's litany.

6 *mf* For Thy reign of joy and peace,
dim When the strife of earth shall cease
cr For the meeting-time above,
In the happy land of love;
f For the coming of the King,
For the bliss which He will bring,
For that blest eternity;—
p Hear Thy children's litany. Amen.

REV. W. S. WALSH.

69 Cairnbrook

8.5.8.3. PROF. E. PROUT.

(FOR ABSENT FRIENDS.)

Beloved, I pray that in all things thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth.—3 John 2. (R.V.)

1 *mp* HOLY Father, in Thy mercy
Hear our anxious prayer,
cr Keep our loved ones, now far absent,
'Neath Thy care.

2 *mf* Jesus, Saviour, let Thy presence
cr Be their light and guide;
dim Keep, oh, keep them, in their weakness,
cr At thy side.

3 *p* When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
cr In Thy love look down, and comfort
Their distress.

4 *f* May the joy of Thy salvation
Be their strength and stay;
cr May they love and may they praise Thee
Day by day.

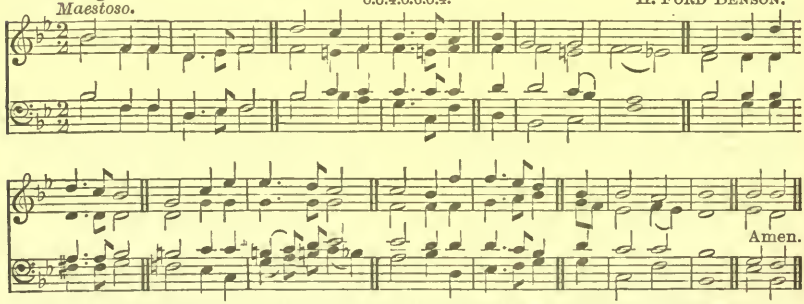
5 *mf* Holy Spirit, let Thy teaching
Sanctify their life;
cr Send Thy grace, that they may conquer
In the strife.

6 *mf* Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God the One in Three, [keep them
cr Bless them, guide them, save them,
dim Near to Thee. Amen.

ISABEL S. STEVENSON.

May also be sung to "Bullinger" No. 12.

70 Light

Maestoso. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. H. FORD BENSON.

Pray . . . that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified.—2 Thess. iii. 1.

1 *mf* LORD of all power and might,
Father of love and light,
Speed on Thy Word;
cr O let the Gospel sound
All the wide world around,
Wherever man is found;
f God speed His Word!

2 *f* Hail, blessèd Jubilee:
Thine, Lord, the glory be;
Hallelujah!
cr Thine was the mighty plan,
From Thee the work began;
Away with praise to man,
ff Glory to God!

3 *mf* Lo, what embattled foes,
Stern in their hate, oppose
God's holy Word:
cr One for His truth we stand,
Strong in His own right hand,
Firm as a martyr-band;
f God shield His Word!

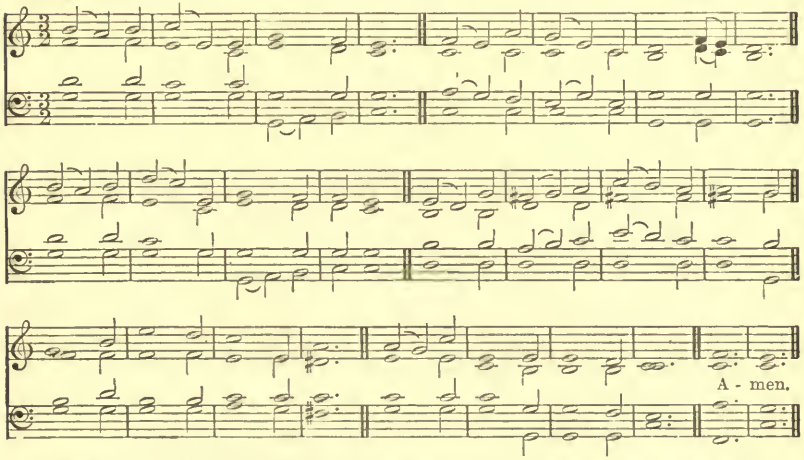
4 *f* Onward shall be our course,
Despite of fraud or force;
God is before;
cr His word ere long shall run
Free as the noon-day sun;
His purpose must be done:—
rall. ff God bless His Word! Amen.

REV. H. STOWELL.

May also be sung to "Moscow," No. 81.

71 Queenstown

7.7.8.8.7.7. J. S. MITCHELL.



Praying also for us, that God would open unto us a door of utterance, to speak the mystery of Christ.—Col. iv. 3.

1 *mf* LORD of love, and truth, and grace,
Hear from heaven Thy dwelling-place,
cr Hear, O hear, Thy servants pleading,
For our brethren interceding,
Who in lands afar proclaim
f All the glories of Thy Name.

2 *mf* Messengers of peace, of life,
dim Oft they walk 'mid scenes of strife,
p Oft the path is rough and dreary,
Oft the willing feet are weary;
cr Bid the living waters flow,
To refresh them as they go.

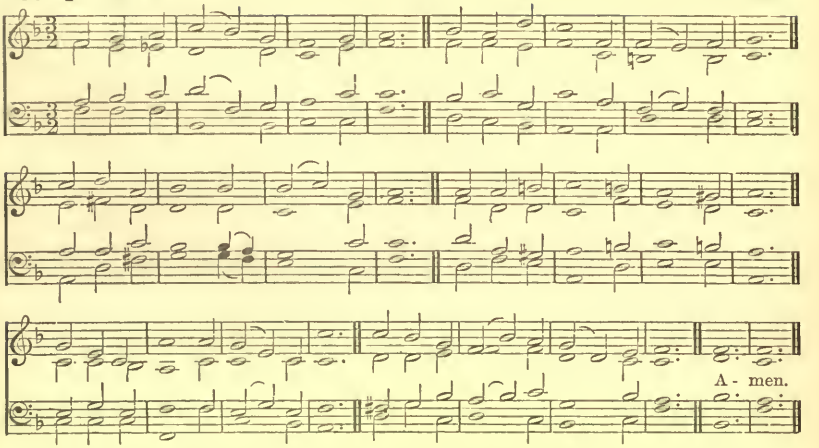
3 *mf* On each consecrated head
cr May Thy freshening dews be shed,
With the precious oil anointed
To the work Thou hast appointed,
f Make them glad, and strong, and free,
Shining witnesses for Thee.

4 *p* When dark storms around them lower,
cr Guard them by Thy mighty power;
p Hidden in the Rock of Ages
cr Even while the battle rages,
dim Keep them in Thy perfect peace,
Till their earthly labours cease.

5 *p* And, though flesh and heart may fail,
cr In Thy strength may they prevail;
mf Or in dying, or in living,
cr Still arise their glad thanksgiving,
f Still to Thee ascend our praise,
Who art with them all the days. Amen.

SARAH G. STOCK.

72 Pater Omnium

8.8.8.8.8.8. H. J. E. Holmes.

Take heed to tnyself and to thy teaching. Continue in these things; for in doing this thou shalt save both thyself and them that hear thee.—1 Tim. iv. 16. (R.V.)

1 *mf* O LORD, Who in Thy love Divine
Didst leave in heaven the ninety nine,
dim In pity for a world undone,
cr And gav'st Thy life to save the one,
And didst it on Thy shoulders bear
f In joy to heaven,—(*dim*) receive our prayer.

2 *mf* Thou, Who the night in prayer didst spend,
And then Thy twelve Apostles send;
cr And bidd'st us pray the Harvest's Lord
To send forth sowers of Thy word,
mf Hear, and Thy chosen servants bless
With seven-fold gifts of holiness.

3 *mf* O Thou, Who didst at Pentecost
Send down from heaven the Holy Ghost, [abide
That He might with Thy Church
For ever, to defend and guide;
cr Illuminate and strengthen, Lord,
The Preachers of Thy holy word.

4 *mf* That which the Holy Scriptures teach,
That, and that only, may they preach;
cr May they the true Foundation lay,
Build gold thereon, not wood or hay;
p And meekly preach, in days of strife,
The sermon of a holy life.

5 *mf* As ever in Thy holy eyes,
And Stewards of Thy mysteries,
May they the people teach to see
p Not, Lord, Thy Ministers, (*cr*) but Thee;
To see a loving Saviour's face
Revealed in all Thy means of grace.

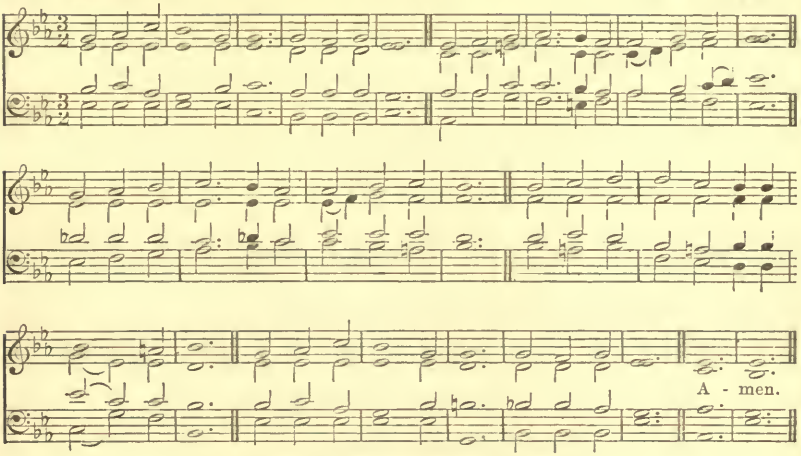
6 *mf* May they Thy word with boldness speak,
And bear with tenderness the weak;
Not seeking their own things as best,
cr But what may edify the rest;
mf With wisdom and simplicity,
And, most of all, with charity.

7 *mf* So may we, when our work is done,
Together stand before the throne;
cr And joyful hearts and voices raise
In one united song of praise,
f With all the bright celestial host,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

BISHOP C. WORDSWORTH.

May also be sung to "Barnby," No. 32 (II.).

73 Winchfield

10.10.10.10.10. W. MULLINEUX.

He that openeth, and no man shutteth.—Rev. iii. 7.

1 *mf* OPEN our eyes, good Lord, open our eyes!
p For Thou hast girt Thyself in captive guise;
cr And from the heathen gloom Thy voice we hear—
dim "I was in prison, and ye left Me there!"
p Open our eyes, good Lord, open our eyes!

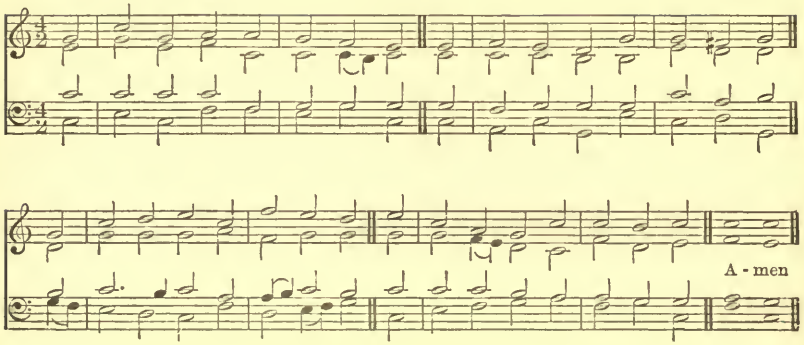
2 *mf* Open our ears, good Lord, open our ears!
p For Thou art pleading through our brethren's tears;
cr Let India's bitter cry, let Afric's call
f Loud on the Churches of Thy ransomed fall;
p Open our ears, good Lord, open our ears!

3 *mf* Open our hearts, good Lord, open our hearts!
p Thou metest out to all their powers and parts:
cr Thou from Thy treasure-house our wealth dost pour:
f O make us faithful with the heaven-sent store!
p Open our hearts, good Lord, open our hearts!

4 *mf* Open our lips, good Lord, open our lips!
p Sun after sun beneath the ocean dips,—
dim With every breeze the souls of men pass by,
cr And time sweeps onward to eternity:
f Open our lips, good Lord, open our lips!

5 *mf* Open our minds, good Lord, open our minds!
When sin or selfishness man's conscience blinds,
cr Scatter the mists that cloud Thy clear command;
f Then, with rich blessing on each Christless strand,
ff Open Thy hand, good Lord, open Thy hand! Amen.

REV. NAPIER MALCOLM

74 Winchester New L.M. German.

I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh.—Acts ii. 17.

1 *mf* O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 *mf* Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
cr Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 *mf* Be darkness at Thy coming, light,—
Confusion, order in Thy path;
cr Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

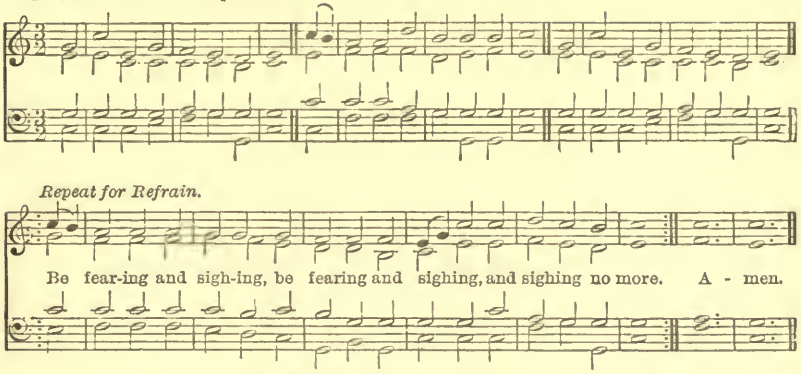
4 *mf* O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
cr Breathe Thou abroad, like morning air,
f Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 *f* Baptize the nations: far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
ff The Name of Jesus glorify,
rall Till every kindred call Him Lord. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY

75 Salvator Omnipotens

P.M. Anon.



Mighty to save.—Isaiah lxiii. 1.

1 *mp* O WHEN shall their souls find a rest,
Their sorrow and struggles be o'er,
cr Their hearts, by the Saviour possessed,
Be fearing and sighing no more?
f Lo! He is Almighty! Lo! He is Almighty! Almighty to save!

2 *mf* In Thee there is help, Blessed Lord,
O quickly give ear to our cry,
cr Till, won by the power of Thy word,
Their souls to their Saviour draw nigh.
f For He is Almighty! For He is Almighty! Almighty to save!

3 *mf* Till idols be cast at Thy feet,
And lives given to Thee, Who first gave,
cr And thus be the victory complete,
f For Thou art Almighty to save!
For Thou art Almighty! For Thou art Almighty! Almighty to save!

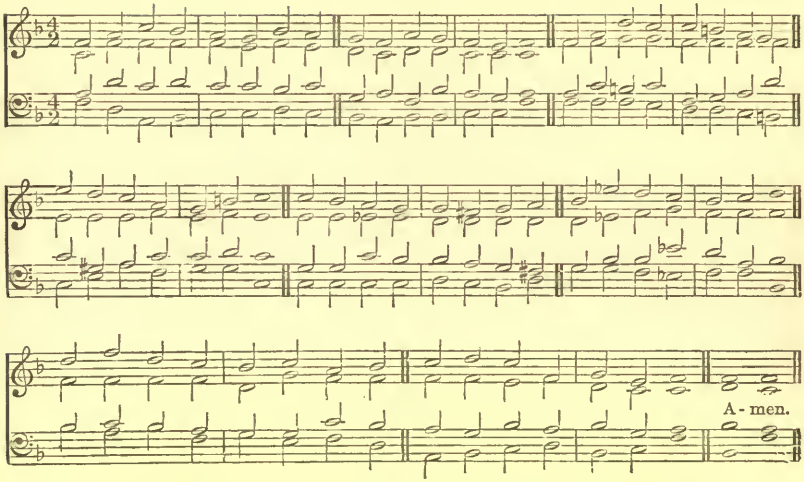
4 *mf* O Saviour, Thy word we believe,
Thy blood for their cleansing we see,
cr And, asking in faith, we receive
f Souls won and surrendered to Thee.
For Thou art Almighty! For Thou art Almighty! Almighty to save!

5 *mf* O Lord, may we now comprehend
Thy mercy so high and so deep,
f And long may our praises ascend,
For Thou art Almighty to keep!
For Thou art Almighty! For Thou art Almighty! Almighty to keep!

SARAH G. STOCK. Amen.

76 Jona

8.7.8.7. D.

SIR J. STAINER.

So shall He sprinkle many nations.—Isaiah lii. 15.

1 *mf* SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee;
cr Of Thy cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
f Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
And Thy mercy manifold.

2 *mf* Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast,
p Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest;
Thirsting as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
cr Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
dim Thee, as Man, for sinners slain.

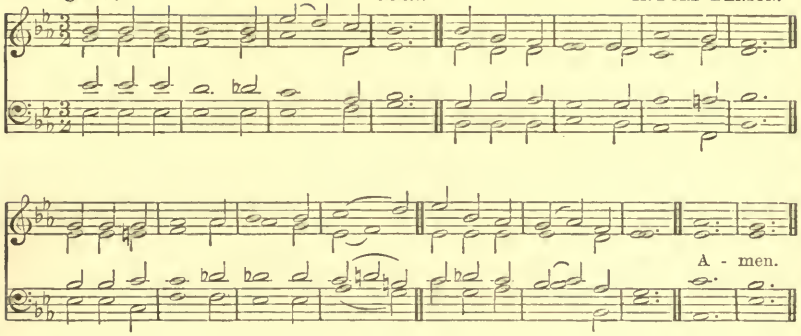
3 *mf* Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit new creating,
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;
cr Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue.
f Till on earth, by every creature,
Glory to the Lamb be sung. Amen.

A. C. COXE.

May also be sung to "Everton," No. 15.

77 Faith

8.8.8.6. H. Ford Benson.



The Lord . . . sent them . . . before His face into every city and place, whither He Himself would come.—St. Luke x. 1.

1 *mf* SEND Thou, O Lord, to every place
Swift messengers before Thy face,
cr The heralds of Thy wondrous grace,
f Where Thou Thyself wilt come.

2 *mf* Send men whose eyes have seen the King!
cr Men in whose ears His sweet words ring;
Send such Thy lost ones home to bring;
f Send them where Thou wilt come.

3 *mf* To bring good news to souls in sin;
The bruised and broken hearts to win;
cr In every place to bring them in,
f Where Thou Thyself wilt come.

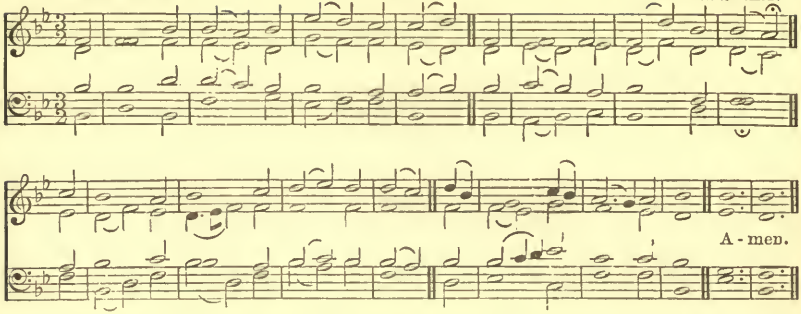
4 *f* Gird each one with the Spirit's sword,
The sword of Thine own deathless word;
ff And make them conquerors, conquering Lord,
Where Thou Thyself wilt come.

5 *mf* Raise up, O Lord the Holy Ghost,
cr From this broad land a mighty host,
f Their war-cry, "We will seek the lost,
Where Thou, O Christ, wilt come!" Amen.

M. E. GATES.

78 Wiltshire

C.M. SIR G. SMART.



And when they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness.—Acts iv. 31.

1 *mf* SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home;
cr Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
f O come, Great Spirit, come.

2 *mf* Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
cr And lead us in those paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.

3 *mf* Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
f Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's Name.

4 *mp* Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
cr May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

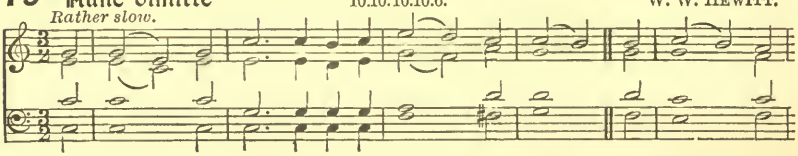
5 *p* Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
cr And let Thy church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

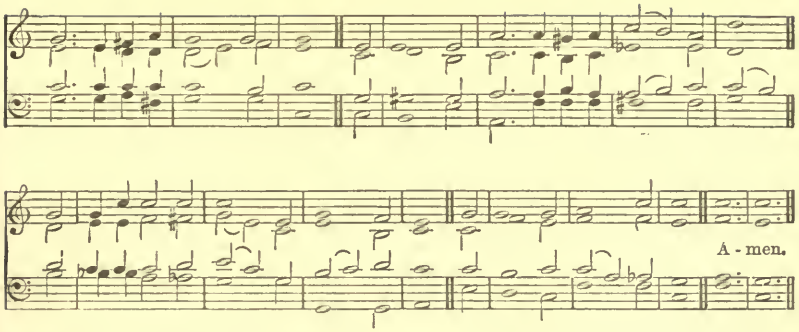
6 *f* Spirit Divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
cr Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
rall. ff O come, Great Spirit, come. Amen.

A. REED.

79 Nunc dimittе

Rather slow. 10.10.10.10.6. W. W. HEWITT.





The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest.—St. Matt. ix. 37, 38.

1 *mf* THE fields are white unto the harvest, Lord,
cr Their golden treasures wait on every side;
dim But how shall all their priceless wealth be stored?
p The reapers are so few; the world so wide.
f Lord, send the labourers forth!

2 *mf* The fields are Thine, with Love's great ransom bought,
dim The precious blood of Thy beloved Son.
'Tis long since His redeeming work was wrought,
p Yet scarce the reaping seems to be begun.
f Lord, send the labourers forth!

3 *mf* To us, Thy people, whom Thou hast redeemed,
p To us belong the sin, the humbling shame;
We have not reaped, we have but slept and dreamed,
Nor called with holy ardour on Thy Name.
f Lord, send the labourers forth!

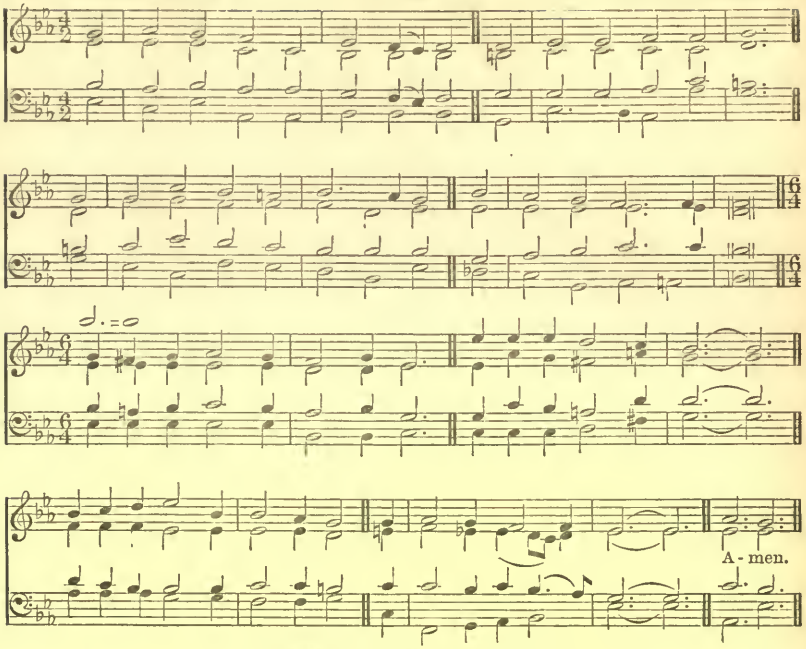
4 *f* Awake Thy Church, (*dim*) ere yet the day departs,
p For while she sleeps swift works the reaper, Death;
cr O God, forgive, and into torpid hearts
f Send like a mighty wind Thy quickening breath!
Lord, send the labourers forth!

5 *mf* Come from the South, O Wind! come from the North,
And from Thy garden make the spices flow!
cr Their fragrance sweet throughout the earth shed forth,
f Till God's great gift to men all men shall know.
Lord, send the labourers forth!

6 *f* The glory, Father, shall be Thine; Thy Son
With joy the fruit of all His travail see;
Thy will on earth shall as in heaven be done,
ff And heaven and earth make one full harmony.
Lord, send the labourers forth! Amen.

REV J. S. SCOTLAND.

80 Castle Rising

D.C.M. Rev. F. A. J. Hervey.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.—Ps. l. 15.

1 *mp* THE Galilean fishers toil
All night, and nothing take;
cr But Jesus comes,—a wondrous spoil
Is lifted from the lake.
p Lord, when our labours are in vain,
And vain the help of men,
When fruitless is our care and pain,
cr Come, blessèd Jesus, then!

2 *dim* The night is dark, the surges fill
The bark, the wild winds roar;
cr But Jesus comes; and all is still,—
The ship is at the shore.
p O Lord, when storms around us howl,
And all is dark and drear,
In all the tempests of the soul,
cr O blessèd Jesus, hear!

3 *p* A frail one, thrice denying Thee,
cr Saw mercy in Thine eyes;
p The penitent upon the tree
cr Was borne to paradise.
p In hours of sin and deep distress,
cr O show us, Lord, Thy face;
p In penitential loneliness,
cr O give us, Jesus, grace!

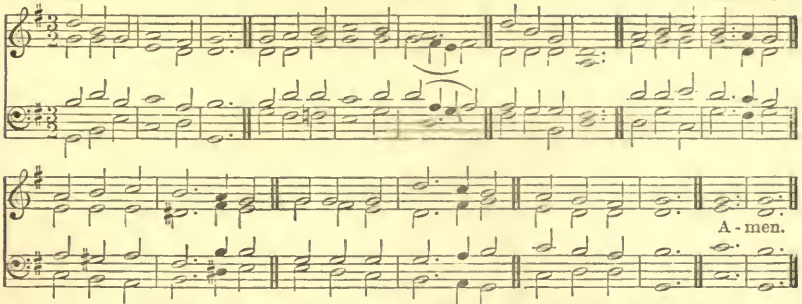
4 *mp* The faithful few retire in fear
To their closed upper room;
cr But suddenly, with joyful cheer,
They see their Master come.
Lord, come to us, unloose our bands,
And bid our terrors cease;
Lift over us Thy blessèd hands,
dim Speak, holy Jesus, peace!

5 *mp* In days when faith will scarce be found,
And wolves be in the fold,
When sin and sorrow will abound,
And charity wax cold;
cr Then hear Thy saints, who to Thee pray
To bring them to their home;
f Hear, when the Bride and Spirit say,—
"Come, blessèd Jesus, come!"

Bishop C. Wordsworth. Amen.

81 Moscow

6.6.4.6.6.6.4. F. GIARDINI.



God said, Let there be light, and there was light.—Gen. i. 3.

1 *f* THOU, Whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
cr And took their flight:
p Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
f Let there be light!

2 *mf* Thou Who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
cr Healing and sight,
mf Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
cr O, now, to all mankind
Let there be light!

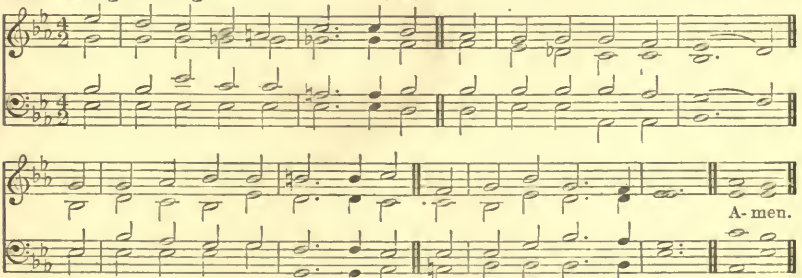
3 *mp* Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove,
cr Speed forth Thy flight;
p Move on the waters' face,
cr Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
f Let there be light!

4 *f* Holy and Blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity,
cr Wisdom, Love, Might!
ff Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light! Amen.

May also be sung to "Light," No. 70. J. MARRIOTT.

82 Holy Trinity

C.M. SIR J. BARNBY.



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Being commended by the brethren to the grace of the Lord.—Acts xv. 40. (R.V.)

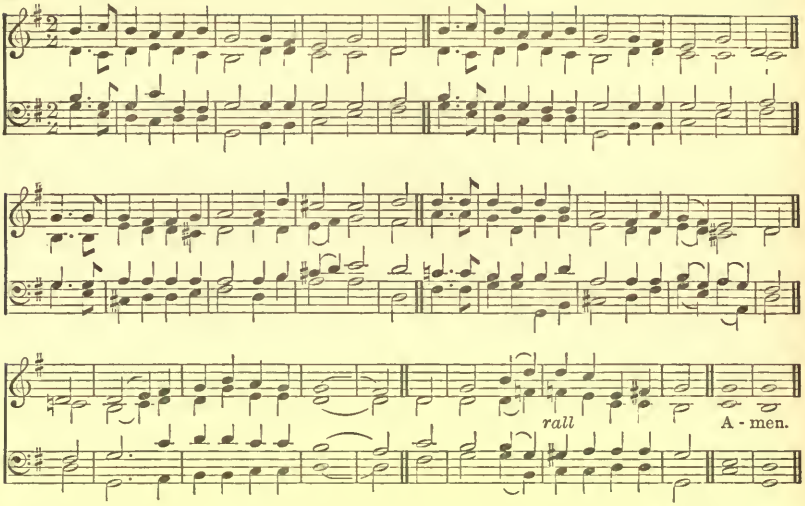
1 *mf* THY servants, Lord, are dear to Thee,
We trust them to Thy care;
cr Wilt Thou their daily succour be,
Their every burden bear?

2 *p* Far off from friends and native land,
cr Be Thou their dwelling-place;
mf Uphold them ever by Thy hand,
Refresh them by Thy grace.

3 *p* In danger's hour, in sorrow's night,
cr Be Thou their strength and stay,
Their hope, their shelter, and their light,
f Till dawns the endless Day. Amen.

May also be sung to "St. Flavian," No. 201. SARAH G. STOCK.

83 Intercession

7.5.7.5.7.5.7 5.8.8. Anon.

Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth labourers into His harvest.—St. Luke x. 2.

1 *mf* WHEN the messengers of grace
Sow the fruitful grain,
cr Grant to each Thy blessing, Lord;
Give the sun and rain;
Own their labours far and wide,
Bless their word indeed;
f May a golden harvest spring
From the broad-cast seed.
Let all the earth her treasures yield,
dim O send more labourers to the field.

2 *mf* May rich fruit their faith reward,
Crown their patient toil,
For in Thee alone they trust
To prepare the soil.
cr Bring the nations to Thy feet,
dim There to bend the knee,
cr That, subdued by Thy great love,
They may worship Thee.
f Let all the earth her treasures yield,
dim O send more labourers to the field.

3 *p* All our efforts are in vain,
cr Until blest of heaven,
p Earth is but a barren waste
cr Till increase is given:
Richest dews of holy grace
Must attend the word,
That the seed may grow apace
f To Thy glory, Lord.
Let all the earth her treasures yield,
dim O send more labourers to the field.

4 *mf* Soon, O Lord, may every land
cr Own Thee as its King,
f Offer praises in Thy Name,
And Thy goodness sing.
p O'er the mountains cold and grey,
cr Let the Dayspring rise,
f And the Sun of Righteousness
Shine on all men's eyes.
ff Let all the earth her treasures yield,
dim O send more labourers to the field.

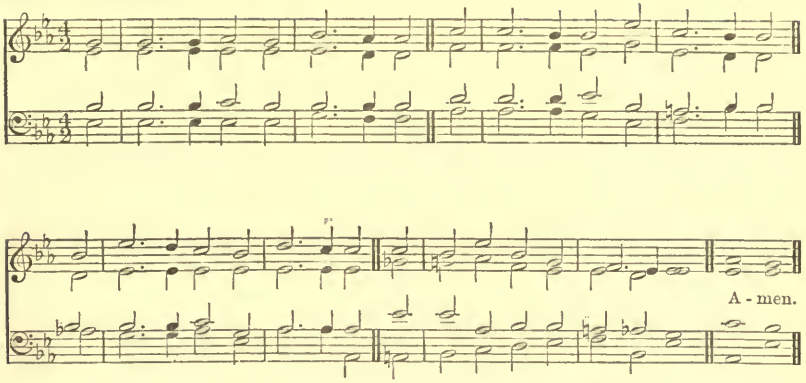
REV. CANON BELL. Amen.

See also Hymns 4, 21, 36, 38, 50, 87, 104, 116, 119, 125, 141, 166, 181, 182, 183. 211, 214, 215, 219, 224, 225, 226, 227.

Consecration.

84 Stapleford

L.M. Anon.



Yet will I be to them as a little sanctuary in the countries where they shall come.—Ezek. xi. 16.

1 *mf* ALL scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love;
cr Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee,
In heaven, in earth, or in the sea.

2 *mf* To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm, and free from care,
cr On any shore, since God is there.

3 *mp* While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
cr But with my God to guide my way,
f 'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

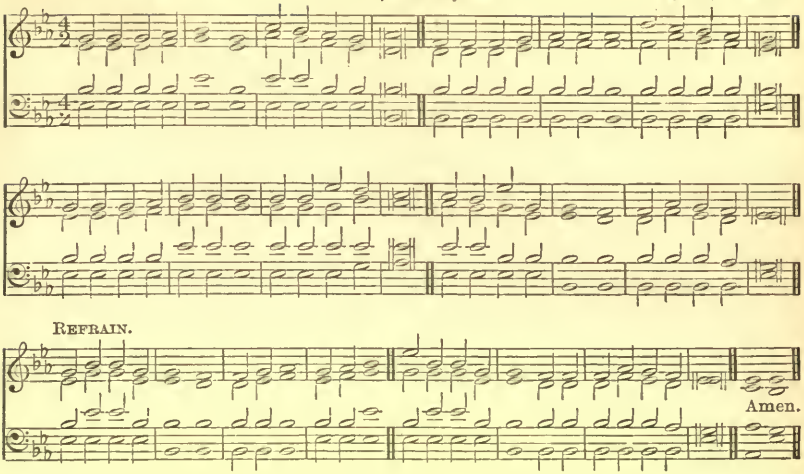
4 *p* Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
cr But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all. Amen.

MADAME GUION.

May also be sung to "Wareham," No. 217.

85 Tecum Domine

11.12.12.11, *with Refrain.* REV. R. LOWRY.



Surely in what place my Lord the King shall be, whether in death or life, even there also will thy servant be.—2 Sam. xv. 21.

1 *mf* ANYWHERE with Jesus, says the Christian heart,
Let Him take me where He will, so we do not part;
cr Always sitting at His feet, there's no cause for fears;
Anywhere with Jesus (*dim*) in this vale of tears.
mf Anywhere with Jesus, anywhere, anywhere;
Anywhere with Jesus, I'll follow anywhere.

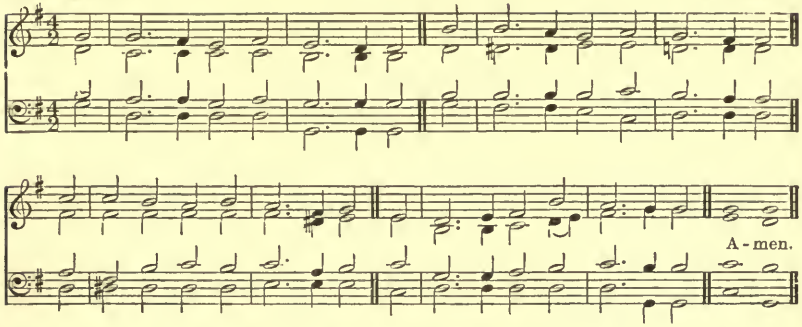
2 *mf* Anywhere with Jesus, (*p*) though He leadeth me
Where the path is rough and long, where the dangers be,
Though He taketh from my heart all I love below
cr Anywhere with Jesus will I gladly go.
Anywhere with Jesus, &c.

3 *mf* Anywhere with Jesus, (*dim*) though He please to bring
Into floods or fiercest flame, into suffering;
cr Though He bid me work or wait, only bear for Him,
f Anywhere with Jesus,—this shall be my hymn.
Anywhere with Jesus, &c.

4 *mf* Anywhere with Jesus; for it cannot be
Dreary, dark, or desolate, when He is with me;
cr He will love me to the end, every need supply;
Anywhere with Jesus, should I live or die.
f Anywhere with Jesus, &c. Amen.

REV. R. LOWRY.

86 Rachel

L.M. E. M. WREN.

And he left all, rose up, and followed Him.—St. Luke v. 28.

1 *mf* BEHOLD, the Master passeth by!
dim Oh, seest thou not His pleading eye?
p With low sad voice He calleth thee,—
cr "Leave this vain world, and follow Me."

2 *mp* O soul, bowed down with harrowing care,
Hast thou no thought for heaven to spare?
cr From earthly toils lift up thine eye;—
mf Behold, the Master passeth by!

3 *mf* One heard Him calling long ago,
And straightway left all things below,
dim Counting his earthly gain as loss
cr For Jesus and His blessèd Cross.

4 *mf* That "Follow Me," his faithful ear
Seemed every day afresh to hear:
cr Its echoes stirred his spirit still,
f And fired his hope, and nerved his will.

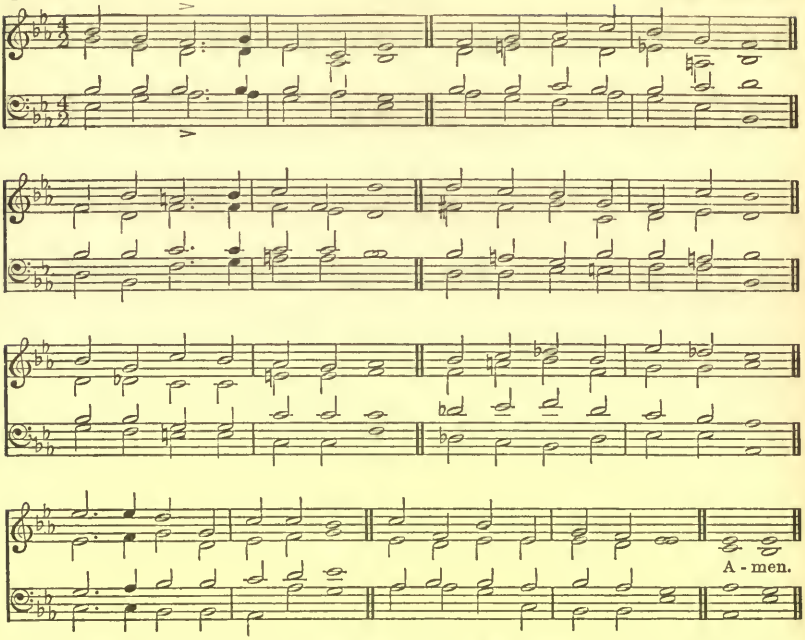
5 *mf* God gently calls us every day:
p Why should we then our bliss delay?
cr He calls to heaven and endless light:
dim Why should we love the dreary night?

6 *f* Praise, Lord, to Thee for Matthew's call,
At which he rose and left his all:
p Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me,—
cr I will leave all, and follow Thee. Amen.

BISHOP W. WALSHAM HOW.

May also be sung to "Holly," No. 137.

87 Kenilworth

7.7.7.7. D. C. E. MILLER.

Let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not.—James i. 5.

1 *mf* GIVE us love to Thee, O Lord,
Love, which seeks Thy will to do;
cr Longing, that with glad accord,
All who breathe may love Thee too.
p Let Thy pity dwell in us,
cr As for Thee our work is done,
f So shall men be won by us
To the kingdom of Thy Son.

2 *mf* Give us faith in Thee, O Lord,
Faith, the promise to believe,
That the doers of Thy word
cr Shall Thy gifts of grace receive,
That it is not vain to toil
In the world's great harvest field,
f For that soon their precious spoil
Distant lands to Thee shall yield.

3 *mf* Give us power to serve Thee, Lord,
p No might have we of our own,
mf We can wield Thy Spirit's sword
cr Only in Thy strength alone.
mf Give, then, wisdom day by day,
Skill, sin-darkened souls to reach,
cr Touch the hearts of all who pray,
Guard the lives of all who teach.

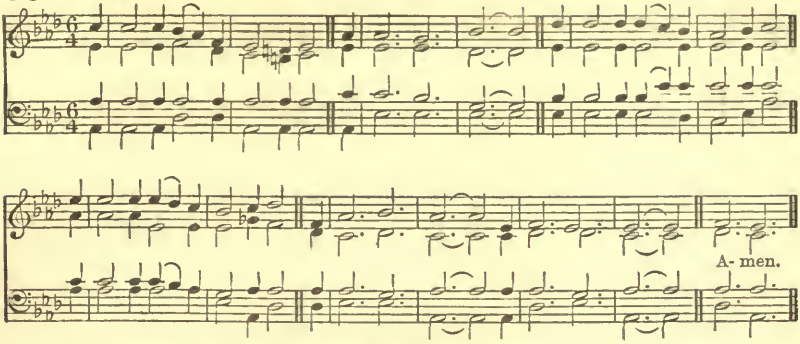
4 *mf* Make us wholly Thine, O Lord,
All we have and all we are,
cr So, through us, Thy name adored
By the nations, near and far,—
All shall know and share Thy love,
Saved from sin, their tribute bring,
f And our earth, like heaven above,
Sing the praises of her King.

J. P. ATTWATER. Amen.

May also be sung to "Maidstone," No. 198.

88 In Manu Dei

8.4.8.8.4. G. C. STEBBINS.



It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in His own power.— Acts i. 7.

1 *mf* GOD holds the key of all unknown,
f And I am glad;
mf If other hands should hold the key,
Or if He trusted it to me,
dim I might be sad.

2 *mf* What if to-morrow's cares were here
Without its rest?
cr I'd rather He unlocked the day,
And, as the hours swing open, say,
"My will is best."

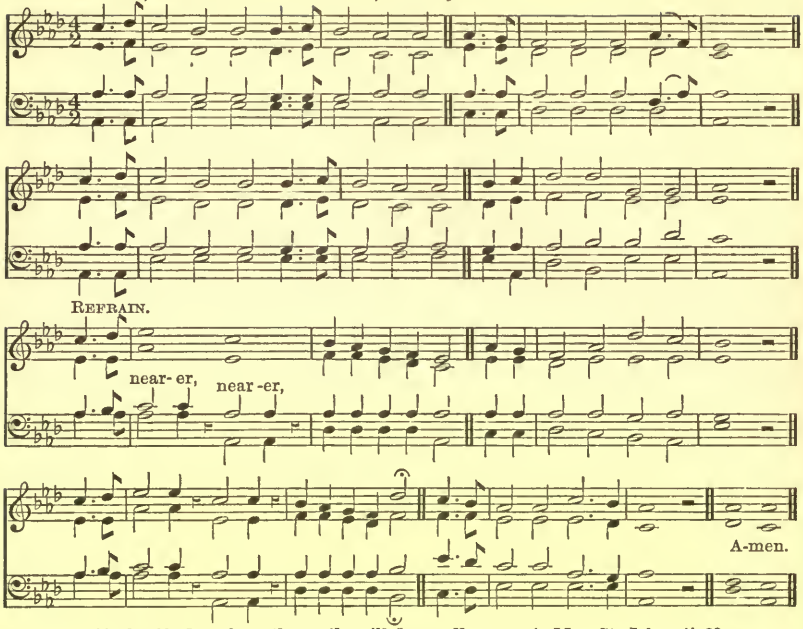
3 *p* The very dimness of my sight
cr Makes me secure;
p For, groping in my misty way,
cr I feel His hand,—I hear Him say,
f "My help is sure."

4 *mp* I cannot read His future plans,
cr But this I know,—
I have the smiling of His face,
And all the refuge of His grace,
While here below.

5 *mf* Enough! this covers all my wants,
p And so I rest;
cr For what I cannot, He can see,
And in His care I saved shall be,
f For ever blest. Amen.

J. PARKER.

89 Ad Te, Domine

10.7.10.7, *with Refrain.* W. H. DOANE.

I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me.—St. John xii. 32.

1 *mf* I AM Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me;
cr But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.
mf Draw me nearer, nearer, blessèd Lord,
dim To the Cross where Thou hast died;
cr Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessèd Lord,
dim To Thy precious bleeding side.

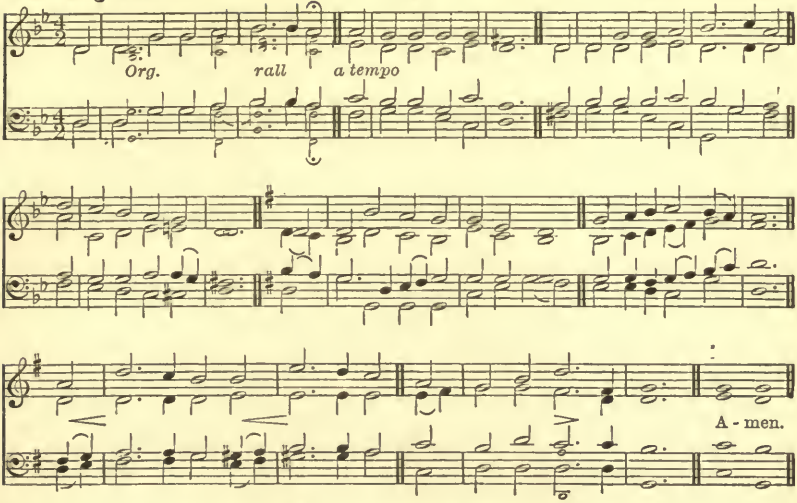
2 *mf* Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace Divine;
cr Let my soul look up with a steadfast hopo,
dim And my will be lost in Thine.
mf Draw me nearer, &c.

3 *mf* Oh, the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
p When I kneel in prayer, (*cr*) and with Thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.
mf Draw me nearer, &c.

4 *mf* There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea;
cr There are heights of joy that I may not reach
dim Till I rest in peace with Thee.
mf Draw me nearer, &c. Amen.

F. J. CROSBY.

90 Vox Dilecti

D.C.M. REV. J. B. DYKES.

Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.—St. John vi. 37.

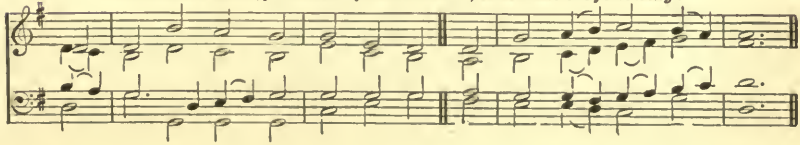
1 *mp* I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
cr "Come unto Me and rest;
dim Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast:"
p I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
cr I found in Him a resting-place,
f And He has made me glad.

2 *mp* I heard the voice of Jesus say,
cr "Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live:
* *p* I came to Jesus, and I drank
cr Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul
f And now I live in Him. [revived,

3 *mp* I heard the voice of Jesus say,
cr "I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
f And all thy day be bright:"
* *mf* I looked to Jesus, and I found
cr In Him my Star, my Sun;
f And in that Light of life I'll walk
dim Till travelling days are done. Amen.

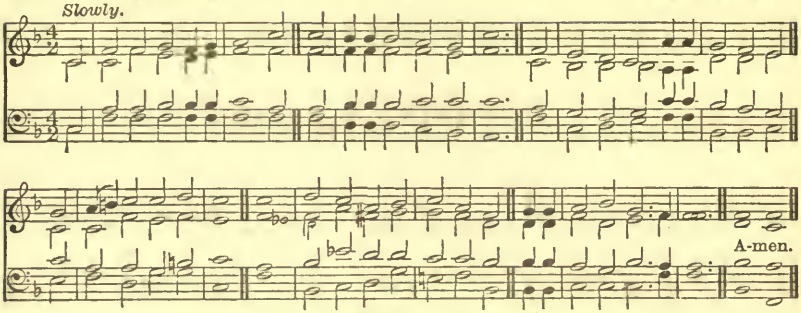
DR. H. BONAR.

* *In verses* 2 *and* 3, *for music of lines* 5 *and* 6, *substitute the following:—*



91 Onus Meum Leve

P.M. SIR J. BARNBY.

Slowly.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

Not knowing the things that shall befall me.—Acts xx. 22.

1 *mp* I KNOW not what may befall me;
God tenderly shades my eyes;
cr And so each step in my onward path
He makes new scenes arise;
mf And every joy He sends me comes
As a sweet and strange surprise.

2 *mp* I see not a step before me,
cr Yet I journey without a fear;
The past is still in God's keeping,
The future His mercy will clear;
p And what looks dark in the distance
cr May brighten as I draw near.

3 *mp* For perhaps the dreaded future
cr Has less bitter than I think;
mf The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink;
dim Or, if Marah must still be Marah,
cr He will stand beside the brink.

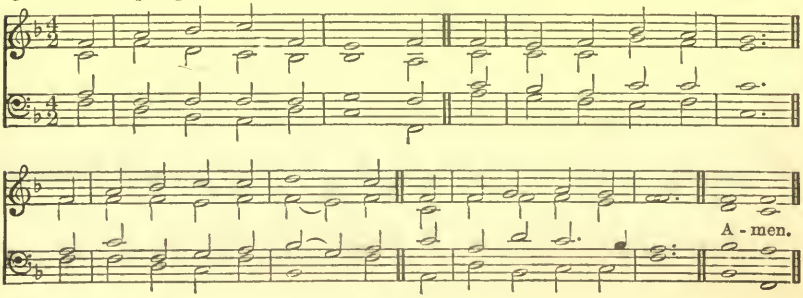
4 *mf* Then it may be He has, waiting
For the coming of my feet,
cr Some gift of such rare blessedness,
Some joy so passing sweet,
dim That my lips shall only tremble
With the thanks they cannot repeat.

5 *mf* I journey on, not knowing;
I would not, if I might;
cr I would rather walk in the dark with God,
dim Than walk alone in the light;
mf I would rather walk with Him by faith,
dim Than walk alone by sight. Amen.

MARY G. BRAINERD.

The Words must be sung to the Tune in their natural rhythm, the notes being repeated or not, as required.

92 St. Alphege

7.6.7.6. DR. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

I love my master . . . I will not go out free.—Ex. xxi. 5.

1 *mf* I LOVE, I love my Master,
I will not go out free!
cr For He is my Redeemer;
He paid the price for me.

2 *mf* I would not leave His service,
cr It is so sweet and blest;
p And in the weariest moments
cr He gives the truest rest.

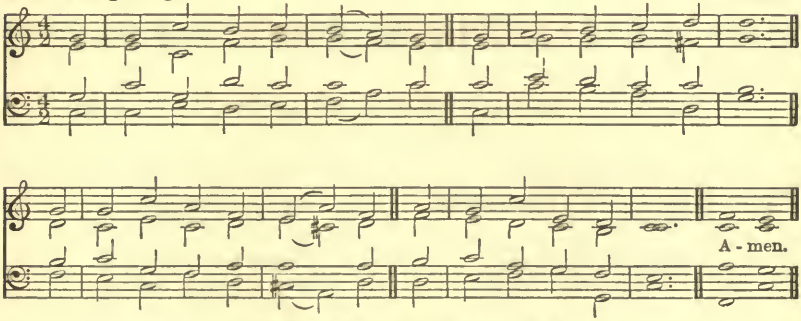
3 *mf* I would not halve my service,
cr His only must it be!
His only,—Who so loved me,
dim And gave Himself for me.

4 *mf* He chose me for His service,
cr And gave me power to choose
f That blessed, perfect freedom,
Which I shall never lose.

5 *f* Rejoicing and adoring,
Henceforth my song shall be,—
"I love, I love my Master,
I will not go out free." Amen.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

93 **Weybridge** 7.6.7.6. C. E. MILLER.



Yield yourselves unto God.—Rom. vi. 13.

1 *mf* IN full and glad surrender
I give myself to Thee,
cr Thine utterly, and only,
And evermore to be.

2 *mf* O Son of God Who lov'st me,
I will be Thine alone,
And all I have, and all I am,
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

3 *cr* Reign over me, Lord Jesus;
O make my heart Thy throne!
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,
It shall be Thine alone.

4 *f* O come and reign, Lord Jesus;
Rule over everything!
And keep me always loyal
And true to Thee, my King.

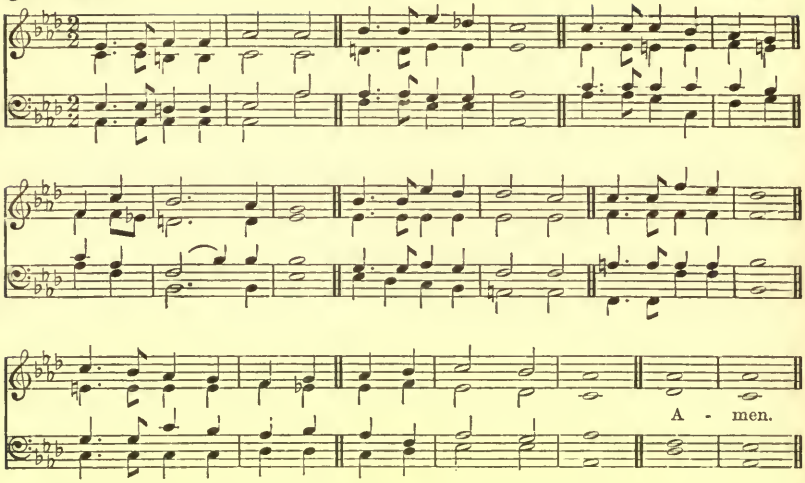
5 *mf* In full and glad surrender
I give myself to Thee,
cr Thine utterly, and only,
rall And evermore to be. Amen.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

May also be sung to "St. Alphege," No. 92

94 Zadok

6.5.6.5. D.

C. H. Forrest.

When the burnt-offering began, the song of the Lord began also.—2 Chron. xxix. 27.
A living sacrifice.—Rom. xii. 1. *A new song.*—Ps. xl. 3.

1 *mf* IN the cleansèd temple,
On the festal day,
When the whole burnt-offering
On the altar lay,—
f Then the priestly trumpets
Echoed loud and long,
ff Then ten thousand voices
Sang the Lord's own song.

2 *mf* When this lost world's Saviour
Left His Father's home,
Offered His burnt-offering,
dim Saying, "Lo, I come,"—
cr Then the wondering shepherds
Heard the angel-throng
f Give God highest glory
In their glad new song.

3 *mf* When the body, purchased
With Christ's ransom-price,
Is to God presented,
Living sacrifice,—
cr Then the tide of gladness
Rises high and strong;
f Then the heart rejoicing
Sings the glad new song.

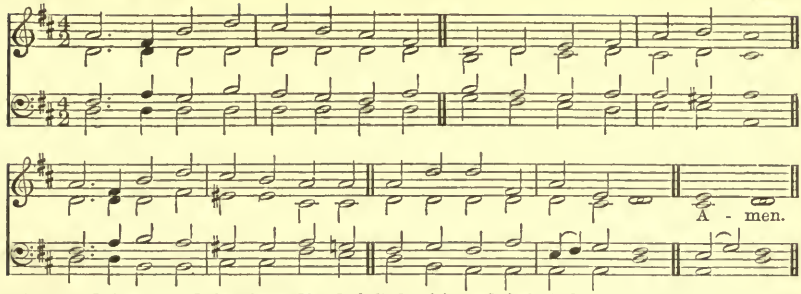
4 *mf* When from dawn to sunset
Christ shall worshipped be,
And the same pure offering
Every place shall see,
cr When again He cometh
Who has tarried long,—
f Then shall peal the welcome
Of the glad new song.

5 *p* Grant us, blessèd Master,
So to yield to Thee
cr Body, soul, and spirit,
Our burnt-offering free,—
f That in Thine own temple,
With the white-robed throng,
ff We may join for ever
In the glad new song. Amen.

Rev. W. J. L. Sheppard.

May also be sung to "Ruth," No. 56 (II.).

95 St. Ambrose

8.7.8.7. REV. J. B. DYKES.

He called them. And they immediately left the ship and their father, and followed Him.
St. Matt. iv. 21, 22.

1 *mf* JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult
cr Of our life's wild restless sea,
p Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me."

2 *mf* As, of old, Apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kin-[dred,
dim Leaving all for His dear sake.

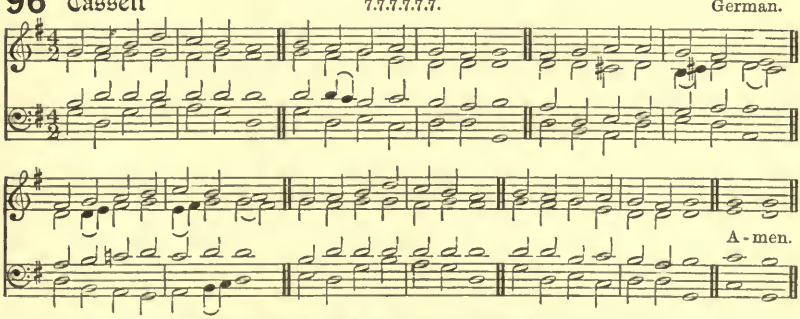
3 *mf* Jesus calls us,—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
p Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

4 *mf* In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
p "Christian, love Me more than these."

5 *mp* Jesus calls us. (*cr*) By Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
f Serve and love Thee best of all. Amen.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

96 Cassell

7.7.7.7.7.7. German.

Whose I am, and Whom I serve.—Acts xxvii. 23.

1 *mf* JESUS, Master, Whose I am,
Purchased Thine alone to be,
p By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me,
cr Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone.

2 *mf* Jesus, Master, Whom I serve,
p Though so feebly and so ill,
cr Strengthen hand, and heart, and nerve,
All Thy bidding to fufil;
f Open Thou mine eyes to see
All the work Thou hast for me.

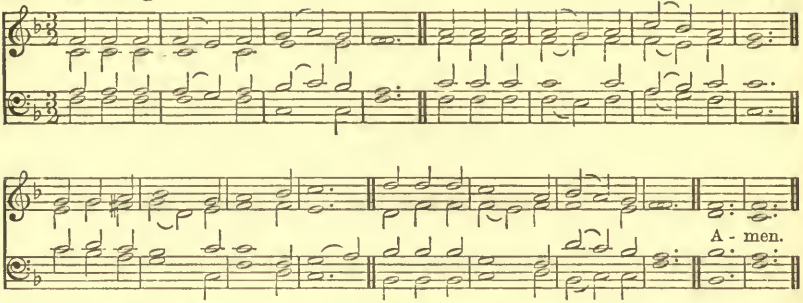
3 *mp* Lord, Thou needest not, I know,
Service such as I can bring
cr Yet I long to praise and show
Full allegiance to my King.
f Thou an honour art to me;
p Let me be a praise to Thee.

4 *mf* Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all?
As Thou wilt; I would not choose;
cr Only let me hear Thy call.
f Jesus, let me always be
In thy service, glad and free. Amen.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

97 Bursley

L.M. P. RITTER.



Meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work.—2 Tim. ii. 21.

1 *mf* LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou has sought, so let me seek
dim Thy erring children lost and lone.

2 *mf* O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
cr O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 *f* O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
cr I may stretch out a loving hand
dim To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 *mf* O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
cr And wing my words, that they may reach
dim The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 *p* O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
cr That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
dim To weary ones in needful hour.

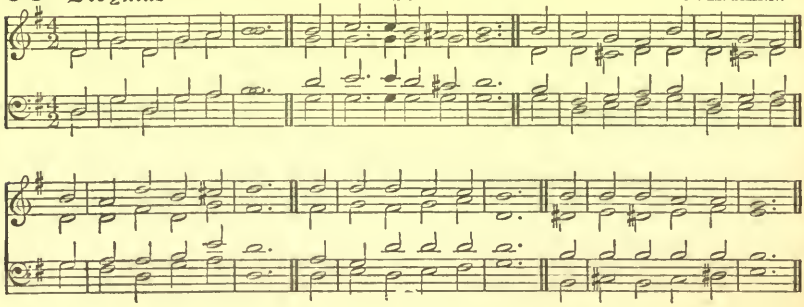
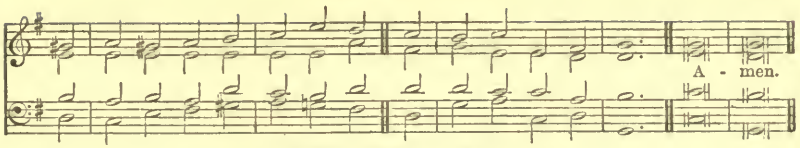
6 *f* O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
cr In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7 *p* O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
cr Until Thy blessed face I see,
rall. f Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share. Amen.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

98 Didymus

D.S.M. DR. A. H. MANN.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

Thanks be unto God, which always leadeth us in triumph in Christ.—2 Cor. ii. 14. (R.V.)

1 *mf* MAKE me a captive, Lord,
cr And then I shall be free;
mp Force me to render up my sword,
f And I shall conqueror be.
dim I sink in life's alarms
When by myself I stand;
cr Imprison me within Thine arms,
f And strong shall be my hand.

2 *mp* My heart is weak and poor
cr Until it master find;
mp It has no spring of action sure,—
It varies with the wind;
It cannot freely move
cr Till Thou hast wrought its chain;
Enslave it with Thy matchless love,
f And deathless it shall reign.

3 *mp* My power is faint and low
cr Till I have learned to serve;
It wants the needed fire to glow,
It wants the breeze to nerve;
mp It cannot drive the world
cr Until itself be driven;
f Its flag can only be unfurled
When Thou shalt breathe from heaven.

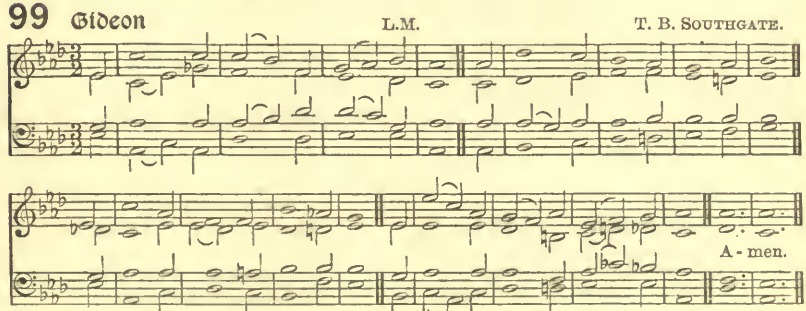
4 *mp* My will is not my own
cr Till Thou hast made it Thine;
If it would reach a monarch's throne
dim It must its crown resign;
f It only stands unbent
Amid the clashing strife,
dim When on Thy bosom it has leant,
cr And found in Thee its life. Amen.

REV. G. MATHESON.

May also be sung to "Leominster," No. 9.

99 Gideon

L.M. T. B. SOUTHGATE.



He shall serve him for ever.—Exodus xxi. 6.

1 *mf* MY glorious Victor, Prince Divine,
Clasp these surrendered hands in Thine;
cr At length my will is all Thine own,
Glad vassal of a Saviour's throne.

2 *mf* My Master, lead me to Thy door;
Pierce this now willing ear once more;
cr Thy bonds are freedom; let me stay
With Thee to toil, endure, obey.

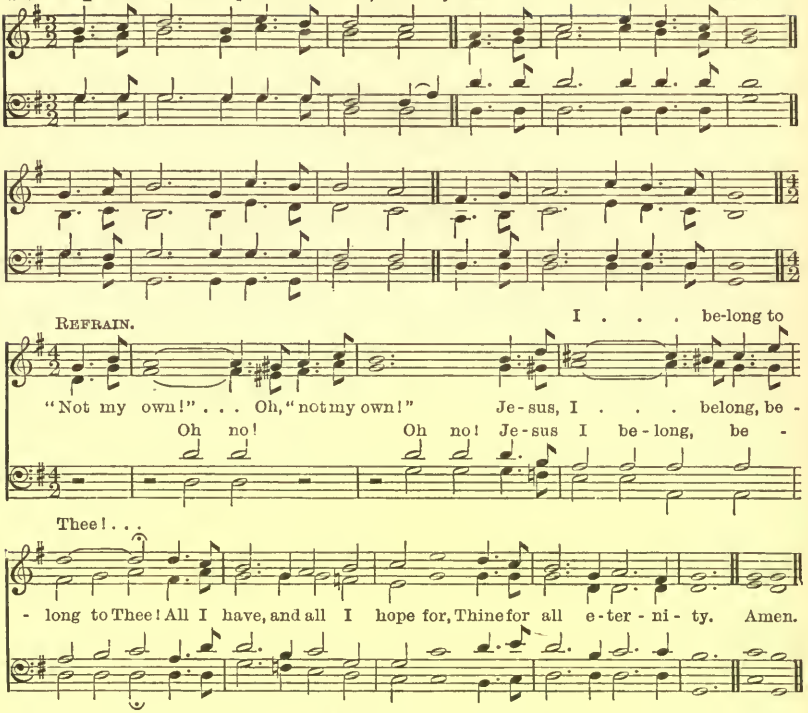
3 *mf* Yes, ear and hand, and thought and will,
Use all in Thy dear slavery still.
Self's weary liberties I cast [fast.
Beneath Thy feet; there keep them

4 *mf* Tread them still down; and then I know [o'erflow;
cr These hands shall with Thy gifts
And pierced ears shall hear the tone
Which tells me Thou and I are one.

REV. H. C. G. MOULE. Amen.

May also be sung to "Holly," No. 137.

100 Pretio Redemptus

8.7.8.7, *with Refrain.* J. McGRANAHAN.

REFRAIN.
I . . . be-long to
"Not my own!" . . . Oh, "not my own!" Je-sus, I . . . belong, be -
Oh no! Oh no! Je-sus I be-long, be -
Thee! . . .
- long to Thee! All I have, and all I hope for, Thine for all e-ter-ni-ty. Amen.

Ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price.—1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

1 *mf* "NOT my own!"—but saved by Jesus,
p Who redeemed me by His blood;
cr Gladly I accept the message,
I belong to Christ the Lord!
mf "Not my own!" Oh, "not my own!"
cr Jesus, I belong to Thee!
f All I have, and all I hope for,
Thine for all eternity.

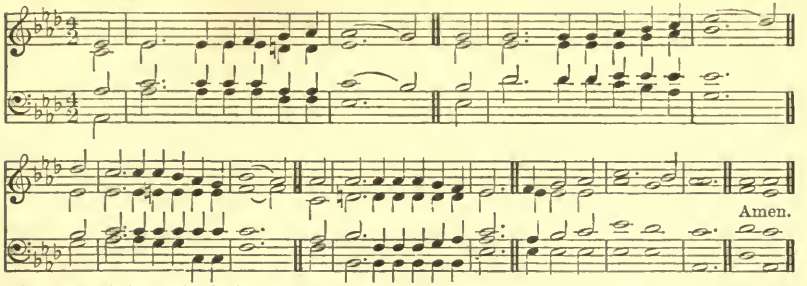
2 *mf* "Not my own!"—to Christ, my Saviour,
I, believing, trust my soul;
cr Everything to Him committed,
f While eternal ages roll.
mf "Not my own!" &c.

3 *mf* "Not my own!"—my time, my talent,
Freely all to Christ I bring,
cr To be used in joyful service
f For the glory of my King.
mf "Not my own!" &c.

4 *mf* "Not my own!"—the Lord accepts me,
cr One among the ransomed throng,
f Who in Heaven shall see His glory
And to Jesus Christ belong.
mf "Not my own!" Oh, "not my own!"
cr Jesus, I belong to Thee!
f All I have, and all I hope for,
Thine for all eternity. Amen.

EL NATHAN.

101 St. Margaret's

8.8.8.8.6. DR. A. L. PEACE.

If any man is in Christ, he is a new creature: the old things are passed away; behold, they are become new.—2 Cor. v. 17. (R.V.)

1 *mf* O LOVE that will not let me go,
dim I rest my weary soul in Thee,
mf I give Thee back the life I owe,
cr That in Thine ocean depths its flow
f May richer, fuller be.

2 *mf* O Light that followest all my way,
dim I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
mf My heart restores its borrowed ray,
cr That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
f May brighter, fairer be.

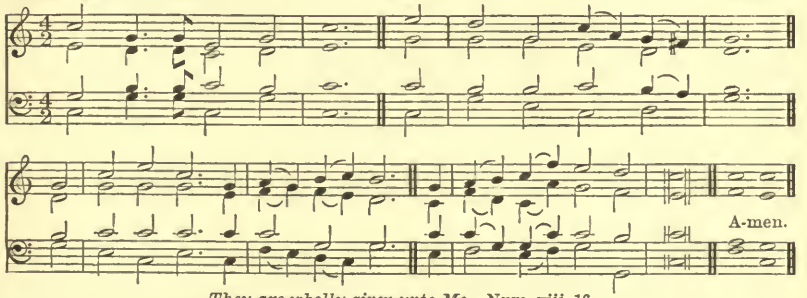
3 *mp* O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
cr I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain,
f That morn shall tearless be.

4 *p* O Cross (*cr*) that liftest up my head,
dim I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
pp I lay in dust life's glory dead,
cr And from the ground there blossoms [red
f Life that shall endless be. Amen.

REV. G. MATHESON.

102 Falcon Street

S.M. I. SMITH.



They are wholly given unto Me.—Num. viii. 16.

1 *p* ONLY a mortal's powers,
Weak at their fullest strength;
cr Only a few swift-flashing hours,
p Short at their fullest length.

2 *p* Only one heart to give,
Only one voice to use,
Only one little life to live,
And only one to lose.

3 *p* Poor is my best, and small;
How could I dare divide?
cr Surely my Lord shall have it all,
He shall not be denied.

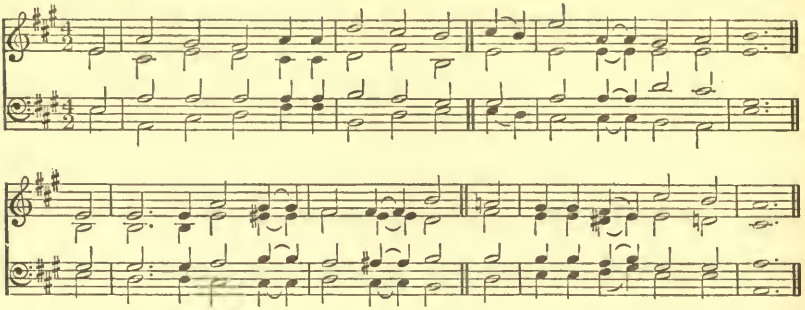
4 *mf* All! for far more I owe
Than all I have to bring;
cr All! for my Saviour loves me so!
f All! for I love my King.

5 *mf* All! for it is His own,
He gave the tiny store;
cr All! for it must be His alone;
p All! for I have no more.

6 *mf* All! for the last and least
cr He stoopeth to uplift!
f The altar of my great High Priest
Shall sanctify my gift. Amen.

May also be sung to "Langton," No. 166. FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

103 Gaffurius

P.M. DR. A. H. MANN.

Who then offereth willingly to consecrate himself this day unto the Lord?
1 Chron. xxix. 5. (R.V.)

1 *f* O WHO this day will rejoicing say,
With a grateful heart and free,—
cr "Thou King Divine, my life shall be Thine!
I consecrate all to Thee?"

2 *mf* 'Tis strange indeed that the Lord should need
Such service as we can give;
cr But if He bows to accept our vows,
O yield what His hands receive!

3 *mf* The question rings from the King of Kings,
Whose gifts have by far outdone
The gifts that we place on His throne of grace;
cr We give to the Giving One.

4 *f* A life that serves, where a love deserves
The life and the love we give,
cr Is a life sublime on the fields of time,
A life it is sweet to live.

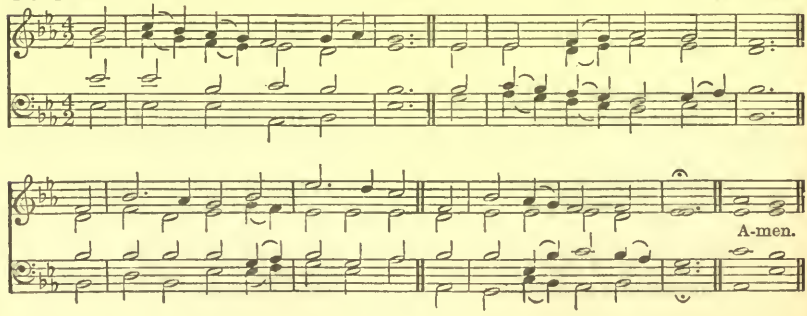
5 *f* Then who this day will rejoicing say,
With a grateful heart and free,—
cr "Thou King Divine, my life shall be Thine!
I consecrate all to Thee?"

W. LUFF.

The Words must be sung to the Tune in their natural rhythm, the notes being repeated or not, as required.

104 Venice

S.M. W. AMPS.



O Lord, revive Thy work.—Hab. iii. 2.

1 *f* REVIVE Thy work, O Lord,
Thy work of quickening power;
cr O'er earth's parched wilderness pour down
The Pentecostal shower.

2 *mf* Revive Thy work, O Lord,
In far-off Eastern lands;
Bid Ethiopia's myriad tribes
cr Stretch forth to Thee their hands.

3 *mf* Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Amid the polar snows;
f Let Nature's frozen wastes rejoice
And blossom as the rose.

4 *mf* Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Among the long-lost sheep
Of Israel's house, (*dim*) and bid them look
On Him they pierced, (*p*) and weep.

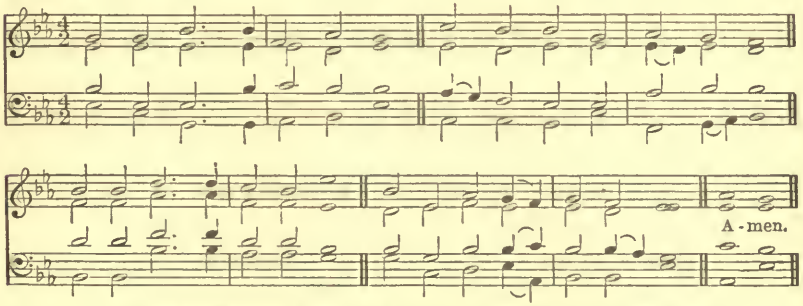
5 *mf* Revive Thy work, O Lord,
In this our native isle,
f With floods of light and life Divine
Make all her borders smile.

6 *mf* Revive Thy work, O Lord,
In our own souls, we pray;
cr May all for the great Harvest-Home
Be ripening day by day. Amen.

REV. L. C. WALLICH.

105 Earlham

7.7.7.7. J. DOWNING FARRER.



It shall be, if He call thee, that thou shalt say, Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.—1 Sam iii. 9.

1 *mf* ROUND Thy footstool, Saviour, see
Us, Thy servants, called by Thee,
p By Thy death so dearly bought,
f By Thy love so grandly sought!

2 *mf* Bound to make Thy mercies known,
Show what Thou to us hast shown,
cr Bound Thy glories to proclaim,
Till all lands shall own Thy Name.

3 *mf* Thou hast called us: (*p*) we are here,
Met Thy sovereign voice to hear,
cr Met to wait Thy guiding hand
In the ways that Thou hast planned.

4 *mf* Thou hast called us: (*p*) Lord, we ask
That Thyself wilt set our task;
cr High or lowly, it shall be
f Blessèd work if done for Thee.

5 *mf* Thou hast called us: (*p*) we are weak;
cr Thy sufficiency we seek;
p All our emptiness we bring
cr Unto Thee, (*f*) our glorious King!

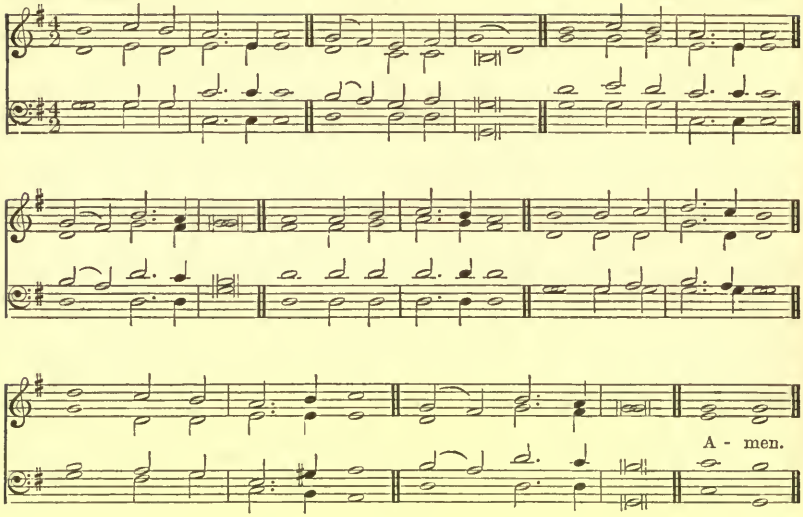
6 *mf* Thou hast called us: Lord, we own
cr We are Thine, and Thine alone;
Thine to be what Thou hast willed,
f With Thy fulness to be filled.

7 *f* Thine, to work Thy works of love,
cr Thine, close linked with Thee above,
p Thine in earthly toil and strife,
f Thine in everlasting life. Amen.

SARAH G. STOCK.

May also be sung to "St. Bees," No. 199.

106 Amor Christi

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4. REV. R. LOWRY.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me?—Ps. cxvi. 12.

1 *mp* SAVIOUR, Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
cr Nor should I aught withhold,
My Lord, from Thee;
p In love my soul would bow,
cr My heart fulfil its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
dim Something for Thee.

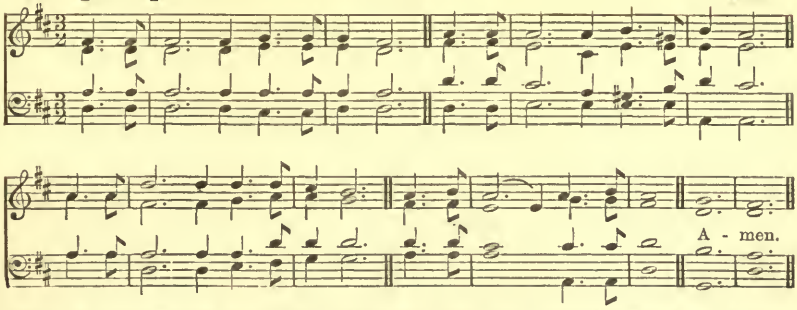
2 *p* At the blest mercy seat
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
cr Jesus, to Thee;
p Help me the cross to bear,
cr Thy wondrous love declare,
f Some song to raise, or prayer,
dim Something for Thee.

3 *mf* Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,—
That each departing day
cr Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
dim Something for Thee.

4 *mf* All that I am and have,—
Thy gift so free,—
In joy, in grief, through life,
O Lord, for Thee:
cr And, when Thy face I see,
f My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
dim Something for Thee. Amen.

REV. S. D. PHELPS

107 Prius Petendum

8.8.8.6. T. CAIRNS.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.—St. Matt. vi. 33.

1 *mf* SEEK ye first, (*dim*) not earthly pleasure,
Fading joy and failing treasure,
cr But the love that knows no measure
Seek ye first; (*p*) seek ye first.

2 *mf* Seek ye first, (*dim*) not earth's aspirings,
Ceaseless longings, vain desirings,
cr But your precious soul's requirings
Seek ye first; (*p*) seek ye first.

3 *mf* Seek ye first God's peace and blessing;
cr Ye have all if this possessing;
mf Come, your need and sin confessing,
Seek Him first; (*p*) seek Him first.

4 *mf* Seek Him first; (*cr*) then,—when forgiven,
Pardoned, made an heir of heaven,—
f Let your life to Him be given:
Seek this first; (*p*) seek this first.

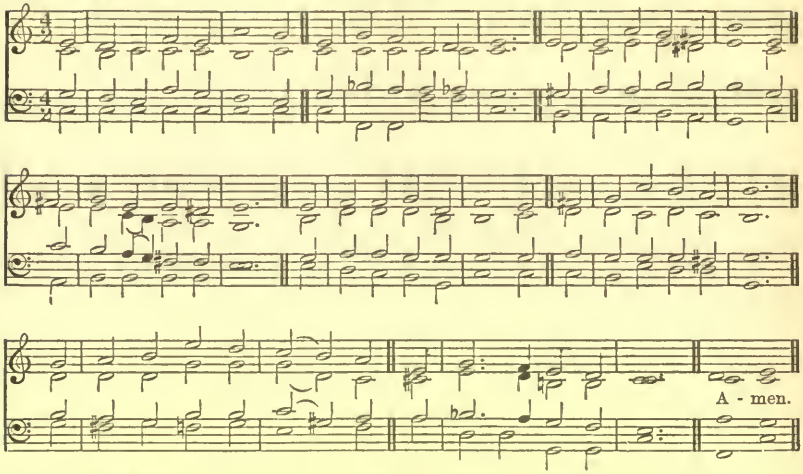
5 *mf* Seek this first,—(*p*) be pure and holy,
Like the Master, meek and lowly,
cr Yielded to His service wholly,
Seek this first; (*p*) seek this first.

6 *mf* Seek the coming of His kingdom,
cr Seek the souls around to win them,
Seek to Jesus Christ to bring them;
Seek this first; (*p*) seek this first.

7 *mf* Seek this first:—His promise trying,—
cr (It is sure, all need supplying,)
Heavenly things,—on Him relying,—
Seek ye first; (*p*) seek ye first. Amen.

G. M. TAYLOR. H

108 Margate

7.6.7.6. D. DR. E. J. BELLERBY.

Ye shine as lights in the world, holding forth the word of life.—Phil. ii. 15, 16.

1 *mf* SHINE on me, O Lord Jesus,
And let me ever know
The grace that shone from Calvary,
dim Where Thou didst love me so.
mf "My child, I am thy Saviour,
'Tis not what thou dost feel,
cr But My own gracious promise
Which does thy pardon seal."

2 *mf* Shine in me, O Lord Jesus,
dim And let Thy searching light
Reveal each hidden purpose,
Each thought as in Thy sight.
mf "My child, I am thy Searcher,
I try each loving heart,
For I would have most holy
All who in Me have part."

3 *mf* Shine through me then, Lord Jesus,
cr That all the world may see
The life I live is Thy life,
And thus be drawn to Thee.
mf "My child, I am thy Power,
With those who hear My voice
cr I ever dwell, and use them,
f Thus making them rejoice."

4 *f* Shine out, shine out, Lord Jesus,
Thou Light of all the world;
cr O let Thy Gospel Banner
Be everywhere unfurled.
mf "My child, hast thou forgotten?
That name is also thine!
My fruit is borne by branches,
Not by the Parent Vine."

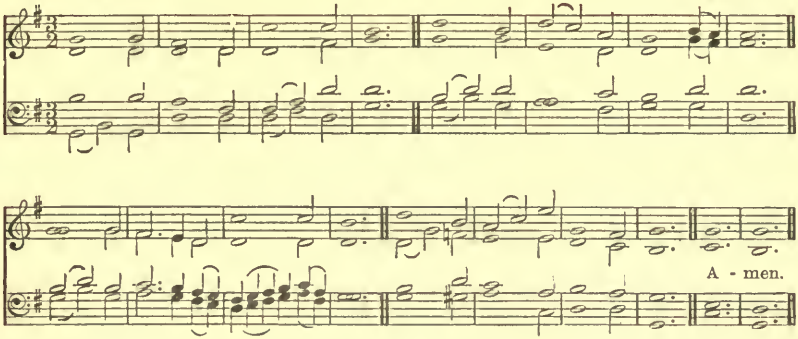
5 *f* Arise and shine, Lord Jesus,
Thou Bright and Morning Star,
cr I long for Thine appearing,
dim When peace shall follow war.
mf "My child, before I gather
My family in one,
cr Its number needs completing;
p Towards this, what hast thou done?"

6 *p* Alas, alas, Lord Jesus,
My life has been but vain,
How little satisfaction
Have I brought for Thy pain!
mf "My child, I still desire thee,
cr Go, spread the news afar;
f Then shalt thou shine in heaven
With glory like a star." Amen.

DR. E. J. BELLERBY.

May also be sung to "Missionary," No. 205.

109 Mozart 7.7.7.7. MOZART.



Yield . . . your members as instruments of righteousness unto God.—Rom. vi. 13.

1 *mf* TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
cr Take my moments and my days,
f Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 *mf* Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love:
Take my feet, and let them be
cr Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 *mf* Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

mf Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

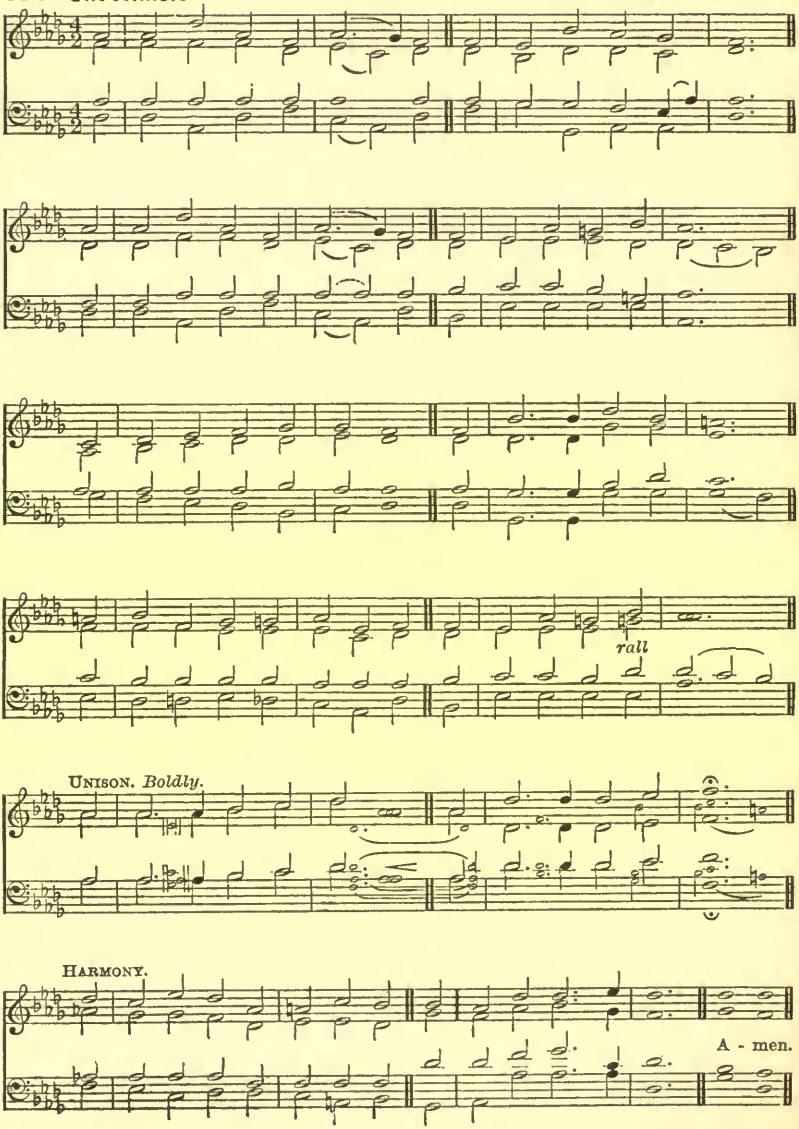
5 *mp* Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
cr Take my heart, it is Thine own,
f It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 *f* Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee. Amen.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

May also be sung to "St. Bees," No. 199.

110 Tabernacle

P.M. LIVESEY CARROTT.

He that was called, being free, is Christ's bondservant.—1 Cor. vii. 22 (R.V.)

1 *mf* THE purchased slave of Jesus,
Who gave His life for me;
p For me His blood most precious
Poured out on Calvary;
For me the ransom money,
The awful price, was paid,
cr From me the curse was lifted off,
pp On Thee, O Christ, 'twas laid!
mf The oath of my allegiance
I would renew to Thee,
Thy purchased slave, (*p*) my Dying Lord,
cr For evermore to be.

2 *mf* The blest freed slave of Jesus,
cr Who rose to set me free,
Who burst the chains that bound me
dim In helpless misery.
mf Lord, bind me now and ever
cr With the strong cords of love;
The power that freed must keep me free
And fix this heart above.
mf The oath of my allegiance
I here renew to Thee,
f Thine own freed slave, my Risen Lord,
For evermore to be.

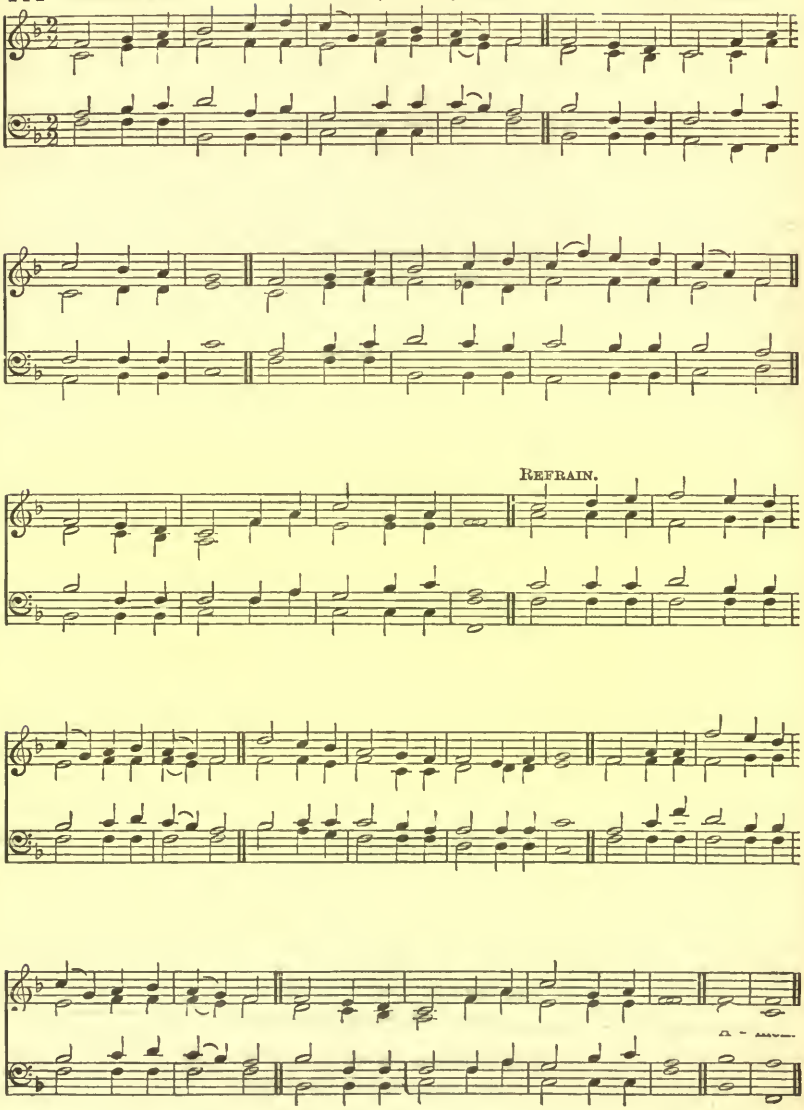
3 *mf* The willing slave of Jesus,
Who ever lives for me,
cr Give me Thy grace, O Master,
Henceforth to live to Thee!
Ready to do Thy bidding,
dim To find Thy will my rest,
mf Working or waiting, where and how
May seem to Thee the best.
The oath of my allegiance
I now renew to Thee,
f Thy willing slave, my Living Lord,
For evermore to be. Amen.

KATHLEEN WARREN

111 Watchword

11.10.11.10, *with Refrain.*

F. R. HAVERGAL.



He . . . . exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord.—Acts xi. 23.

1 *f* TRUE-HEARTED, whole-hearted! faithful and loyal,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!
cr Under Thy standard, exalted and royal,
Strong in Thy strength we will battle for Thee!
f Peal out the watchword, and silence it never,
Song of our spirits, rejoicing and free!
ff "True-hearted, whole-hearted, now and for ever,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!"

2 *f* True-hearted, whole-hearted! fullest allegiance
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King!
Valiant endeavour and loving obedience
cr Freely and joyously now would we bring.
f Peal out the watchword, &c.

3 *f* True-hearted! (*dim*) Saviour, Thou knowest our story,
p Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy feet,
Sinful and treacherous! (*cr*) yet, for Thy glory,
Heal them and cleanse them from sin and deceit.
f Peal out the watchword, &c.

4 *f* Whole-hearted! Saviour belovèd and glorious,
cr Take Thy great power, and reign Thou alone,
Over our wills and affections victorious,—
Freely surrendered, and wholly Thine own.
f Peal out the watchword, &c.

5 *p* Half-hearted, false-hearted! Heed we the warning!
Only the whole can be perfectly true;
cr Bring the whole offering, all timid thought scorning,
f True-hearted only if whole-hearted too.
Peal out the watchword, &c.

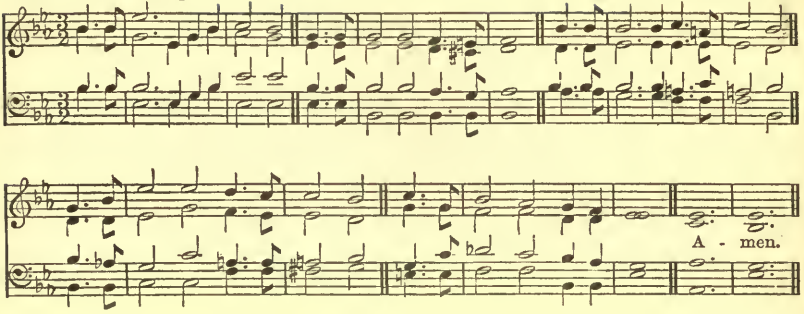
6 *p* Half-hearted! Master, shall any who know Thee
Grudge Thee their lives, Who hast laid down Thine own?
cr Nay! we would offer the hearts that we owe Thee,
f Live for Thy love and Thy glory alone.
Peal out the watchword, &c.

7 *f* Jesus is with us, His rest is before us,
Brightly His standard is waving above
ff Brothers, dear brethren, in gathering chorus,
Peal out the watchword, &c. Amen. love!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

Farewell.

112 Testimony

8.7.8.8.7. CHARLES STRONG.

Go, and the Lord be with thee.—1 Sam. xvii. 37.

1 *mf* BRETHREN, go! The Lord be with you:
He who sends will surely guide;
Resting in His care while sleeping,
dim Resting in His love while weeping,
cr Keep ye ever by His side.

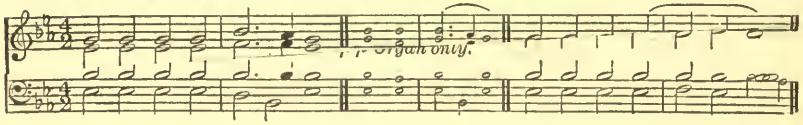
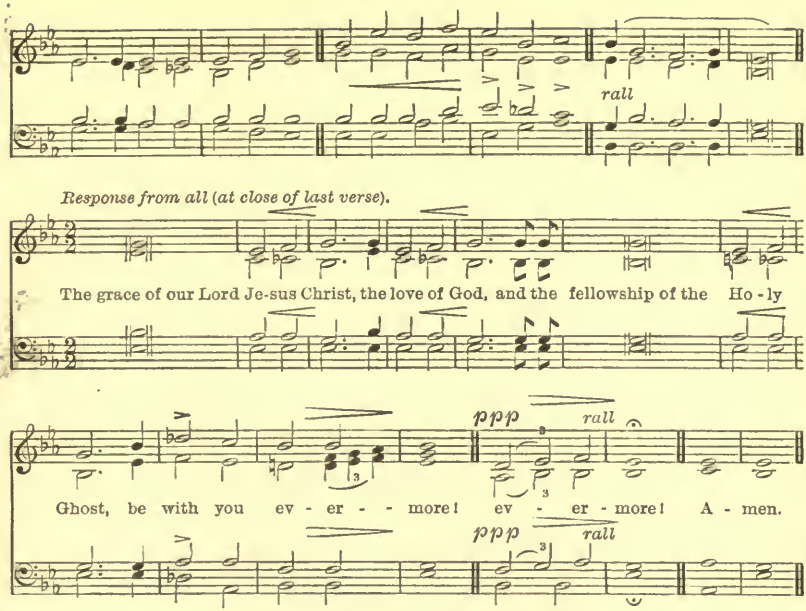
2 *mf* Brethren, go! The Master calls you
Forth, to reap His precious grain;
Fear not, (*p*) though wild storms awake you,
mf Fear not, (*p*) though the rough winds shake you,
cr Glory cometh after pain.

3 *mf* Brethren, go! (*p*) The world is waiting
For the coming of our King;
mf Be it yours to spread the story
p Of His shame, (*f*) and then His glory,
ff Till the whole creation sing.

4 *mf* Brethren, go! (*cr*) The day-dawn breaketh,
Of its glory go and tell.
In the Father's Name we send you,
dim To His tender love commend you:
p God be with you; Fare you well! Amen.

C. BURKE.

113 Orate pro Nobis

7.7.7.7.5. E. S. ELLIOTT.

rall
Response from all (at close of last verse).
The grace of our Lord Je-sus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Ho-ly
ppp
rall
Ghost, be with you ev-er--more! ev-er-more! A-men.
ppp
rall

Brethren, pray for us.—1 Thess. v. 25.

1 *p* BROTHERS, sisters, pray for us!
From afar resounds our call,
Leagued 'gainst sin and Satan's thrall,—
cr Christ Himself our All in all:
p Brethren, pray for us!

2 *mp* Morning, evening, pray for us!
p When the angry storms-clouds lower,
cr Fierce uprising heathen power,—
f Strength is pledged for darkest hour:
p Brethren, pray for us!

3 *mf* When ye meet, remember us!
At the holy Sabbath-tide
cr Plead for those, o'er oceans wide,
Who with you in Christ abide:
p Brethren, pray for us!

4 *mf* In the Spirit pray for us!
For each kinsman at his post
cr Claim the dower of Pentecost,—
Comfort of the Holy Ghost:
p Brethren, pray for us!

5 *mf* God be with you,—God with us!
For a witness steadfast, true,
For communion ever new,—
Fellowship with Christ, with you:
p Brethren, pray for us!

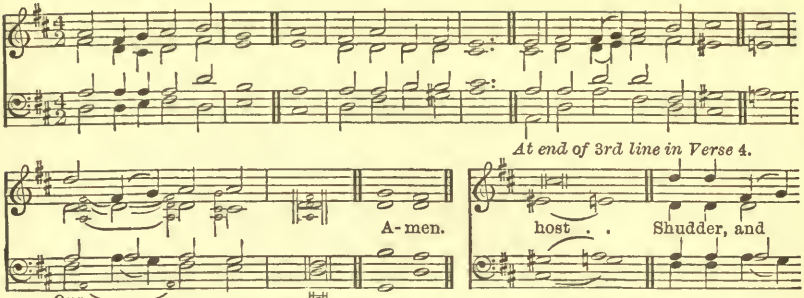
6 *f* Brothers, sisters, praise for us!
p We are weak; the foe is strong;
Dark the heathen night, and long,—
cr Yet of victory our song:
f Brethren, praise for us!

7 *f* "God is faithful!" praise with us!
mf Not uncertainly we fight,
p Ours the weakness,—(*f*) His the might;
cr Morning cometh after night:
Brethren, praise for us!

8 *p* Brothers, sisters, fare ye well!
Round with us the glad refrain,
ff "Glory to the Lamb once slain!
Christ is coming; Christ shall reign:"—
p Brethren, fare ye well!
The grace, &c. Amen.

E. S. ELLIOTT.

114 Sierra Leone

6.6.6.6. SAMUEL SMITH.

The Spirit of the Lord came upon (Hebrew "clothed") *Gideon.*—Judges vi. 34.

1 *mf* CLOTHED with the Holy Ghost,
Go, brethren, on your way
dim To every night-bound coast,
f The heralds of God's day.

2 *mf* Clothed with the Holy Ghost,
cr A robe and crown of flame,
As once on Pentecost
The first great baptism came.

3 *f* Clothed with the Holy Ghost,
Stand, soldiers of the Lord,
His cross your only boast,
His Gospel-truth your sword.

4 *mf* Clothed with the Holy Ghost,
Your panoply of proof:
dim The devil and his host
Shudder and flee aloof.

5 *mf* Clothed with the Holy Ghost,
dim If suffering be your lot,
When worn and wearied most,
cr Thus mantled, murmur not.

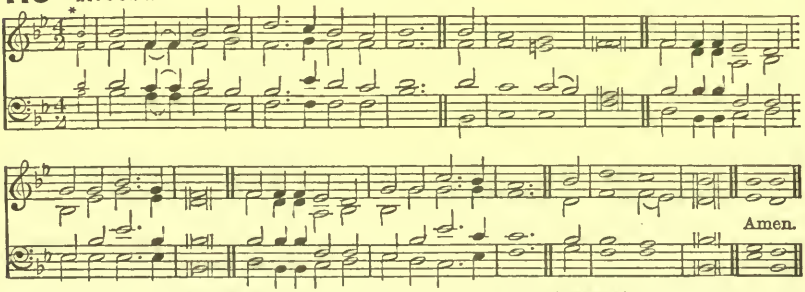
6 *mf* Clothed with the Holy Ghost,
cr Till Christ shall call or come,
And from the watchman's post
f Shall take you to His home. Amen.

BISHOP E. H. BICKERSTETH.

May also be sung to "St. Cecilia," No. 182.

115 Roseburst

10.4.10.10.4. LIVESEY CARROTT.



He commanded us to preach unto the people.—Acts x. 42.

1 *mf* DISCIPLES of the risen Christ, go forth!
Let love compel.
cr Go, and in risen power proclaim His worth;
O'er every region of the dead, cold earth
f His glory tell!

2 *mp* Tell how He lived, and toiled, and wept below;
Tell all His love;
p Tell the dread wonders of His awful woe;
cr Tell how He fought our fight and smote our foe,
f Then rose above!

* *This chord to be sung in the first Verse only.*

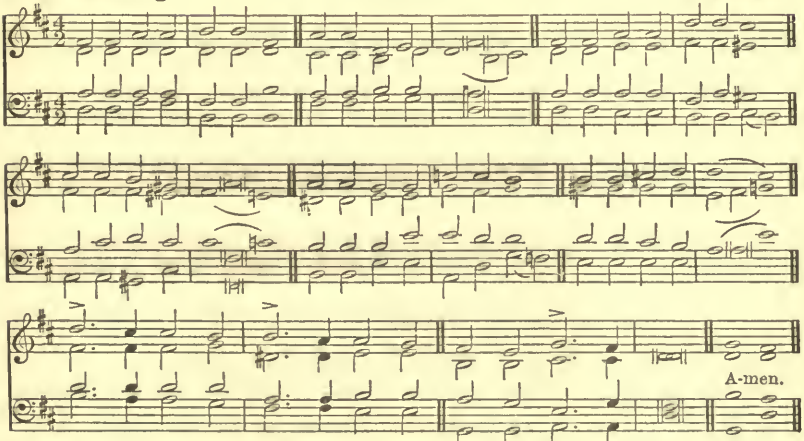
3 *mp* Tell how in weakness He was crucified,
cr But rose in power;
f Went up on high, accepted, glorified;
News of His victory spread far and wide,
From hour to hour.

4 *f* Tell how He sits at the right hand of God
In glory bright,
Making the heaven of heavens His glad abode;
ff Tell how He cometh with the iron rod
His foes to smite.

5 *f* Tell how His kingdom shall through ages stand,
And never cease;
cr Spreading like sunshine over every land,
ff All nations bowing to the high command,—
Great Prince of Peace! Amen.

DR. H. BONAR.

116 Sunbury

7.5.7.5.7.5.8.5. C. E. MILLER.

The God of love and peace shall be with you.—2 Cor. xiii. 11.

1 *mf* FATHER, we are gathered here,
Our good-bye to say
To Thy servants going forth
In Thy Name to-day;
dim Hear and grant the parting prayer
Of our sweet refrain:—
p God be with you, God be with you,
Till we meet again.

2 *mf* Brethren, sisters, passing now,
For the Master's sake,
p To the night of heathen gloom,
cr Till the morning break;
mf In your labour and your rest,
Through each joy and pain,
p God be with you, God be with you,
Till we meet again.

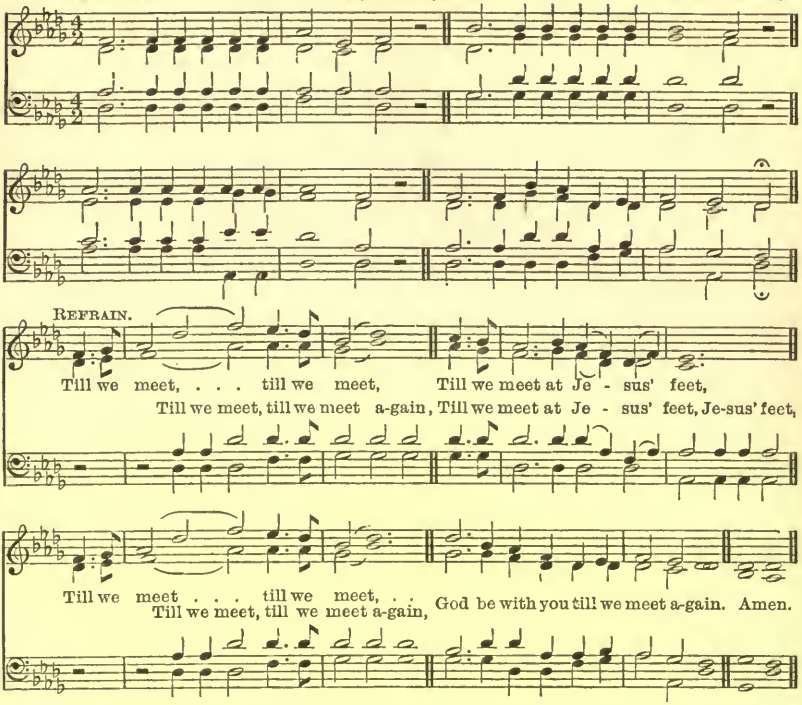
3 *mf* If to Him it seemeth good
Prayer and toil should be
cr Crowned with all the glad success
That you long to see;—
mf For your keeping in that hour
From self's marring stain,
p God be with you, God be with you,
Till we meet again.

4 *p* Or if storm-clouds gather dark,
Doubts and fears assail,
Prayer and labour seem in vain,
dim Heart and courage fail,—
cr That a refuge you may find,
Peace and power obtain,
p God be with you, God be with you
Till we meet again.

5 *f* Till the untold multitude
Stand before the throne,—
cr Till we sing our praises there,
Parting past and gone,—
mf From the homeland—from our hearts—
cr Still shall rise the strain:—
p God be with you, God be with you,
Till we meet again. Amen.

REV. W. J. L. SHEPPARD.

117 Ballina

P.M., *with Refrain.* W. E. TOMER.

REFRAIN.
Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, Je-sus' feet,
Till we meet . . . till we meet, . .
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain, God be with you till we meet a-gain. Amen.

Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest.—Gen. xxviii. 15,

1 *p* GOD be with you till we meet again!—
cr By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you;
p God be with you till we meet again!
mp Till we meet! . . Till we meet! . .
Till we meet at Jesus' feet; . . .
cr Till we meet! . . Till we meet! . .
p God be with you till we meet again!

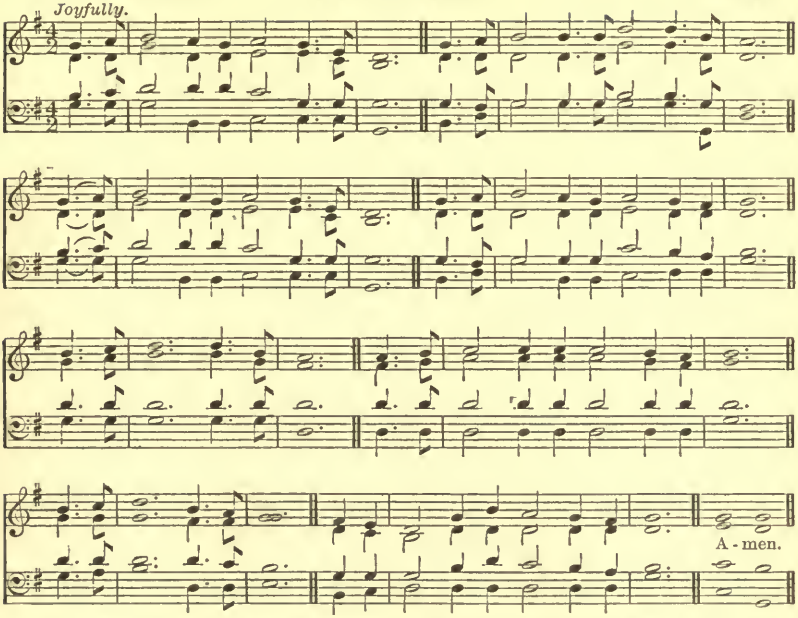
2 *p* God be with you till we meet again!—
'Neath His wings securely hide you,
cr Daily manna still provide you;
p God be with you till we meet again!
Till we meet! &c.

3 *p* God be with you till we meet again!—
When life's perils thick confound you,
cr Put His loving arms around you;
p God be with you till we meet again!
Till we meet! &c.

4 *p* God be with you till we meet again!—
f Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you;
p God be with you till we meet again!
Till we meet! &c. Amen.

REV J. E. RANKIN.

118 In Aeternum

9.9.9.9, *with Refrain.* WEBSTER.

And they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb.—Rev. xv. 3.

1 *f* LET us sing of His love once again,
Of the love that can never decay,
dim Of the blood of the Lamb Who was slain,
f Till we praise Him again in that Day.
p In the sweet "by and by,"
cr We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
p In the sweet "by and by,"
cr We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

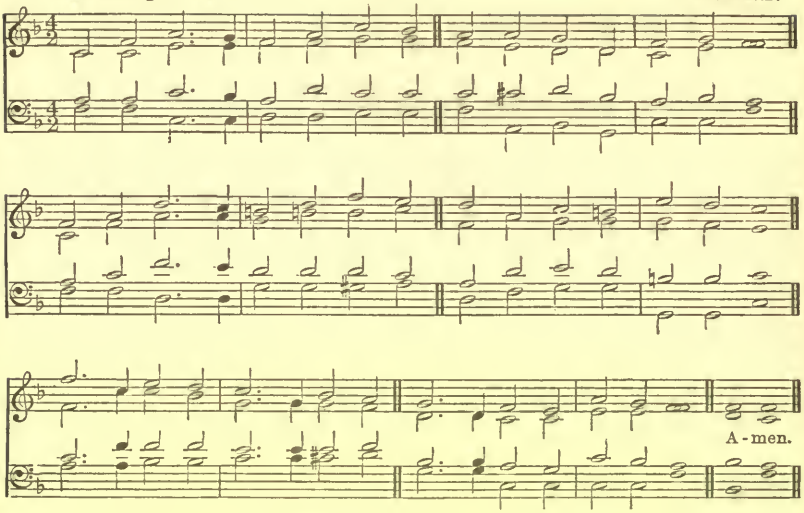
2 *mf* There are cleansing and healing for all [flood;
Who will wash in the life-giving
f There is life everlasting and joy
At the right hand of God, through [the blood.
p In the sweet, &c.

3 *mf* Even now, while we taste of His love.
cr We are filled with delight at His Name,
f But what will it be when, above,
We shall join in the song of the [Lamb
p In the sweet, &c.

4 *mf* Then we'll march in His Name till we come,
At His bidding, to enter our rest;
cr And the Father shall welcome us home
f To our place in the realms of the blest.
p In the sweet, &c. Amen.

F. BOTTOME.

119 Kensington New

8.7.8.7.8.7. J. TILLEARD.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

They went forth, and preached every where, the Lord working with them.—St. Mark xvi. 20.

1 *mf* SPEED Thy servants, Saviour, speed them!
Thou art Lord of winds and waves;
p They were bound, (*cr*) but Thou hast freed them;
Now they go to free the slaves;
f Be Thou with them,
'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.

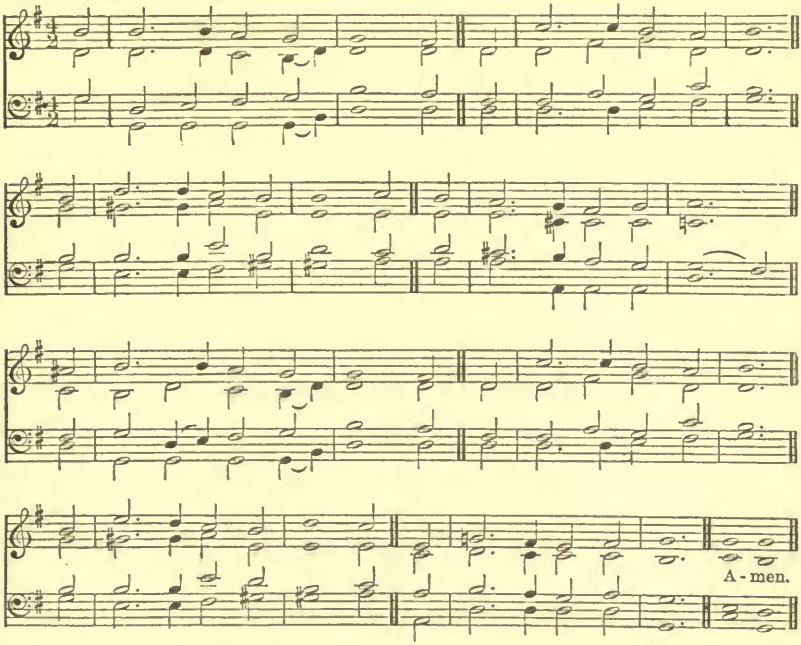
2 *mp* Friends and home and all forsaking,
cr Lord, they go at Thy command;
As their stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land:
f O be with them!
Lead them safely by the hand!

3 *mp* When no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
cr Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain:
f Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again!

4 *mp* In the midst of opposition
cr Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;
f When success attends their mission,
p Let Thy servants humble be:
cr Never leave them,
f Till Thy face in heaven they see.

5 *f* There to reap, in joy for ever,
Fruit that grows from seed here sown;
cr There to be with Him, Who never
Ceases to preserve His own,
ff And with triumph
rall Sing a Saviour's grace alone!
T. KELLY. Amen.

120 Angels' Story

7.6.7.6. D. DR. A. H. MANN.

The love of Christ constraineth us.—2 Cor. v. 14.

1 *mf* THE love of Christ constraining,
We bid a fond farewell
cr To those who at His bidding
Go forth that love to tell.
mf We yield them to His service,
We trust them to His care,
f And praise Him Who hath called them
His message forth to bear.

2 *mf* The love of Christ constraining,
They go to lands afar,
cr They follow Him, their Captain,
Who leads them to the war.
p Weak in themselves and helpless,
f That love shall make them strong,
Shall nerve them for the conflict,
And fill their hearts with song.

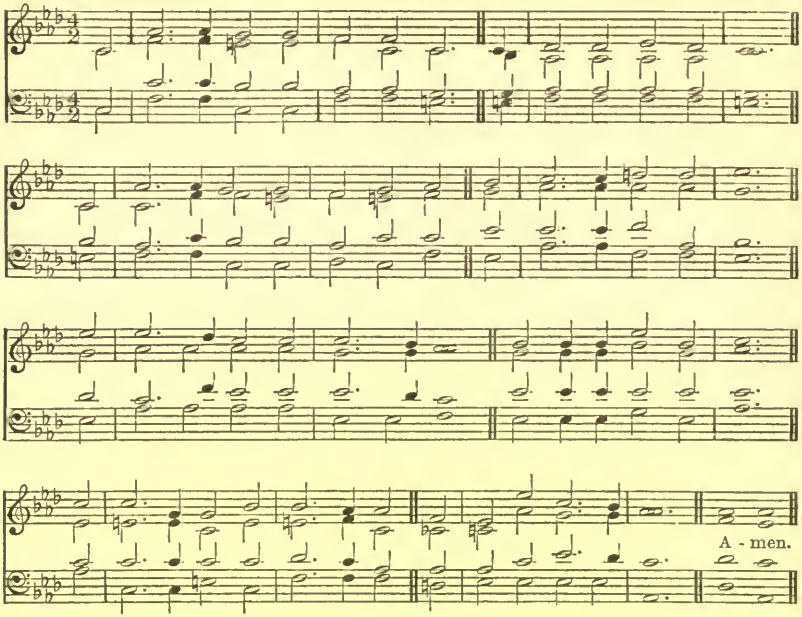
3 *mf* The love of Christ constraining,
cr His shall the victory be,
f And triumphs sweet and glorious
Their wondering eyes shall see.
cr For where His cross is lifted,
There Satan's throne must fall,
ff And hearts yield glad allegiance
To Christ, the Lord of all.

4 *mf* The love of Christ constraining,
p We part, (*cr*) yet hope to meet
On earth, as in the home-land,
Around His sacred feet;
mf Alone in Him confiding,
Our hearts may calmly rest;
cr In Him for aye abiding,
f Our future's bright and blest!

SARAH G. STOCK. Amen.

May also be sung to "Lancashire," No. 20.

121 Penmaenmawr

D.C.M. SARAH G. STOCK.

The Lord will go before you; and the God of Israel will be your rereward.—Isaiah lii. 12.

1 *mf* THE tender light of home behind,
p Dark heathen gloom before,
cr The servants of the Lord go forth
dim To many a foreign shore:
cr But the true light that cannot pale
Streams on them from above,
f A light Divine, that shall not fail,—
The smile of Him they love.

2 *p* The sheltering nest of home behind,
f The battle-field before,
They gird their heavenly armour on,
dim And seek the foreign shore. [goes,
cr But Christ, their Captain, with them
He leads them in the way;
f With Him they face the mightiest foes,
With Him they win the day.

3 *mf* The peaceful joys of home behind,
p Danger and death before,
f Right cheerfully they set their face
dim To seek the foreign shore.
cr For Christ has called, and His dear
Brings bliss, whate'er betide; [word
p 'Tis not alone,—(*f*)'tis with their Lord
They seek the "other side."

4 *mf* A wealth of love and prayer behind,
cr Far-reaching hope before,
The servants of the Lord go forth
dim To seek a foreign shore:
mf And whereso'er their footsteps move,
That hope makes sweet the air;
cr And all the path is paved with love,
f And canopied with prayer.

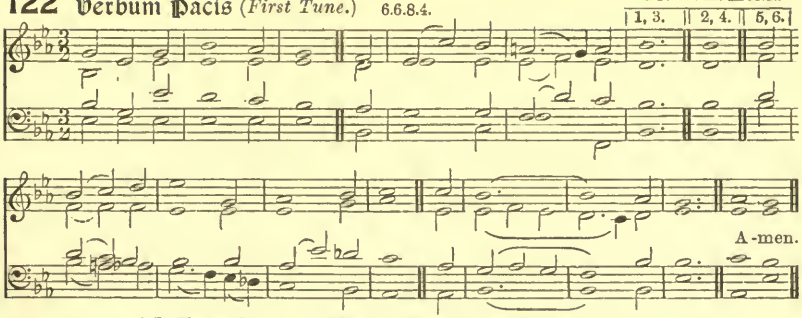
5 *mp* Christ in the fondly-loved "behind,"
cr Christ in the bright "before,"
f Oh! blest are they who start with Him
dim To seek the foreign shore!
cr Christ is their fair, unfading Light,
Christ is their Shield and Sword,
f Christ is their Keeper, day and night,
ff And Christ their rich Reward! Amen.

SARAH G. STOCK.

May also be sung to "Vox Delecti," No. 90.

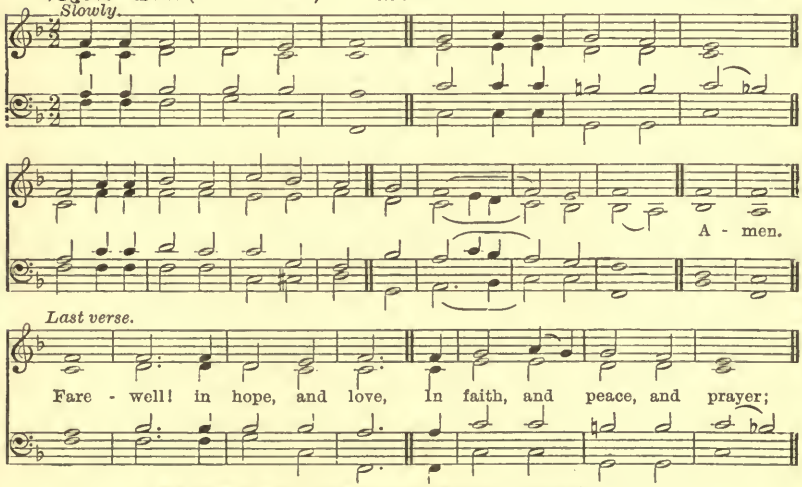
122 Verbum Pacis (*First Tune.*) 6.6.8.4.

Dr. W. H. Monk.



* In Verses 2, 4, 5, 6—with a slur over the two following notes

Exeter Hall (*Second Tune.*) 6.6.8.4.

Rev. W. J. L. Sheppard.

We prayed, and bade each other farewell.—Acts xxi. 6. (R.V.)

1 *mp* WITH the sweet word of peace
We bid our brethren go;
cr Peace as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.

2 *mp* With the calm word of prayer
We earnestly commend
cr Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend!

3 *mf* With the dear word of love
dim We give our brief farewell;
cr Our love below, and Thine above,
With them shall dwell.

4 *f* With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on Thee;
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death
Their help shalt be.

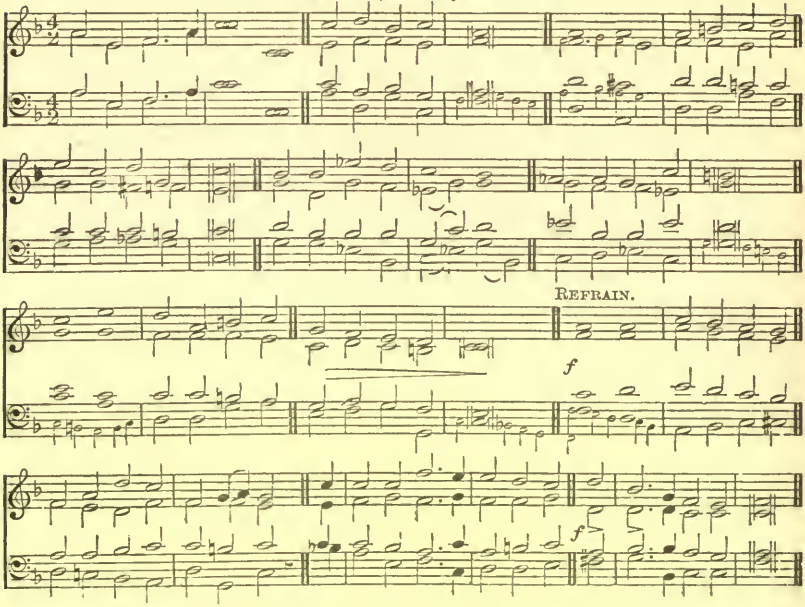
5 *f* Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
cr And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earth-born dream.

6 *p* Farewell! in hope, and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer;
cr Till He Whose home is ours above,
dim Unite us there. Amen. G. Watson.

See also Hymns 4, 8, 9, 14, 16, 20, 22, 24, 25, 28, 30, 45, 52, 60, 72, 77, 80, 82, 83, 84, 88, 91, 97, 124, 129, 131, 133, 135, 154, 170, 207, 218, 236, 237, 238.

123 St. Robert of Fountains

REV. H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD.

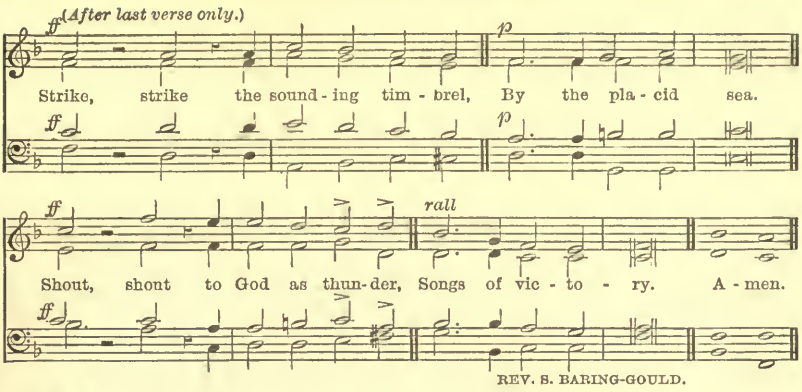
6.5.6.5. D., *with Refrain.*

Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward.—Ex. xiv. 15.

1 *f* FORWARD! said the Prophet,
Pointing to the sea,
cr March, ye royal people,
Through it fearlessly.
p What though foes are gathering,
Darkening all the plain,
cr God's right arm extended
Shall their force restrain.
f Roll back, rushing waters, [sea,
Make a pathway through the
cr That I may gain the blessèd land
ff My God hath promised me.

2 *mf* What though broad before ye
Spreads a tossing tide?
f God is strong and mighty
Waters to divide.
mf With my rod uplifted,
Forward see me go;
f Back! ye hungry billows,
Let the people through!
f Roll back, &c.

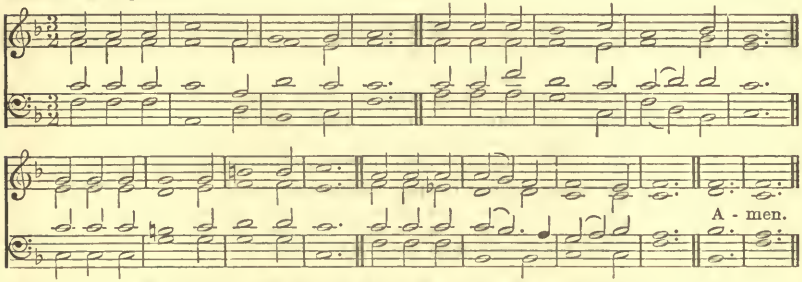
3 *mf* March, God's chosen people,
Over doubt and dread;
All that daunts shall vanish
Where ye fearless tread.
cr Only march on boldly,
Looking far away
p From the black sea-bottom
f To the breaking day.
f Roll back, &c.

4 *mf* Dread not threatening billows,
Which like walls uprear;
Dread not hosts pursuing,
Armed with sword and spear
mp Wherefore now faint-hearted?
cr Trust ye in your God;
Look on me, your leader,
With uplifted rod.
f Roll back, &c.

5 *mf* Soon shall all be gathered
Safe on yonder shore;
p Foes who long have daunted,
cr Ye shall see no more.
Looking back shall wonder
What we had to fear;
f Marvel how we doubted
That our help was near

(After last verse only.)
Strike, strike the sound - ing tim - brel, By the pla - cid sea.
rall
Shout, shout to God as thun-der, Songs of vic - to - ry. A - men.

REV. S. BARING-GOULD.

124 Vesperus

L.M. H. BAKER.

We must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work.—St. John ix. 4. (R.V.)

1 *mf* GO, labour on; spend, and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
p It is the way the Master went;
cr Should not the servant tread it still?

2 *mf* Go, labour on; 'tis not for nought;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
p Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
f The Master praises;—what are men?

3 *mf* Go, labour on; (*p*) your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your souls cast down;
cr Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near, (*f*) a kingdom and a crown.

4 *mf* Go, labour on while it is day,
p The world's dark night is hastening on;
cr Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away,
It is not thus that souls are won.

5 *p* Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
f Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

6 *mf* Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
cr Compel the wanderer to come in.

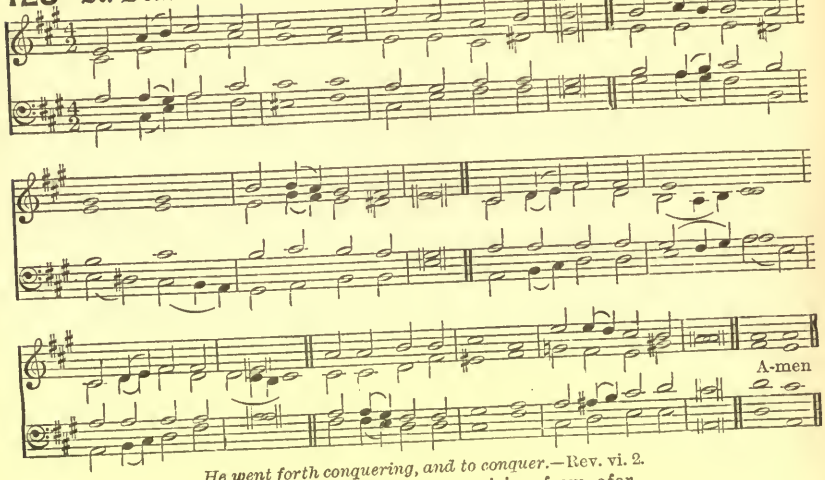
7 *f* Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
dim For toil comes rest, for exile home;
cr Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
f The midnight cry, "Behold I come!" Amen.

DR. H. BONAR.

125 St. Denis

11.11.11.11.

W. H. CALLCOTT.



He went forth conquering, and to conquer.—Rev. vi. 2.

1 *mf* HARK! the swelling breezes, rising from afar,
cr Bring the sounds of conflict from the holy war;
f God is with our armies, He the word has given,
He is watching o'er you, messengers of heaven.

2 *ff* Go, thou mighty Gospel, conquering on thy way;
Night upon the mountains changes into day;
Idols bow before thee, heathen temples fall;
Soon the world shall own thee victor over all.

3 *mf* O thou blessèd Saviour, reigning now on high,
May thy faithful soldiers find Thee ever nigh;
cr Bid the glorious mission speed from sea to sea,
ff Till the whole creation worship only Thee. Amen.

H. B.

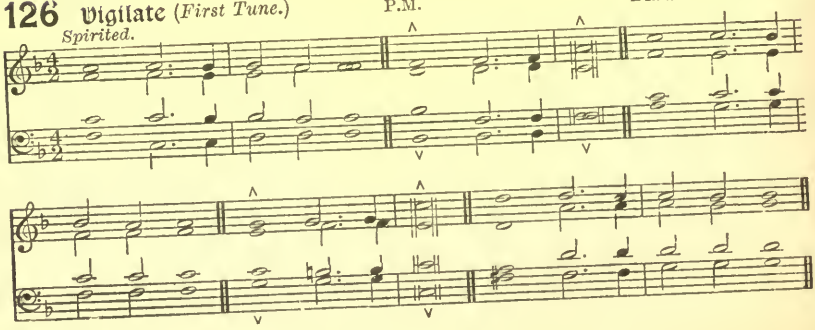
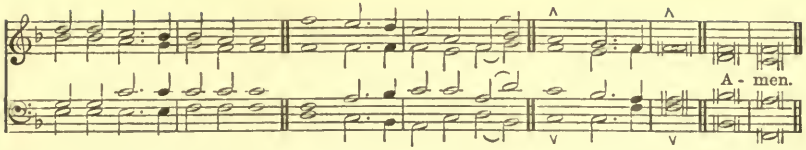
May also be sung to "Ruth," No. 56 (II.).

126 Vigilate (*First Tune.*)

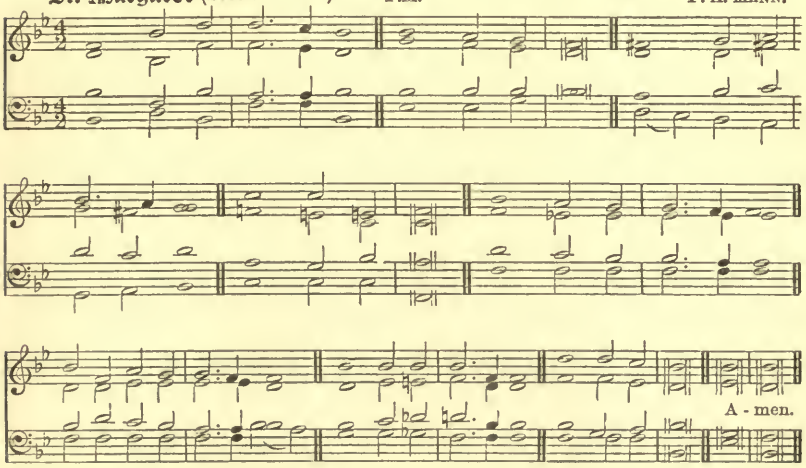
Spirited.

P.M.

DR. S. S. WESLEY.



St. Margaret (*Second Tune.*) P.M. F. A. MANN.



Now it is high time to awake out of sleep.—Rom. xiii. 11.

1 *mf* HARK, 'tis the watchman's cry,
f Wake, brethren, wake:
Jesus Himself is nigh;
Wake, brethren, wake.
p Sleep is for sons of night;
cr Ye are children of the light;
f Yours is the glory bright;
Wake, brethren, wake.

2 *mf* Call to each wakening band,
f Watch, brethren, watch:
mf Clear is our Lord's command,
f Watch, brethren, watch.
mf Be ye as men that wait
Always at their Master's gate,
dim E'en though He tarry late;
f Watch, brethren, watch.

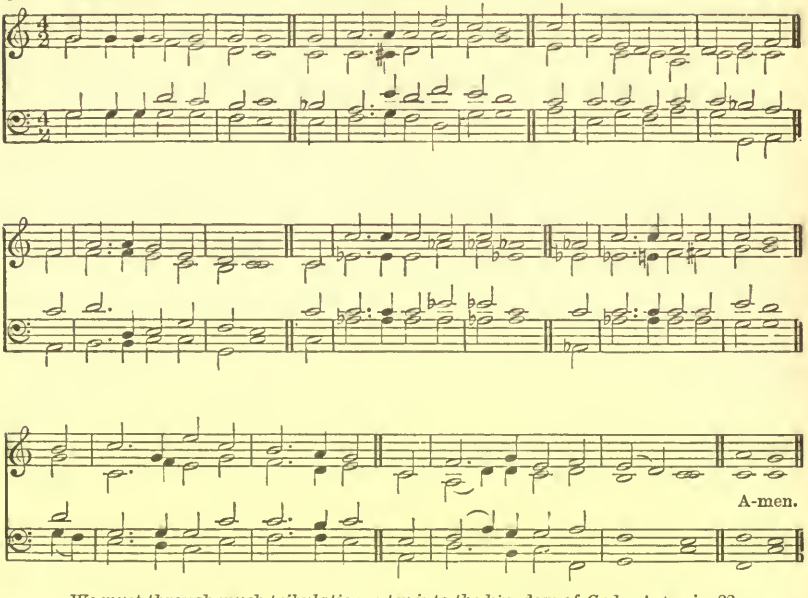
3 *mf* Heed we the Steward's call,
f Work, brethren, work:
There's room enough for all:
Work, brethren, work.
mf This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labour will afford;
cr He will your work reward;
f Work, brethren, work.

4 *mp* Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
p Pray, brethren, pray:
cr Would ye His heart rejoice?
p Pray, brethren, pray.
Sin calls for ceaseless fear.
cr Weakness needs the Strong One near;
dim Long as ye struggle here,
p Pray, brethren, pray.

5 *mf* Sound now the final chord,
f Praise, brethren, praise:
mf Thrice holy is the Lord,
f Praise, brethren, praise.
What more befits the tongues
cr Soon to join the angels' songs?
Whilst heaven the note prolongs,
ff Praise, brethren, praise. Amen.

ANON

127 Lostwithiel

7.7.8.7.7.7.8.7. J. TURLE.

We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God.—Acts xiv. 22.

1 *f* HEAD of the Church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee;
Till Thou appear, Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory:
cr We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
ff And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 *p* While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
cr Thy love we praise in grateful lays,
Which ever brings us nigher:
f We clap our hands, exulting
In Thine almighty favour:
The love Divine, that made us Thine,
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

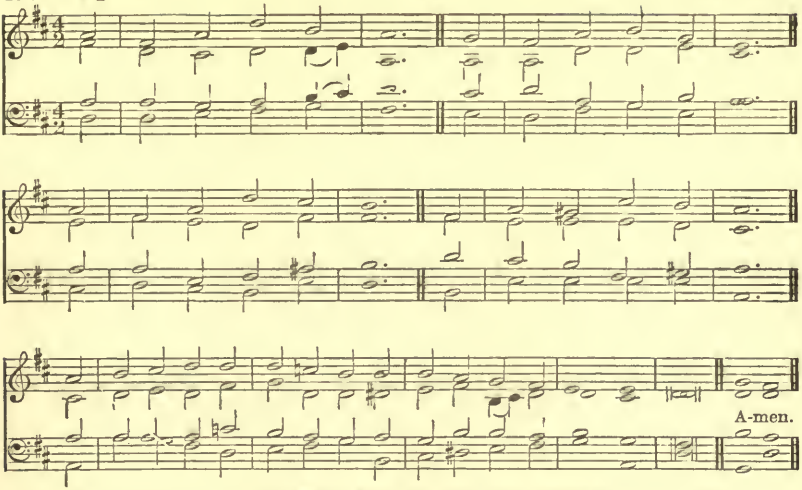
3 *p* Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
cr Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation;
mf The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes,
f By Thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 *f* By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us,—
The world despise, for that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us:
p And, if Thou count us worthy,
cr We each, with dying Stephen,
f Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand,
ff To call us up to heaven. Amen.

REV. C. WESLEY.

May also be sung to "Triumphant," No. 43.

128 Fyvie

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4. C. E. MILLER.

Upon this rock I will build My church; and the gates of Hades shall not prevail against it.— St. Matt. xvi. 18. (R.V.)

1 *f* HIGH up, upon the rock,
Great Lord, Thy Church is built;
Its towers no tempest-shock
Can shake, but as Thou wilt.
ff Thou art the Lord!
The gates of Hell
Can naught prevail
Against Thy word!

2 *mf* While all that men devise
p Hath short and chequered day,
cr And empires but arise
dim To change and pass away,—
f Thy kingdom stands
For evermore,
Upheld secure
ff By Thine own hands!

3 *mf* Thou buildest, day by day,
cr That City great and high,
f Which cannot pass away,
dim Though all creation die;
mf Where, bright and pure,
cr All things of worth,
p Though once of earth,
f Shall still endure.

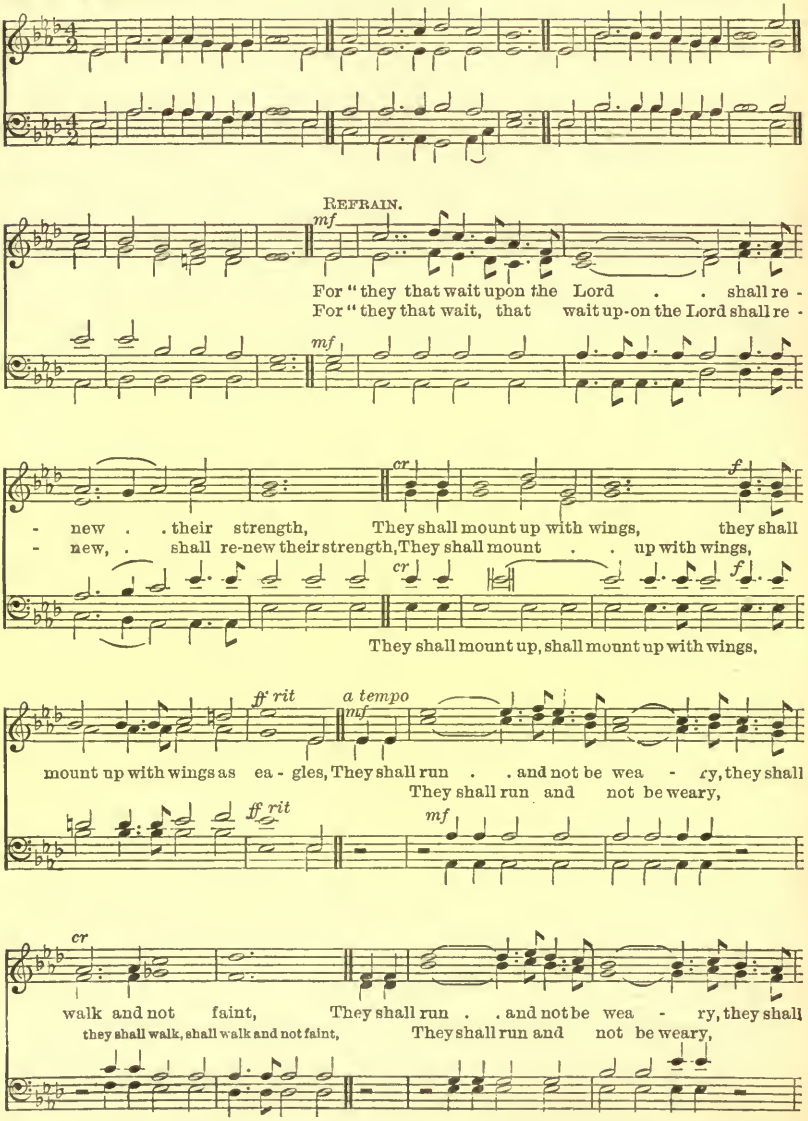
4 *mf* Thy great and gracious love
So blends our works with Thine
p They, broken, feeble, (*cr*) prove
Fit means for ends Divine.
mf In Thine employ
p We sow in tears,
In doubts and fears,
f To reap in joy!

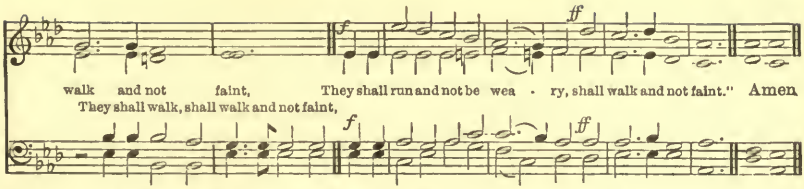
5 *mf* Increase our faith, O Lord,
cr To look right on, and see
f All things redeemed, restored,
And perfected in Thee;
cr So make us strong
To do Thy will,
ff Rejoicing still
In work and song! Amen.

W. F. CALLAWAY.

May also be sung to "Darwell," No. 59.

129 Renovator Virum

9.6.9.6, *with Refrain.* J. McGRANAHAN.

REFRAIN.
mf
For "they that wait upon the Lord . . shall re -
For "they that wait, that wait up-on the Lord shall re -
cr
f
- new . . their strength, They shall mount up with wings, they shall
- new, . shall re-new their strength, They shall mount . . up with wings,
They shall mount up, shall mount up with wings,
ff rit
a tempo
mf
mount up with wings as ea - gles, They shall run . . and not be wea - ry, they shall
They shall run and not be weary,
cr
walk and not faint, They shall run . . and not be wea - ry, they shall
they shall walk, shall walk and not faint, They shall run and not be weary,



He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength.—Isaiah xl. 29.

1 *mf* HO, reapers in the whitened harvest!
Oft feeble, faint, and few;
cr Come, wait upon the blessèd Master,
Our strength He will renew.
For "they that wait upon the
Lord shall renew their
strength, [as eagles,
They shall mount up with wings
They shall run and not be
weary; they shall walk and
not faint."

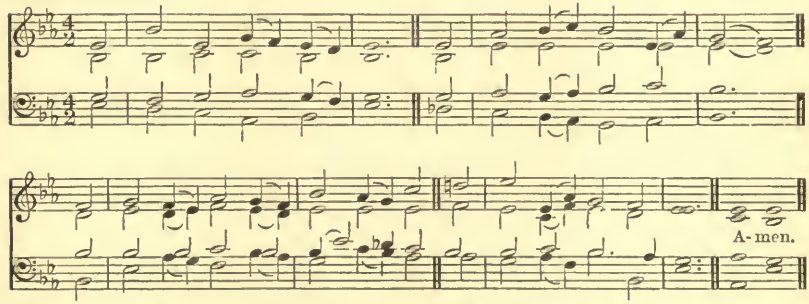
2 *p* Too oft aweary and discouraged,
We pour a sad complaint;
cr Believing in a living Saviour,
f Why should we ever faint?
For "they that wait," &c.

3 *f* Rejoice! for He is with us alway,
Lo, even to the end! [ward,—
Look up! take courage and go for-
All needed grace He'll send!
For "they that wait," &c.

G. M. J. Amen.

130 Carlisle

S.M. C. LOCKHART.



How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things.—Rom. x. 15.

1 *mf* HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill,
cr Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 *mf* How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are!
f Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here.

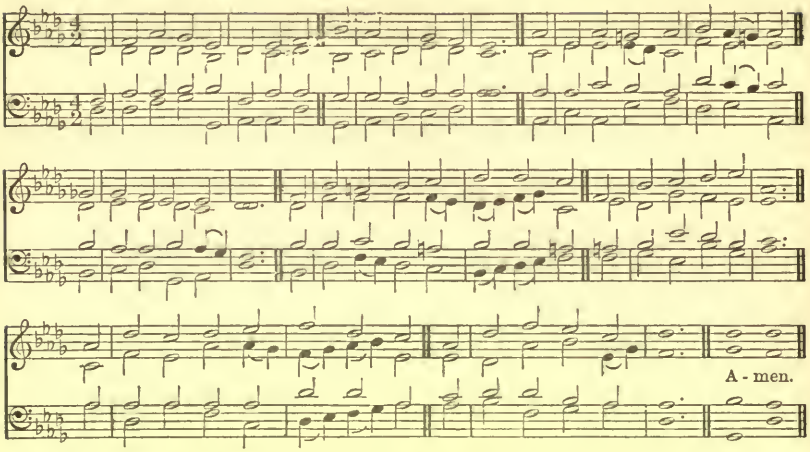
3 *f* How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
dim Which kings and prophets waited for,
p And sought, but never found!

4 *f* How blessèd are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
dim Prophets and kings desired it long,
p But died without the sight.

5 *mf* The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad:
ff Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God! Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

131 Look unto Me

D.C.M. J. DOWNING FARRER.

Being made free from sin, and become servants to God.—Rom. vi. 22.

1 *mf* HOW blessèd from the bonds of sin
And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim
Thy servant, Lord, to be!
The hardest toil to undertake
cr With joy at Thy command,
dim The meanest office to receive
p With meekness at Thy hand;

2 *mf* With willing heart and longing eyes
To watch before Thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight;
dim No voice of thunder to expect,
p But follow calm and still;
cr For love can easily divine
The One Belovèd's will.

3 *mf* Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord!
Thus ever Thine alone,
My soul and body given to Thee,
The purchase Thou hast won.
cr Through evil or through good report
Still keeping by Thy side,
By life or death, in this poor flesh,
f Let Christ be magnified.

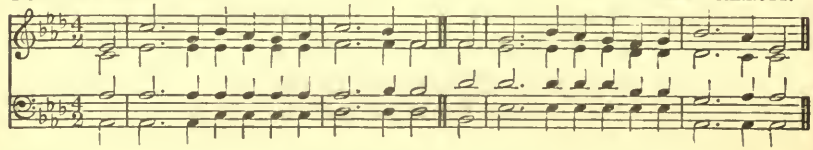
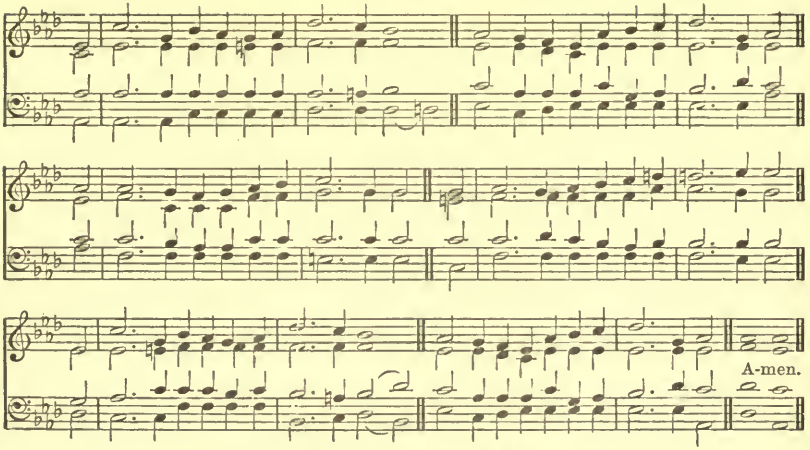
4 *f* How happily the working days
In this dear service fly,
dim How rapidly the closing hour,
p The time of rest, draws nigh,—
cr When all the faithful gather home,
f A joyful company,
ff And ever where the Master is,
Shall His blest servant be. Amen.

Tr. from SPITTA.

May also be sung to "St. Matthew," No. 227.

132 Brotherrott

10.10.10.10. D. LIVESEY CARROTT.



She hath done what she could.—St. Mark xiv. 8.

1 *p* I COULD not do the work the reapers did,
Or bind the golden sheaves that thickly fell;
cr But I could follow by the Master's side,
dim Watching the marrèd face I loved so well.
mf Right in my path lay many a ripened ear
Which I would stoop and gather joyfully,
cr I did not know the Master placed them there,—
f "Handfuls of purpose" that He left for me.

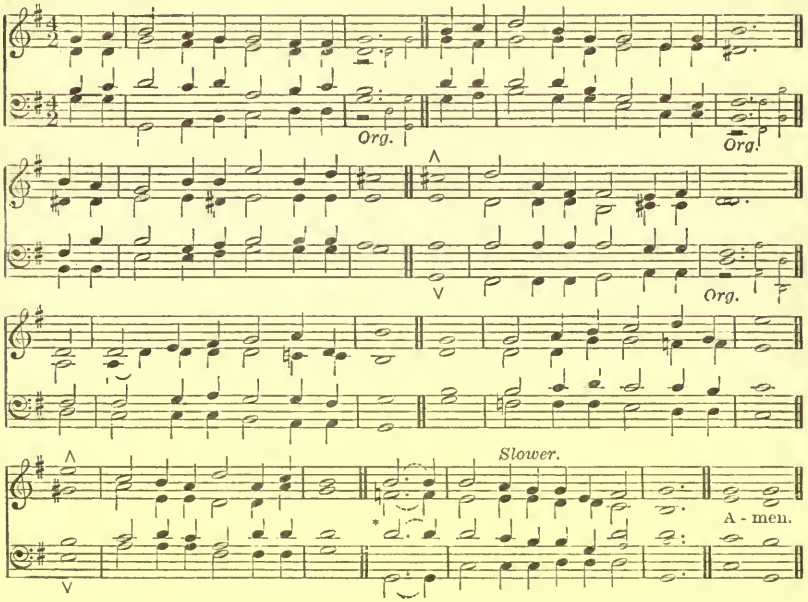
2 *p* I could not cast the heavy fisher-net,
I had not strength or wisdom for the task;
So on the sun-lit sands, with spray-drops wet,
cr I sat, while earnest prayers rose thick and fast.
I pleaded for the Master's blessing, where
My brethren toiled upon the world-wide sea;
f Or ever that I knew, His smile so fair
Shone, beaming sweet encouragement on me.

3 *p* I could not join the glorious soldier-band,
I never heard their thrilling battle-cry;
The work allotted by the Master's hand
Kept me at home, while others went to die.
cr And yet, when victory crowned the struggle long,
And spoils were homeward brought, both rich and rare,
f He let me help to chant the triumph song,
And bade me in the gold and jewels share.

4 *mf* O Master dear! the tiniest work for Thee
cr Finds recompense beyond our highest thought,
p And feeble hands that worked but tremblingly,
cr The richest colours in Thy Fabric wrought.
mf We are content to take what Thou shalt give,
To do, or suffer, as Thy choice shall be:
cr Forsaking all Thy wisdom bids us leave,
f Glad in the thought that we are pleasing Thee! Amen.

EVA T. EVERED POOLE.

133 Girtford

P.M. DR. GARRETT.

I will go in the strength of the Lord God.—Ps. lxxi. 16.

1 *f* I WILL go in the strength of the Lord,
In the path He hath marked for my feet;
I will follow the light of His word,
Nor shrink from the dangers I meet.
cr His presence my steps shall attend;
His fulness my wants shall supply;
ff On Him, till my journey shall end,
My hope shall securely rely.

2 *f* I will go in the strength of the Lord
To the work He appoints me to do;
cr In the joy which His smile shall afford
My soul shall her vigour renew.
mf His wisdom shall guard me from harm,
cr His power my sufficiency prove;
f I trust His omnipotent arm;
p I rest in His covenant love.

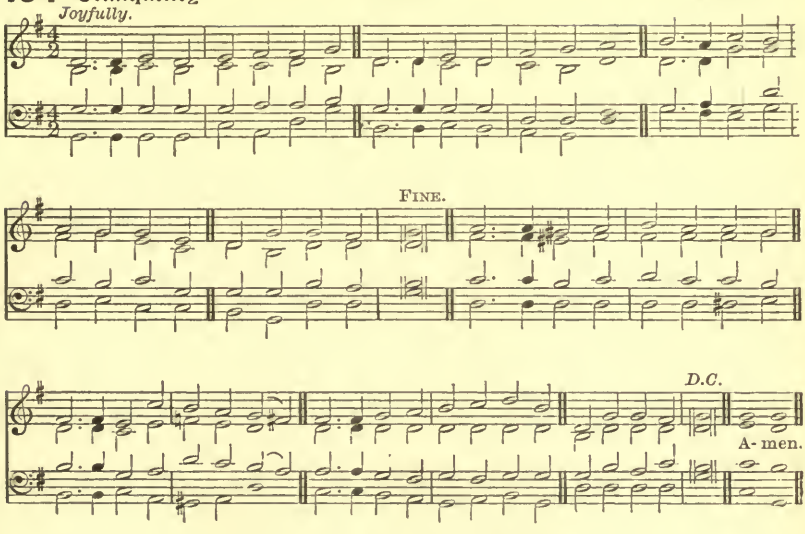
3 *f* I will go in the strength of the Lord
To each conflict which faith may require;
cr His grace, as my shield and reward,
My courage and zeal shall inspire.
mf If He give the word of command
To meet and encounter the foe,
cr With sling and with stone in my hand,
ff In the strength of the Lord I will go. Amen.

E. TURVEY.

* Omit binds in last verse.

134. Tranquility

8.7.8.5. D. J. MOUNTAIN.



Rest in the Lord.—Ps. xxxvii. 7.

1 *mf* JESUS! I am resting, resting,
cr In the joy of what Thou art;
f I am finding out the greatness
Of Thy loving heart.
mf Thou hast bid me gaze upon Thee,
cr And Thy beauty fills my soul;
f For, by Thy transforming power,
Thou hast made me whole.
mf Jesus! I am resting, resting,
cr In the joy of what Thou art;
f I am finding out the greatness
Of Thy loving heart.

2 *f* Oh, how great Thy loving-kindness,
Vaster, broader, than the sea!
ff Oh, how marvellous Thy goodness,
Lavished all on me!
p Yes, I rest in Thee, Belovèd,
cr Know what wealth of grace is Thine,
Know Thy certainty of promise,
f And have made it mine.
mf Jesus! I am resting, resting, &c.

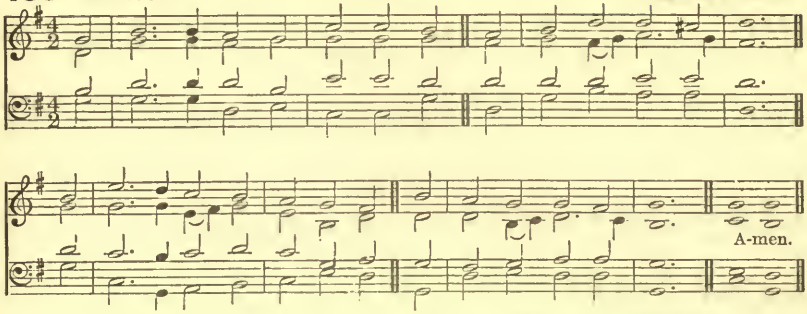
3 *mf* Simply trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
cr I behold Thee as Thou art,
f And Thy love so pure, so changeless,
Satisfies my heart;
Satisfies its deepest longings,
Meets, supplies my every need,
cr Compasseth me round with blessings;
ff Thine is love indeed!
mf Jesus! I am resting, resting, &c.

4 *mf* Ever lift Thy face upon me,
As I work and wait for Thee,
p Resting 'neath Thy smile, Lord Jesus,
cr Earth's dark shadows flee:
f Brightness of my Father's glory,
Sunshine of my Father's face,
cr Keep me ever trusting, resting,
ff Fill me with Thy grace.
mf Jesus! I am resting, resting,
cr In the joy of what Thou art;
f I am finding out the greatness
Of Thy loving heart. Amen.

J. S. PIGOTT.

135 Winchester Old

C.M. ESTE'S Psalter.



Who is the King of Glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. –Ps. xxiv. 8. (R.V.)

1 *f* LIFT up your heads, ye gates of brass,
Ye bars of iron yield,
cr And let the King of Glory pass,
ff The cross is in the field.

2 *f* That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night. [far
cr Shines on the march, and guides from
His servants to the fight.

3 *mf* A holy war those servants wage;
In that mysterious strife
cr The powers of heaven and hell engage
For more than death or life.

4 *f* Ye armies of the living God,
Ye warriors of Christ's host,
Where hallowed footsteps never trod,
Take your appointed post.

5 *p* Though few, and small, and weak your bands,
cr Strong in your Captain's strength,
f Go to the conquest of all lands;
ff All must be His at length.

6 *mf* Those spoils at His victorious feet
You shall rejoice to lay,
dim And lay yourselves, as trophies meet,
p In His great judgment day.

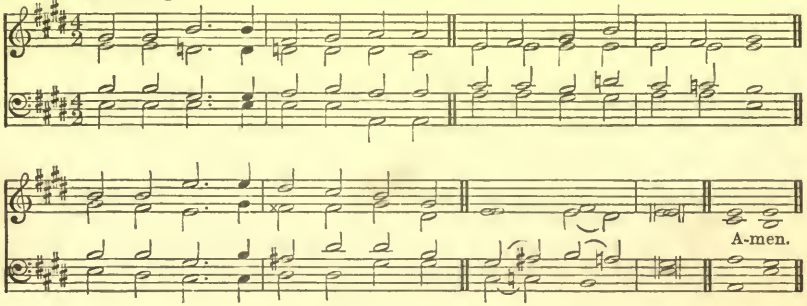
7 *f* Then fear not, faint not, halt not now,
In Jesus' Name be strong!
cr To Him shall every creature bow,
And sing the triumph-song:—

8 *ff* Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of Glory pass!
rall The cross hath won the field! Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

136 Bannington

8.7.8.3. H. FORD BENSON.



To every man his work.—St. Mark xiii. 34.

1 *mf* LORD, I know a work is waiting
For each ransomed child of Thine,
Lo, I come in faith beseeching
Show me mine.

2 *mf* Fit me for Thy blessèd service,
As to Thee may seem most meet;
Keep me close, for constant teaching,
p At Thy feet.

3 *cr* Open Thou my heart to gather,
To its tender love and care,
All Thy lost and wandering children,
Everywhere.

4 *mf* Wheresoever Thou dost need me
Let Thy Spirit's guidance show,
cr And, with loving swift obedience,
I will go.

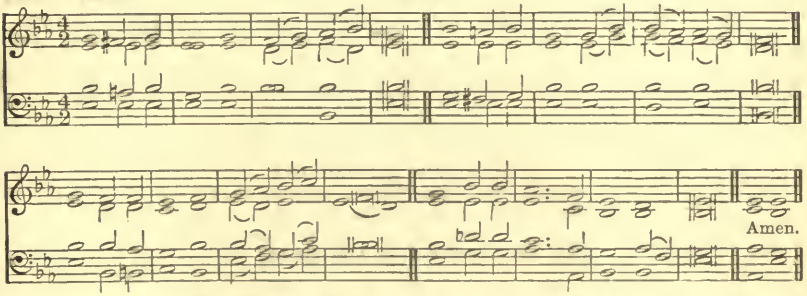
5 *mf* Whatsoever Thou appointest,
Be the service great or small,
cr Give me grace to rise and do it
At Thy call.

6 *mf* Daily, hourly, let me witness
That Thy gracious will is best,
dim Till I hear Thee saying sweetly,
p "Come and rest."

ALICE J. JANVRIN. Amen.

137 Dolly

L.M. G. HEWS.



They took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus.—Acts iv. 13.

1 *mf* MY God, my Father, let me rest
In the calm sun-glow of Thy face,
cr Until Thy love in me expressed
Draws others to Thy throne of grace.

2 *mp* O Jesu, Master, let me hold
Such secret fellowship with Thee,
cr That others, careless once and cold,
Won to my Lord and theirs may be.

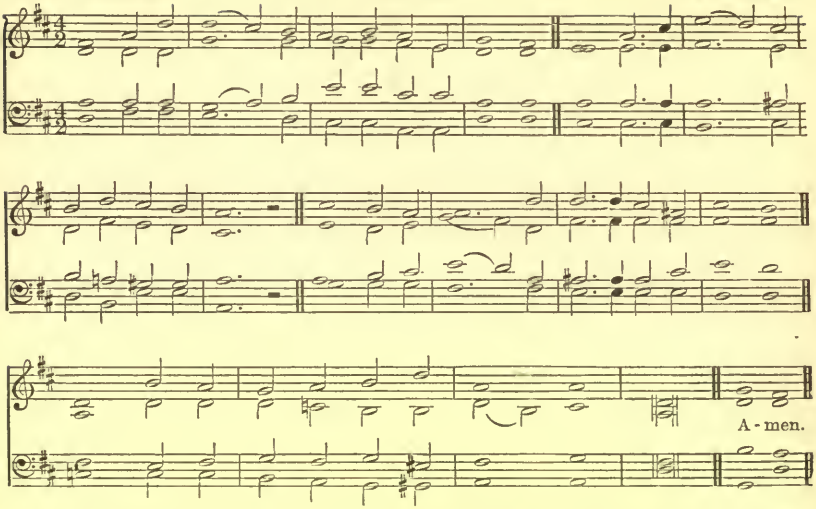
3 *mf* Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,
The light of life to me impart,
cr Till fire, descending from above,
Burns on and on from heart to heart.

4 *f* O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Still, still may love to love respond;
cr And teach me, when I love Thee most,
Depths all unfathomed lie beyond. Amen.

BISHOP E. H. BICKERSTETH.

138 Avocbie

11.10.11.10. C. E. MILLER.



Lord, it is nothing with Thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power help us, O Lord our God; for we rest on Thee, and in Thy Name we go against this multitude.—2 Chron. xiv. 11.

1 *mf* O LORD, with Thee 'tis but a little matter
Those that are feeble for the fight to gird.
cr Help us, O Lord, and gird us for the battle,
f Kept and encircled by Thy mighty word.

2 *mf* 'We rest on Thee,' for sore we need a haven
Where we may safe abide, serene and still,
We rest on Thee, for whither shall we seek it,
cr Save in Thyself, safe anchored in Thy will?

3 *mf* We rest on Thee, but not with idle dreaming,—
Souls that have such a Refuge sought and found,
cr How should they rest, except in mighty leaning?
f We rest on Thee and go to loose the bound.

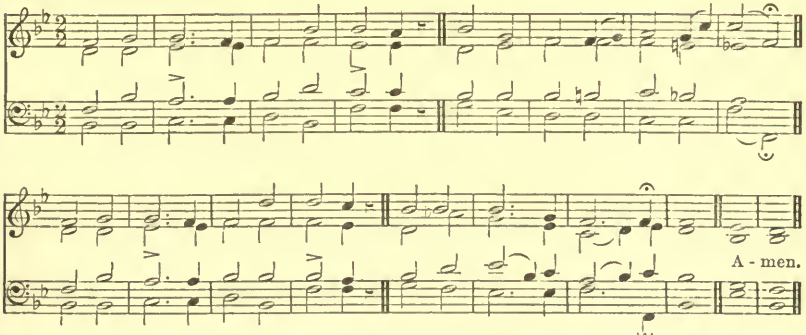
4 *mf* Yea, 'in Thy Name' we will arise and free them,
Jesus, Thou Son of God, Who givest Rest;
cr Thy Name the charm that breaks their souls' long bondage,
dim Thy Name the answer to their hearts' long quest.

5 *f* Thy Name, O Lord, our Safety and our Challenge,
By Thee our souls defy the hosts of wrong;
Thy Name our Plea, our Surety, and our Answer,
ff Thy Name the Glory of our triumph-song.

6 *mf* Lord, Thou art God, and we are but Thy servants,
Let not the wrong prevail against the right,
cr Come down Thyself to help us, O our Saviour,
f So shall the world behold Thy wondrous might. Amen.

FRANCES BROOK.

139 Gennesareth

8.7.8.7. G. C. STEBBINS.

He saw them toiling in rowing . . . He cometh unto them walking upon the sea . . . He went up unto them into the ship.—St. Mark vi. 48, 51.

1 *mp* ONCE Thy servants toiled in rowing
On the Galilean Sea;
Waves rose high, rough winds were blowing;
cr How they longed, O Lord, for Thee!

2 *mf* From the mountain-top beholding
With the sleepless eye of love,
cr Even then, their strength upholding,
Thou didst watch them from above.

3 *mf* O'er the waters wildly raging
cr Thou to save Thine own didst come,
Every doubt and fear assuaging,
f Quickly didst Thou bear them home.

4 *mp* Lord, still toil Thy sons and daughters
On the world's dark, troubled sea,
And, 'mid roar of winds and waters,
cr Still they look and long for Thee.

5 *f* Far on high in glory seated,
Watching from Thy Father's throne,
Till Thy purpose be completed
Still uphold and bless Thine own!

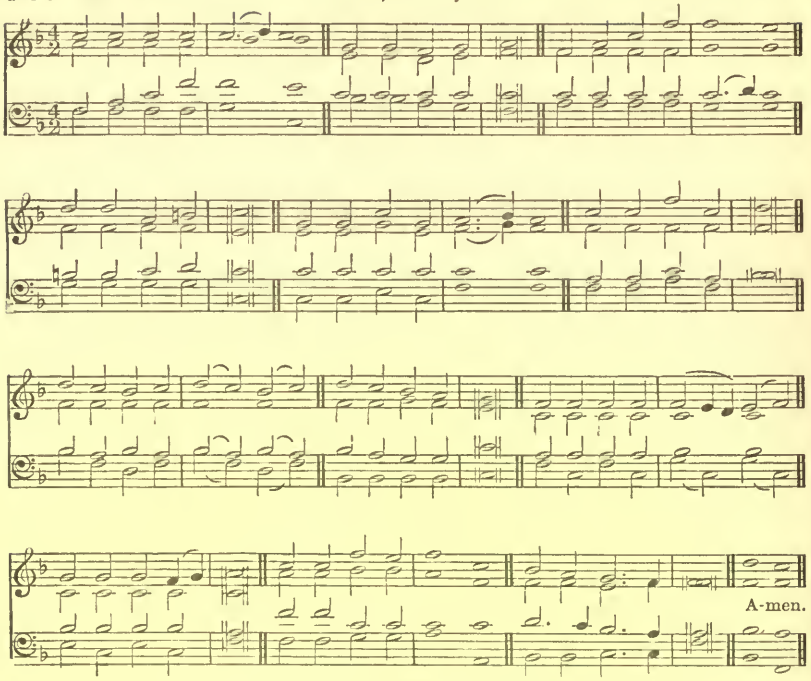
6 *mf* Let not darkest waters harm them,
Let not rough winds work them ill,
Let not tempest fierce alarm them,
Subject to Thy sovereign will.

7 *mf* When the night of toil is ended,
cr Then we look for Thee to come,
f And, by angel-hosts attended,
Bear Thy people safely home. Amen.

SARAH G. STOCK.

May also be sung to "Stuttgart," No. 186.

140 St. Gertrude

11.11.11.11, *with Refrain.* SIR A. SULLIVAN.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

Be strong and of a good courage . . . . and the Lord, He it is that doth go before thee.—Deut. xxxi. 7, 8.

1 *f* ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
Looking unto Jesus,
Who is gone before.
cr Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe,
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.
ff Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
Looking unto Jesus,
Who is gone before.

2 *f* At the Name of Jesus
dim Satan's host doth flee:
f On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise:
cr Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
ff Onward, &c.

3 *f* Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
dim Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
mf We are not divided,
All one body we,—
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
ff Onward, &c.

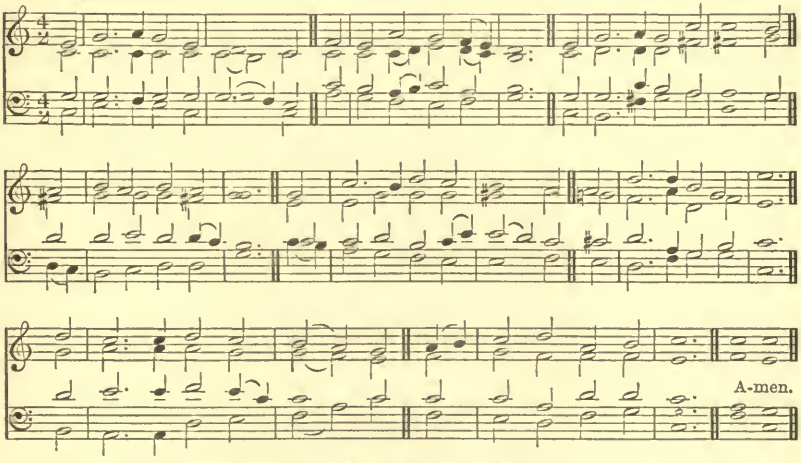
4 *p* Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane;
cr But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain:
f Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
cr We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
ff Onward, &c.

5 *f* Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
cr Glory, praise, and honour
Unto Christ the King;
This, through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.
ff Onward, &c. Amen.

REV. S. BARING-GOULD.

141 Kisulutini

7.6.7.6. D.

J. DOWNING FARRER.

The commandment is a lamp; and the law is light.—Prov. vi. 23.

1 *f* O WORD of God Incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky;
cr We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

2 *mf* The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift Divine,
cr And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

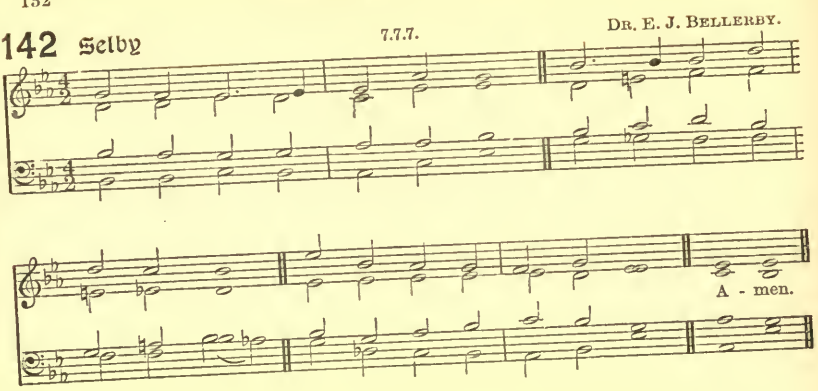
3 *f* It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass,
p That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
cr Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 *mf* O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
cr To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old;
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
f Till, clouds and darkness ended,
rall They see Thee face to face. Amen.

BISHOP W. WALSHAM HOW.

May also be sung to "Cruger," No. 168.

142 Selby

7.7.7. DR. E. J. BELLERBY.

Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them.—St. Matt. xviii. 20.

1 *mp* PRESENT with the two or three,
Deign, most gracious Lord to be,
cr While we lift our souls to Thee.

2 *mp* Jesus, by Thy blood alone,
Who didst for our sins atone,
cr Dare we come before Thy throne.

3 *mp* Thou, Who knowest all our need,
Grant the prayer of faith to plead,
Teach us how to intercede.

4 *mf* Thou hast led us in the way,
And hast taught us how to say
p "Abba, Father," when we pray.

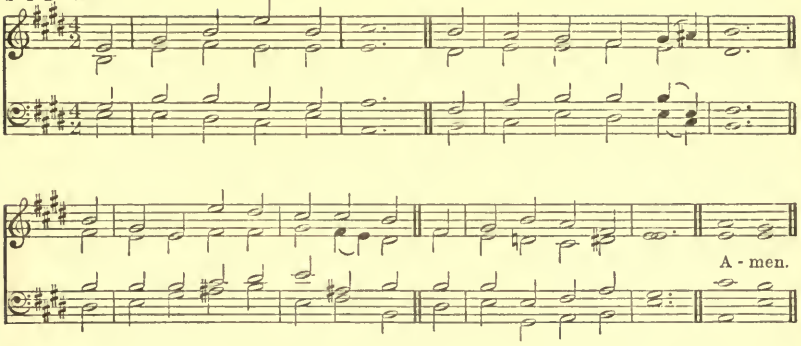
5 *mf* Holy Spirit, from on high
Helping our infirmity,
dim Aid us in our feeble cry.

6 *p* Flesh and heart would faint and fail,
cr But there stands within the veil
f One Who ever doth prevail.

7 *f* Glory to the Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
While the endless ages run. Amen.

ANON.

143 Leeds S.M. Anon.



Commit thy way unto the Lord.—Ps. xxxvii. 5.

1 *mf* PUT thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on;
cr Walk in His strength with faith and hope,
So shall thy work be done.

2 *mf* Commit thy ways to Him,
Thy works unto His hands,
cr And rest on His unchanging word,
f Who heaven and earth commands.

3 *mf* Though days and years roll on,
f His covenant shall endure;
p Though clouds and darkness hide His face,
cr The promised grace is sure.

4 *mp* Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
cr His power will clear thy way;
p Wait thou His time; the darkest night
f Shall end in brightest day.

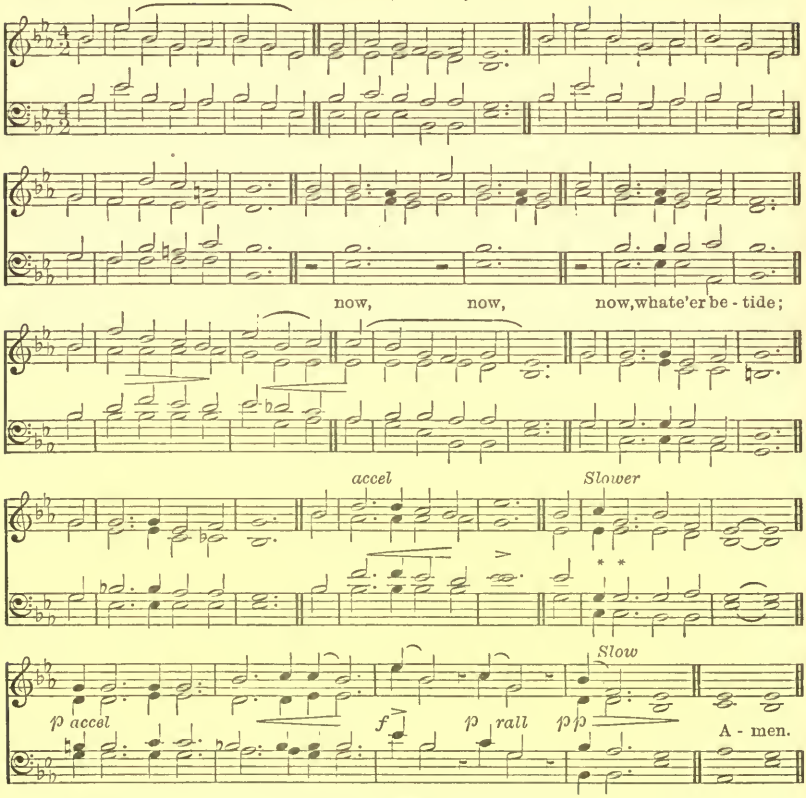
5 *mp* Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee;
cr O lift Thou up the sinking head,
Confirm the feeble knee.

6 *mf* Let us in life, in death,
cr Thy steadfast truth declare,
f And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care. Amen.

PAULUS GERHARDT, *tr. by* REV. J. WESLEY.

May also be sung to "Carlisle," No. 130.

144 Adventus Domini

8.6.8.6. D., *with Refrain.* E. S. ELLIOTT

Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.—Rev. xxii. 20.

1 *mf* RABBONI, Master, we have heard
Thy call of pleading power;
Thy "Follow Me!" our spirits stirred
In glad enlistment hour;
p And now afresh our lives we yield
cr To Thee,—whate'er betide;
f Our hearts' true home the service-field
To which Thy hand shall guide.
pp While from afar we hear,
As distant bells of home,
cr An echoing chime and clear,—
"Be steadfast, for I come!"
p Coming! Coming! (*cr*) Thou art
Coming! [ing—soon!
f Coming! (*p*) Coming! (*pp*) Com-

2 *f* O Man of war, we stand enrolled,
Sworn of Thy warrior host;
Aloft Thy banner we behold,
And count—count not—the cost.
cr Be ours Thy sword of victory!
Be ours the shield of faith!
ff "Jesus shall reign!" our battle-cry,—
Our watchword, "Unto death!"
f While, e'en as trumpet clear,
p Amid the conflict's gloom,
f A ringing note we hear,—
"Be valiant, for I come!"
p Coming! Coming! (*cr*) Thou art
Coming! &c.

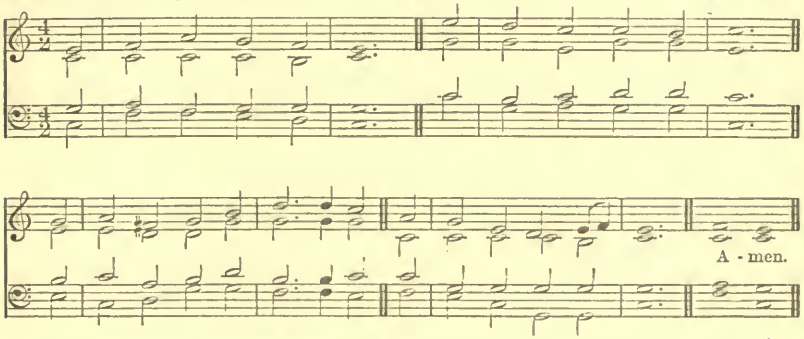
* * In verse 3 these notes must be two minims.

3 *mf* O Prince of Peace, to us impart
dim Thy secret deep and still,—
mf The liberty of captive heart,
The might of yielded will!
cr Fill with Thy Spirit, lest we miss
For life,—for service tried,—
Our blood-bought dower,—on earth
Heaven's bliss,—
Thine own, "Be satisfied!"
p For, heart to heart, they hear,
Who find in Thee their home,
Thy whisper low and clear,—
cr "I know! I love! I come!"
p Coming! Coming! (*cr*) Thou art
Coming! &c.

4 *f* O King of Saints, O coming King,
Thy triumph-hour draws nigh;
dim Our sin, our needs to Thee we bring,
And point to Calvary.
p The voice that "It is finished" cried,
cr Shall sound the labourers' call,
f O Christ, ascended, glorified,
Be Thou our All in all!
p While from afar we hear,
Where at Thy word we roam,
cr Thy voice,—"The Day is near!
f Be ready, for I come!"
p Coming! Coming! (*cr*) Thou art
Coming! &c. Amen.

E. S. ELLIOTT.

145 St. George (Gauntlett) S.M.

DR. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand.—Eccles. xi. 6.

1 *mf* SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
cr To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 *mf* Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the chosen germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

3 *mf* And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
cr The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
f And the full corn at length.

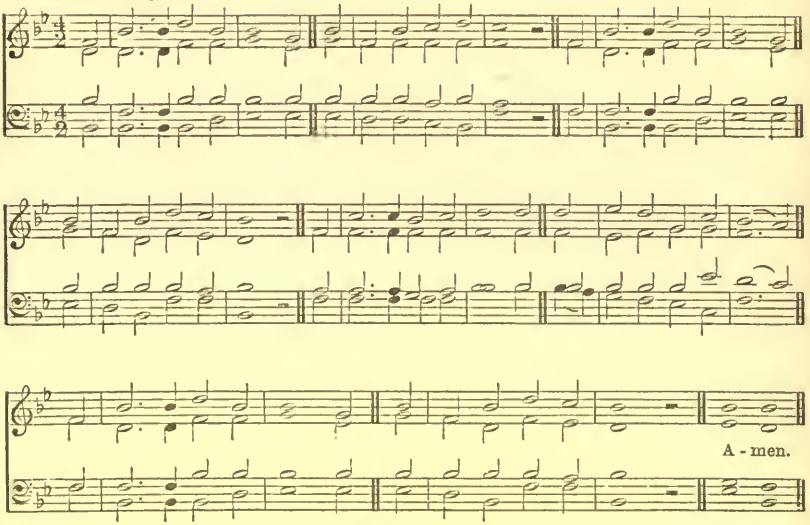
4 *mf* Thou can'st not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
cr Shall foster and mature the grain
f For garners in the sky.

5 *f* Then, when the glorious end,
The Day of God, is come,
ff The angel-reapers shall descend,
rall And heaven cry, "Harvest-home!" Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

146 Adsurgite

7.6.7.6. D. G. J. WEBB.



Grant unto Thy servants, that with all boldness they may speak Thy word.—Acts iv. 29.

1 *f* STAND up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
cr From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
ff Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 *f* Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day;
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
cr Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

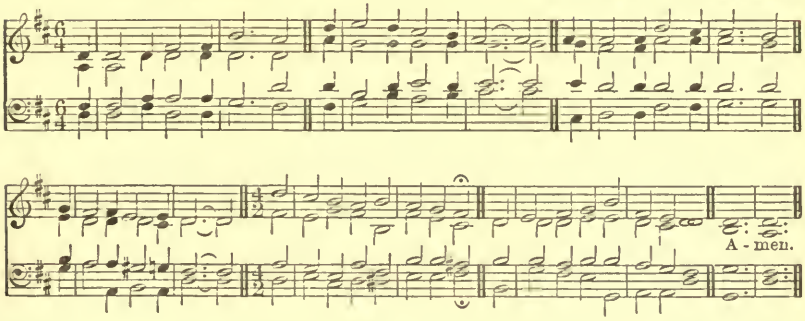
3 *f* Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
p The arm of flesh will fail you,—
Ye dare not trust your own:
cr Put on the gospel armour,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
f Be never wanting there.

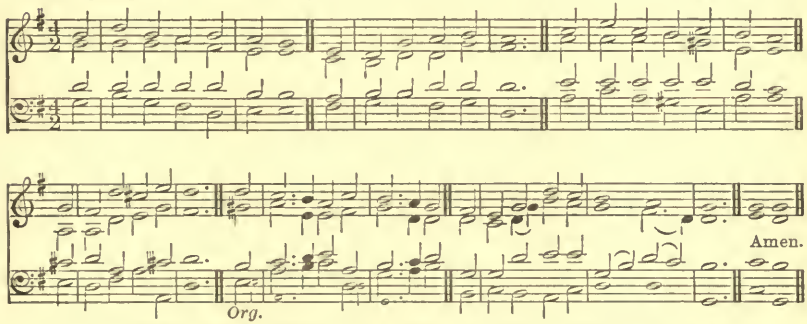
4 *f* Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
dim The strife will not be long;
p This day, the noise of battle,—
f The next, the victor's song:
cr To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
ff He, with the King of glory,
Shall reign eternally. Amen.

G. DUFFIELD.

May also be sung to "Lancashire," No. 20.

147 Sinim (*First Tune.*)

7.6.7.6.8.8. REV. H. G. THWAITES.

Tanganyika (*Second Tune.*)

7.6.7.6.8.8. SAMUEL SMITH.

Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth.—Ps. lx. 4.

1 *mf* THE red cross of our banner
Shall float o'er every land,
And claim, in faith's obedience,
Earth's darkest, wildest strand;
f O labourers, claim,
In His dear Name,
The utmost isles at His command.

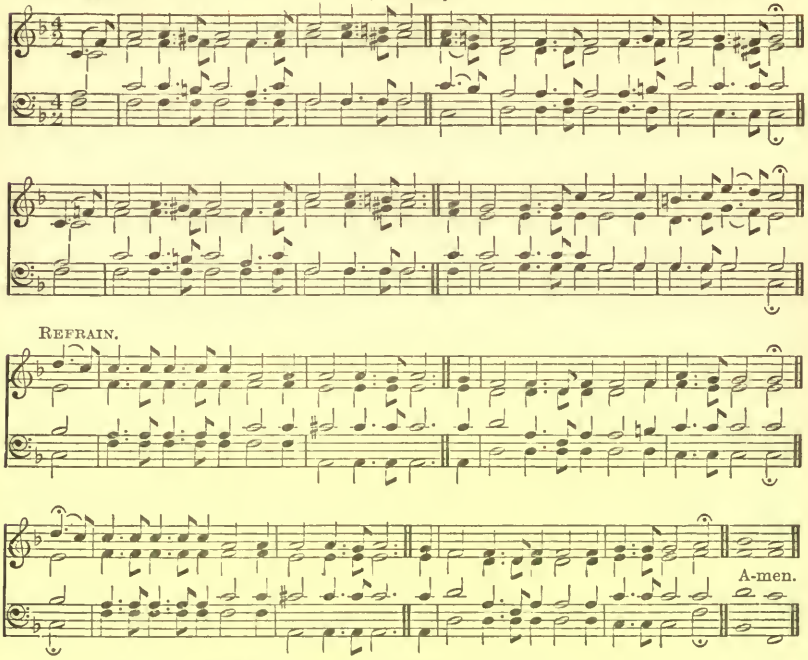
2 *mf* And let the Word's keen arrows
Be winged by prayer for flight,
cr Victorious hands encircling
Our feebleness with might;
f Deliverance bring,
Upon Thy wing,
dim To lands that lie in heathen night.

3 *mf* While Sinim's portals open,
Claim, claim for Christ her sod;
cr While Afric's sons and daughters
Stretch out their hands to God,
f Go in, possess,—
That He may bless
The kingdoms by His servants trod.

4 *f* And soon shall earthly kingdoms
Declare Him King of Kings,
cr And savèd nations worship
Beneath His shadowing wings;
ff For that glad day
O toil and pray,
Ye servants of the King of Kings!

CLARA THWAITES. Amen.

148 Holy War

P.M., *with Refrain.* P. P. BLISS.

Who is on the Lord's side—Ex. xxxii. 26.

1 *mf* THERE'S a fight to be fought, there's a work to be done,
And a foe to be met ere the set of the sun,
cr And the call is gone out o'er the land far and wide,—
f Who'll follow the banner? Who's on the Lord's side?
f Oh, hark! the call to battle resounds far and wide,—
Who'll follow the banner? Who's on the Lord's side?

2 *mf* O'er the waters it soundeth, from lands far away,
Where the rebel usurper holds fair realms in sway;
cr There are chains to be severed, and souls to be freed;
f Our Captain is calling; Himself takes the lead.
f Oh, hark! the call to battle, &c.

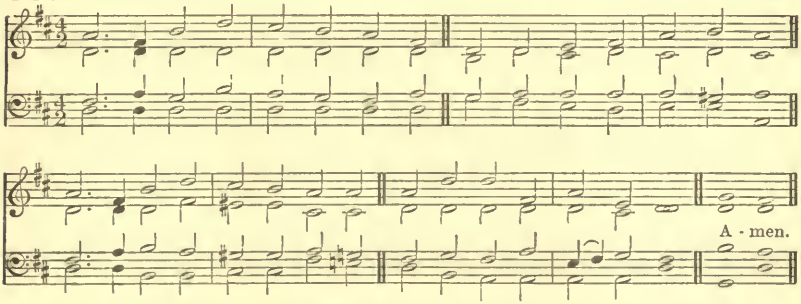
3 *f* Oh! true hearts have gone forth, glad and strong to the war,
And the fame of their exploits has echoed afar;
mp And though brave ones have fallen, (*cr*) yet rich their reward,—
Who dies is crowned victor by Jesus our Lord.
f Oh, hark! the call to battle, &c.

4 *mf* 'Tis not each one is called in the front rank to fight,
And there's room for us all, though our strength may be slight,
cr And the weakest and poorest some succour may bring,
If only he follows the flag of his King.
f Oh, hark! the call to battle, &c.

5 *f* When the warfare is finished, the long struggle o'er,
And the name of our Master all nations adore,
ff Then the glad shout of triumph shall ring far and wide,—
Oh! joy to the victor who's on the Lord's side!
ff Oh, hark! the shout of triumph resounds far and wide,—
Oh! joy to the victor who's on the Lord's side! Amen.

SARAH G. STOCK.

149 St. Ambrose

8.7.8.7. REV. J. B. DYKES.

The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion.—Isaiah li. 11.

1 *mf* THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
cr Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.

2 *mf* Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
cr Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

3 *f* One the light of God's own presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:

4 *mf* One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
cr One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires:

5 *f* One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one:
p One the conflict, one the peril,
cr One the march in God begun:

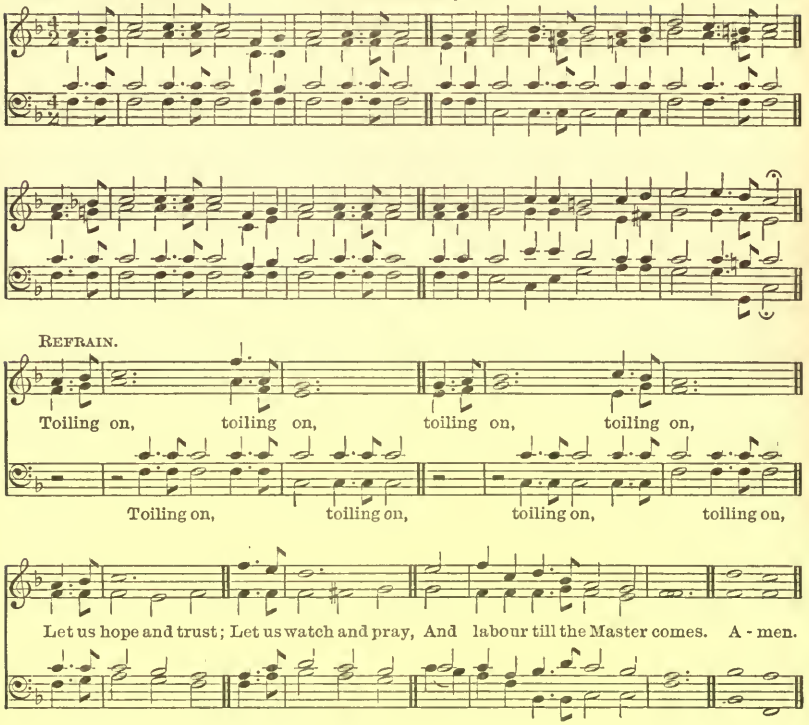
6 *f* One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore
ff Where the one Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

7 *f* Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the cross our aid;
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
dim Till we rest beneath its shade.

8 *f* Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
ff Then the scattering of all shadows,
rall And the end of toil and gloom.
Amen.

BERNHARDT S. INGEMANN, *tr. by* REV. S. BARING-GOULD.

150 Ad Laborem

12.12.12.12, *with Refrain.* W. H. Doane.

Refrain.
Toiling on, toiling on, toiling on, toiling on,
Toiling on, toiling on, toiling on, toiling on,
Let us hope and trust; Let us watch and pray, And labour till the Master comes. A - men.

Always abounding in the work of the Lord.—1 Cor. xv. 58.

1 *f* TO the work! to the work! we are servants of God,
Let us follow the path that our Master has trod;
cr With the balm of His counsel our strength to renew,
ff Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.
mf Toiling on, toiling on,
cr Let us hope and trust,
Let us watch and pray,
f And labour till the Master comes.

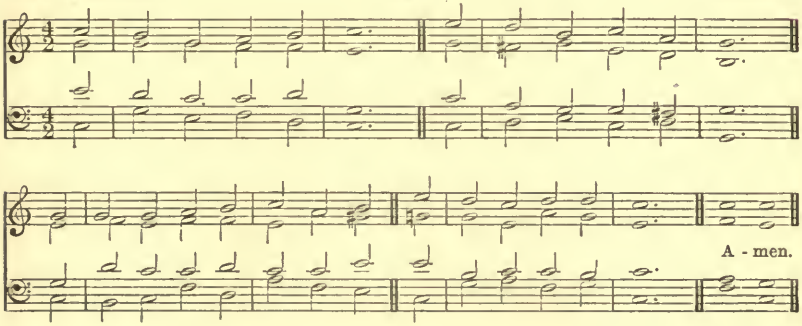
2 *f* To the work! to the work! let the hungry be fed;
To the fountain of life let the weary be led;
cr In the cross and its banner our glory shall be,
While we herald the tidings, (*ff*) "Salvation is free!
Toiling on, toiling on, &c.

3 *f* To the work! to the work! there is labour for all,
For the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall;
cr And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
In the loud swelling chorus, (*ff*) "Salvation is free!"
Toiling on, toiling on, &c.

4 *f* To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord,
cr And a robe and a crown shall our labour reward,
When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall be,
And we shout with the ransomed, (*ff*) "Salvation is free!"
Toiling on, toiling on, &c. Amen.

F. J. CROSBY.

151 Marenza

S.M. German.

The battle is the Lord's.—1 Sam. xvii. 47.

1 *f* TRIUMPHANT news! fight on!
"The battle is the Lord's:"
Rest not upon an arm of flesh,
Nor count your spears and swords.

2 *f* The battle is the Lord's!
Then victory's secure:
cr Soldiers of Christ, march on! march on!
And to the end endure.

3 *f* The battle is the Lord's!
The spoil belongs to Him:
So long as He His grace affords
We must go on and win.

4 *f* The battle is the Lord's!
The land before us lies:
cr For faith can realize her store
Before she grasps the prize.

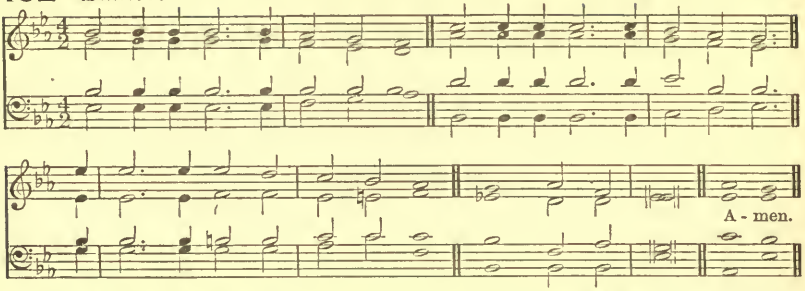
5 *f* The battle is the Lord's!
His is the spoil and prey;
ff Shout! for His hand is lifted up,
rall And we shall win the day! Amen.

ANON.

Written for the Jubilee of the Sierra Leone Mission, 1866.

152 Hanford

8.8.8.4. SIR A. SULLIVAN.



Jesus saith unto them, My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work.—St. John iv. 34.

1 *mf* WHAT was Thy holy joy, O Lord,
While earthly toils were round Thee still?
cr To work, with patient, loving care,
Thy Father's will.

2 *mf* What shall I render, O my Lord,
For all Thy love bestowed on me,
cr For pardon, peace, and hope of heaven?
f To follow Thee!

3 *f* What is a nobler privilege
Than earth's high honours can afford,
cr Surpassing kingdom, praise, or power?
ff To serve my Lord!

4 *f* What is my glorious liberty,
My steadfast trust, my sure abode,
cr My freedom from the bonds of sin?
ff The yoke of God!

5 *mf* What labours shall my soul enrich,
Repay, ennoble, strengthen, prove
cr That, watering, I may watered be?
f Labours of love!

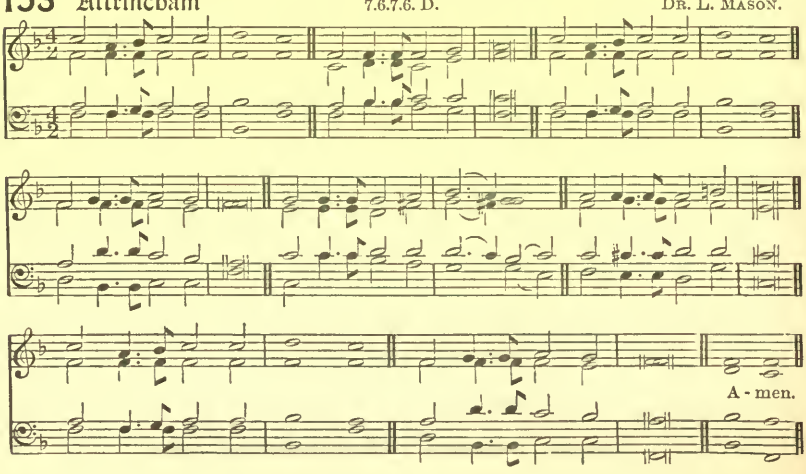
6 *f* What is the highest, holiest bliss
Of Heaven's unbounded store of grace?
cr To serve Him Whom we served below,—
rall. ff But face to face. Amen.

MARY B. WHITING.

May also be sung to "Almsgiving," No. 222.

153 Altrincham

7.6.7.6. D. DR. L. MASON.



3 *mf* Oh! may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
cr Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
f And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia!

4 *mf* Oh! blest communion, fellowship Divine!
p We feebly struggle; (*cr*) they in glory shine!
f Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia!

5 *mf* And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
p Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
cr And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong!
f Alleluia!

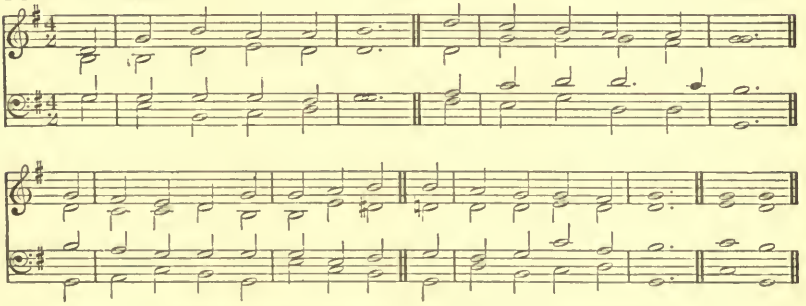
6 *p* The golden evening brightens in the west:
dim Soon, soon, to faithful warriors cometh rest;
pp Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia!

7 *cr* But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
f The King of Glory passes on His way.
Alleluia!

8 *ff* From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,—
Alleluia! Amen.

154 St. Michael

S.M. DAY'S Psalter.



Like unto men that wait for their Lord.—St. Luke xii. 36.

1 *mf* YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 *mf* Let all your lamps be bright,
cr And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
p For awful is His Name.

3 *mf* Watch, 'tis your Lord's command,
p And while we speak, He's near;
cr Mark the first signal of His hand,
f And ready all appear.

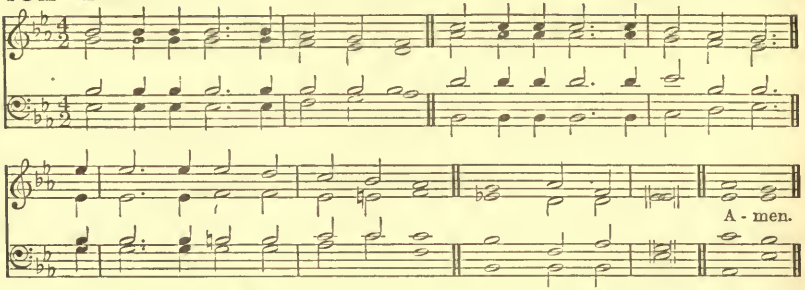
4 *f* O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
cr He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

5 *f* Christ shall the banquet spread
cr With His own royal hand,
ff And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE.

See also Hymns 4, 5, 20, 27, 28, 51, 60, 80, 87, 92, 97, 98, 99, 102, 104, 106, 108, 109, 110, 163, 164, 177, 179, 220, 223

152 Hanford

8.8.8.4. SIR A. SULLIVAN.

Jesus saith unto them, My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work.—St. John iv. 34.

1 *mf* WHAT was Thy holy joy, O Lord,
While earthly toils were round Thee still?
cr To work, with patient, loving care,
Thy Father's will.

2 *mf* What shall I render, O my Lord,
For all Thy love bestowed on me.

3 *f* One family, we dwell in Him,
One church, above, beneath;
dim Though now divided by the stream,
p The narrow stream of death.

4 *f* What is my glorious liberty,
My steadfast trust, my sure abode,
cr My freedom from the bonds of sin?
ff The yoke of God!

5 *mf* What labours shall my soul enrich,
Repay, ennoble, strengthen, prove
cr The great His trumpet sound.

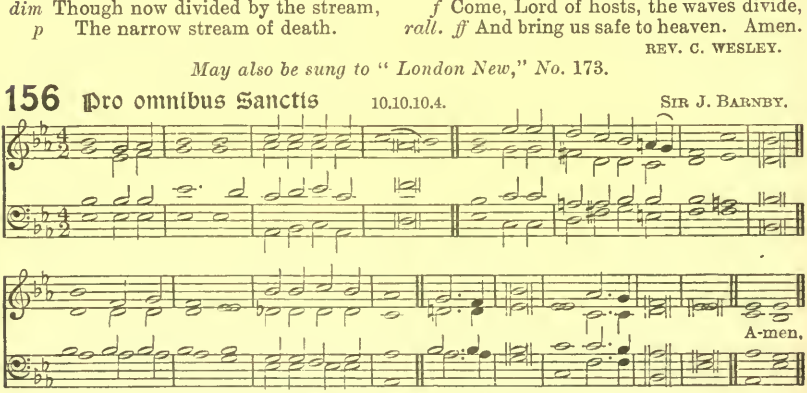
6 *p* O Jesus, be our Guard and Guide,
cr Then, when the word is given,
f Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
rall. *ff* And bring us safe to heaven. Amen.

REV. C. WESLEY.

May also be sung to "London New," No. 173.

156 Pro omnibus Sanctis

10.10.10.4. SIR J. BARNBY.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

We . . . . are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.—Heb. xii. 1.

1 *mf* FOR all the saints, who from their labours rest,
cr Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
f Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blessed.
Alleluia!

2 *f* Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might:
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
cr Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.
Alleluia!

3 *mf* Oh! may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
cr Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
f And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia!

4 *mf* Oh! blest communion, fellowship Divine!
p We feebly struggle; (*cr*) they in glory shine!
f Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia!

5 *mf* And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
p Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
cr And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong!
f Alleluia!

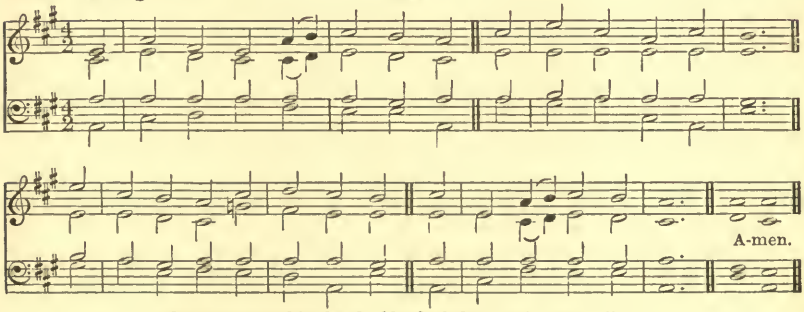
6 *p* The golden evening brightens in the west:
dim Soon, soon, to faithful warriors cometh rest;
pp Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia!

7 *cr* But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
f The King of Glory passes on His way.
Alleluia!

8 *ff* From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,—
Alleluia! Amen.

BISHOP W. WALSHAM HOW.

157 Martyrdom

C.M. HUGH WILSON.

They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb.—Rev. xii. 11.

1 *mf* GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
cr The saints above, how great their joys,
f How bright their glories be.

2 *p* Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 *mf* I ask them whence their victory came;
f They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

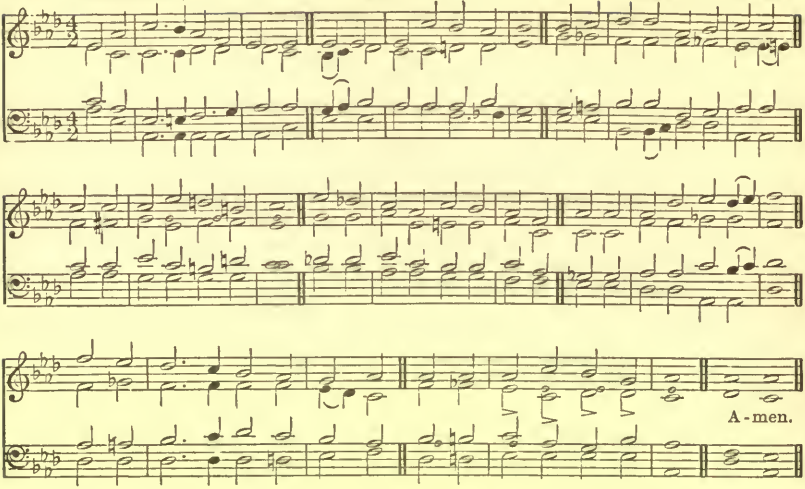
4 *mf* They marked the footsteps that He trod,
cr His zeal inspired their breast,
And, following their Incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 *f* Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

ISAAC WATTS. Amen.

158 Sanctuary

8.7.8.7. D.

REV. J. B. DYKES.

Lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, ... stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.—Rev. vii. 9.

1 *f* HARK! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
cr Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah! Lord, to Thee;
ff Multitudes, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hand.

2 *mf* Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
cr King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr, and evangelist,
mf Saintly maiden, godly matron,
p Widows who have watched to prayer,
f Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

3 *p* They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
dim Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
cr Tried they were, and firm they stood;
p Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
f They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

4 *ff* Marching with Thy cross their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of Salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King;
dim Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
cr And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

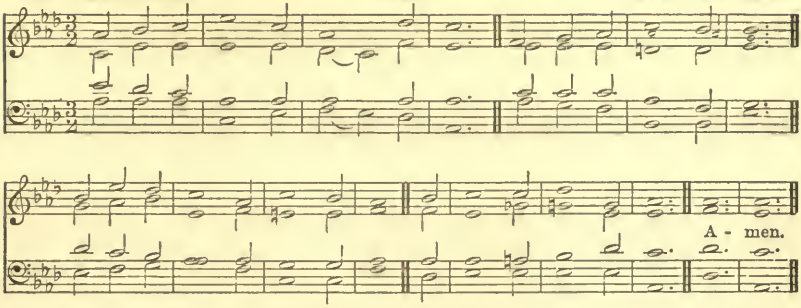
5 *ff* Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light;
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
f Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
cr In the beatific vision
Of the Blessèd Trinity.

6 *f* God of God, the One-begotten,
Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In Whose Body joined together
All the saints for ever dwell,
cr Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
That we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and
rall God the Holy Ghost adore. Amen.

BISHOP C. WORDSWORTH.

May also be sung to "Lux Eoi," No. 50.

159 Beatitude C.M. Rev. J. B. Dykes.



These which are arrayed in the white robes, who are they, and whence came they?—Rev. vii. 13. (R.V.)

1 *f* HOW bright those glorious spirits shine!
mf Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
cr Of everlasting day?

2 *p* Lo! these are they from sufferings great
cr Who came to realms of light,
p And in the blood of Christ have washed
cr Those robes that shine so bright.

3 *f* Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 *mf* Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray;
cr God is their Sun, Whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

5 *mf* The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment Divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

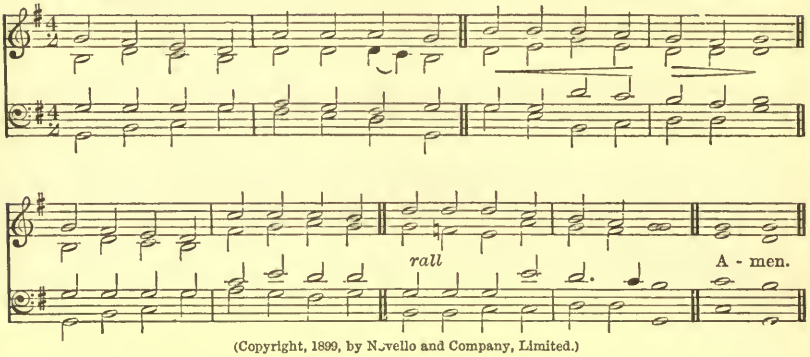
6 *mf* 'Midst pastures green He'll lead His flock,
cr Where living streams appear;
dim And God the Lord from every eye
p Shall wipe off every tear.

7 *f* To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
cr Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS AND W. CAMERON.

May also be sung to "Wiltshire," No. 78.

160 King of Saints

8.7.8.7. REV. T. RICHARD MATTHEWS.

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The rest of my fellow-workers, whose names are in the book of life.—Phil. iv. 3. (R.V.)

1 *mf* KING of Saints, to Whom the number
Of Thy starry host is known,
Many a name, (*p*) by man forgotten,
cr Lives for ever round Thy throne;

2 *mp* Lights, which earth-born mists have darkened,
cr There are shining full and clear,
f Princes in the court of heaven,
dim Nameless, unremembered here.

3 *p* How they toiled for Thee and suffered
None on earth can now record;
cr All their saintly life is hidden
In the knowledge of their Lord.

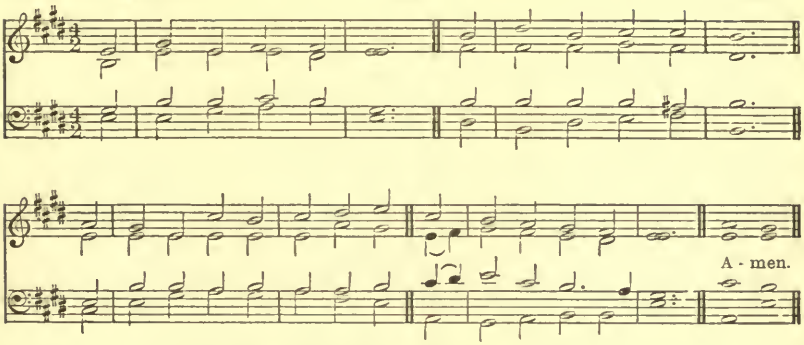
4 *p* All is veiled from us, (*cr*) but written
In the Lamb's great book of life,
All the faith, and prayer, and patience,
All the toiling, and the strife;

5 *f* There are told Thy hidden treasures;
p Number us, O Lord, with them,
cr When Thou makest up the jewels
f Of Thy living diadem. Amen.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON

May also be sung to "St. Ambrose," No. 149.

161 St. Helena

S.M. Anon.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.—Rev. xiv. 13.

1 *mf* ONCE more, with chastened joy,
In fellowship we meet;
p We still are on life's stormy sea,—
cr They tread the golden street.

2 *mf* Jesus, we bless the grace
That folds them to Thy breast,
cr While we are in the thickest fight,
p They in Thy presence rest.

3 *p* Faint are our notes of praise
To Thee, our Saviour, King;
f They cause the crystal walls of heaven
With perfect songs to ring.

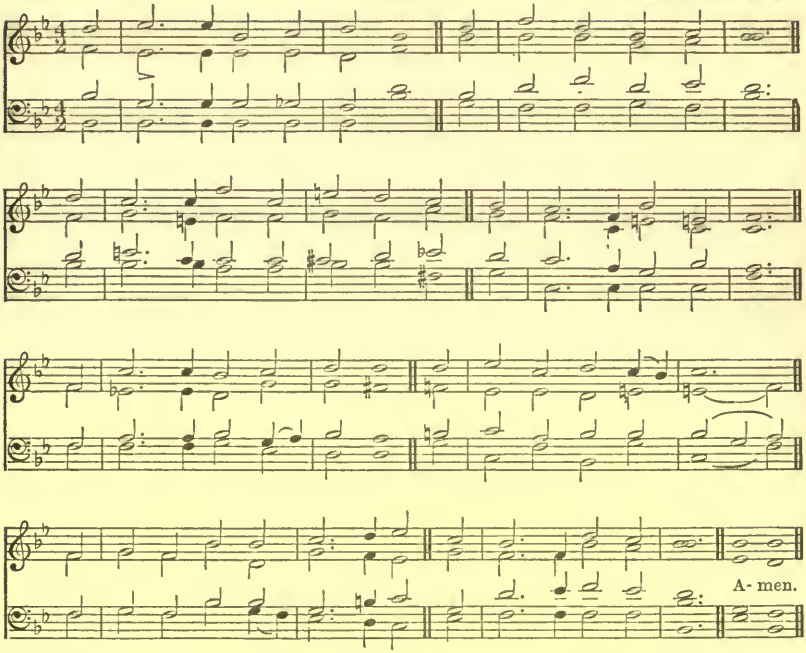
4 *mf* And yet a living bond
Unites us all to Thee,
cr And binds all hearts in heaven and earth
Of Thy great family.

5 *p* Hark, hark, the Shepherd's voice,
"I come, I quickly come,"
f And then—one flock within one fold,
rall One everlasting home. Amen.

REV. W. PENNEFATHER.

May also be sung to "Franconia," No. 189.

162 Alford

7.6.8.6. D. REV. J. B. DYKES.

The coming of the Lord Jesus Christ, and . . . our gathering together unto Him.—2 Thess. ii. 1.

1 *f* TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed Saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
cr 'Tis finished! all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
ff Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in!

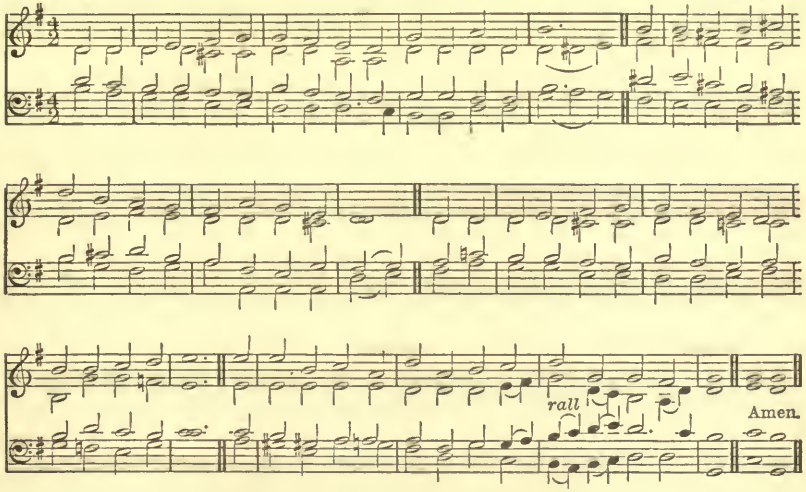
2 *f* What rush of Alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
cr What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
ff O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

3 *mf* Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore, [up,
What knitting severed friendships
Where partings are no more!
f Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
p That brimmed with tears of late;
cr Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 *mf* Bring near Thy great salvation,
p Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
cr Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
f Then take Thy power and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
p Thine exiles long for home; [sign;
cr Shew in the heavens Thy promised
rall. ff Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

DEAN ALFORD. Amen.

163 Homeland

P.M. SIR J. STAINER.

At home with the Lord.—2 Cor. v. 8. (R.V.)

1 *mf* THERE is singing in the Homeland,—(*p*) canst thou hear it o'er the strife?—
cr The welcome of the martyrs as they enter into life.
f There is glory in the Homeland,—(*p*) canst thou see it through thy tears?—
cr For lives laid down, the victor's crown of life through endless years.

2 *f* There are praises in the Homeland, they are praising Jesu's Name:
His Word, their sword; His blood, their shield; 'tis thus they overcame;
There is gladness in the Homeland for the souls that loved their Lord,
And held Him dearer than the lives they yielded at His word.

3 *p* There is weeping in the Earth-land,—canst Thou hear it, Saviour dear?
'Mid triumph songs can Earth's deep wrongs now reach Thy listening ear?
cr Or the gladness of the ransomed,—(*p*) shall it hide Thy children's grief?
cr "Ah! nay, I know their sorrows, I am come for their relief."

4 *p* He hath suffered with His people, (*cr*) for His saints and He are one;
f O blessed fellowship with Christ, (*dim*) the Father's suffering Son!
p By the golden links of holy pain (*cr*) He draws His people nigh
To holy fellowship with God, (*dim*) Who gave His Son to die.

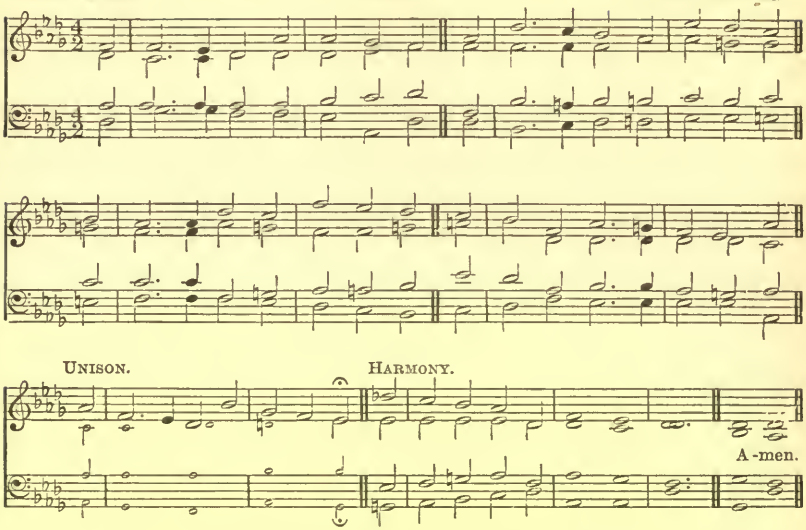
5 *mf* Never, never shall the notes of praise that ring through endless years
Shut out His people's prayers and cries from Jesu's listening ears,
dim Though their music strangely blendeth with the cry of them that fall,
cr Yet in the heart and love of God He findeth room for all.

6 *f* Christ is worthy, ever worthy!—at His feet we cast our crown,
And gladly for our Saviour (*dim*) lay our lives in darkness down;
p What is sown in grief and darkness (*cr*) shall be raised in joy and light,
f God's harvest shall be worth the cost, His victory worth the fight! Amen.

FRANCES BROOK.

164 Rest

8.8.8.8.8.8. SIR J. STAINER.



That they may rest from their labours.—Rev. xiv. 13.

1 *mf* THE saints of God, their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword,
cr They cast them down before their Lord:
Oh happy saints! for ever blest,
p At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!

2 *mf* The saints of God, their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:
cr Oh happy saints! for ever blest,
p In that dear home how sweet your rest!

3 *mf* The saints of God, life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
cr Oh happy saints! for ever blest,
p In that calm haven of your rest!

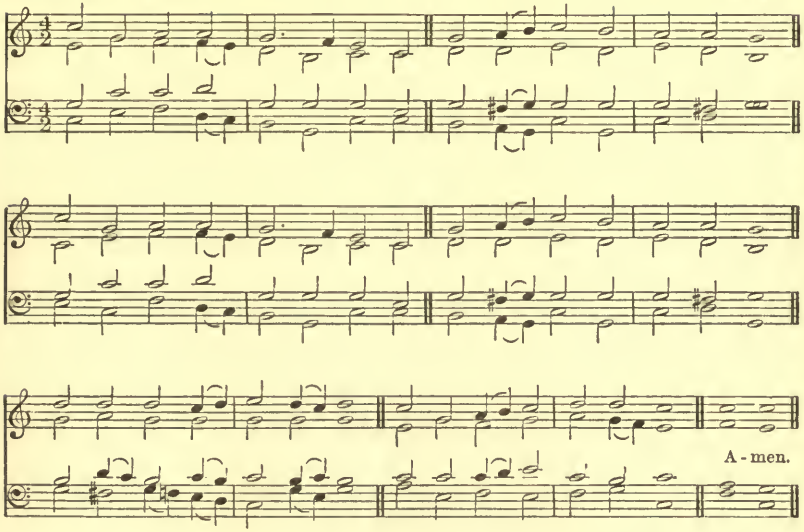
4 *p* The saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
cr Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies;
f Oh happy saints! rejoice and sing;
He quickly comes, your Lord and King!

5 *mf* O God of saints, to Thee we cry;
O Saviour, plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,
p Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
cr That with all saints our rest may be
f In that bright Paradise with Thee. Amen.

ARCHBISHOP MACLAGAN.

165 All Saints

8.7.8.7.7.7. German.



These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.—Rev. vii. 14.

1 *f* WHO are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?
ff Hallelujah!—hark! they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

2 *f* Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness:
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
cr Still untouched by time's rude hand?
Whence come all this glorious band?

3 *p* These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
cr These, who well the fight sustained,
f Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

4 *pp* These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
p Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
cr Now, their painful conflict o'er,
ff God has bid them weep no more.

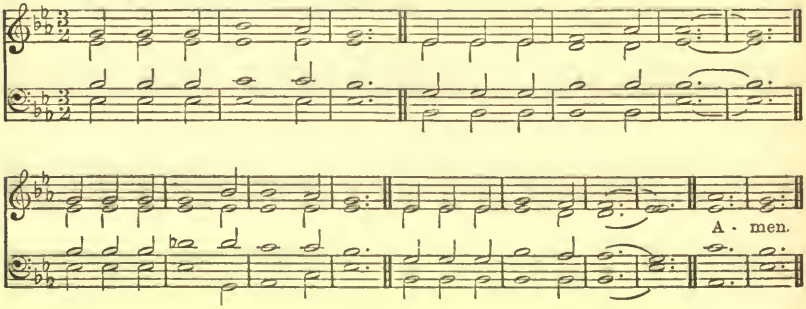
5 *mf* These are they who watched and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night to serve Him still;
f Now in God's most holy place
ff Blest they stand before His face. Amen.

H. T. SCHENK, *tr. by* FRANCES E. COX.

The Second Advent.

166 Langton

S.M. Adapted by C. STREATFIELD



The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.—Rev. xxii. 17.

1 *p* COME, Lord, and tarry not;
cr Bring the long looked-for Day;
dim Oh, why these years of waiting here,
p These ages of delay?

2 *p* Come, for Thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
cr The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!—
dim Dost Thou not hear the cry?

3 *p* Come, for Thy Israel pines,
An exile from Thy fold,
cr O call to mind Thy faithful word,
And bless them as of old!

4 *mf* Come, for the corn is ripe;
Put in Thy sickle now;
f Reap the great harvest of the earth,
Sower and Reaper Thou.

5 *f* Come in Thy glorious might,
Come with the iron rod,
ff Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,
Most mighty Son of God.

6 *f* Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth,
cr Restore our faded Paradise,—
Creation's second birth.

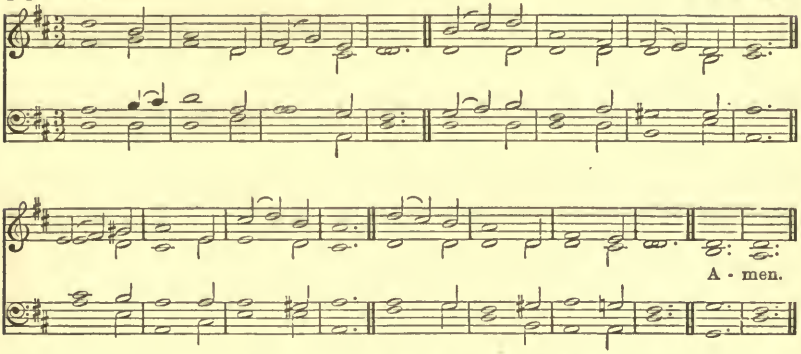
7 *f* Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
cr Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
ff Great King of Righteousness. Amen.

DR. H. BONAR.

May also be sung to "Venice," No. 104.

167 Lowestoft

7.7.7.7. F. A. MANN.



All nations shall come and worship before Thee.—Rev. xv. 4.

1 *f* GREAT Jehovah! Mighty Lord!
Vast and boundless is Thy word;
ff King of Kings from shore to shore,
Thou shalt reign for evermore.

2 *mf* Jew and Gentile, bond and free,
All shall yet be one in Thee;
cr All confess Messiah's Name,
f All His wondrous love proclaim.

3 *mf* From her night shall China wake,
cr Afric's sons their chains shall break;
mf Egypt, where Thy people trod,
cr Shall adore and praise their God;

4 *p* India's groves of palms so fair
cr Shall resound with praise and prayer;
Java's isle with joy shall sing,
f "Glory be to Christ our King!"

5 *f* North and South shall own Thy sway;
East and West Thy voice obey;
cr Crowns and thrones before Thee fall,
ff King of Kings, and Lord of all. Amen.

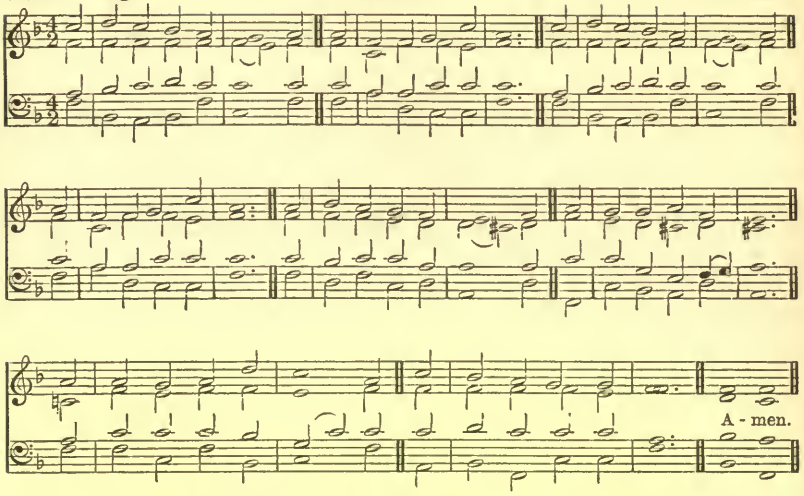
FRANCES J. VAN ALSTYNE.

May also be sung to "German Hymn," No. 187.

168 Crüger

7.6.7.6. D.

German.



Men shall be blessed in Him: all nations shall call Him blessed.—Ps. lxxii. 17.

1 *f* HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
cr He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
ff To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 *mf* He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
cr And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him on the mountains
p Shall peace, the herald, go;
cr And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 *mf* Arabia's desert-ranger
To Him shall bow the knee:
The Ethiopian stranger
cr His glory come to see:
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet
f To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

4 *mf* Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
f All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
ff For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.

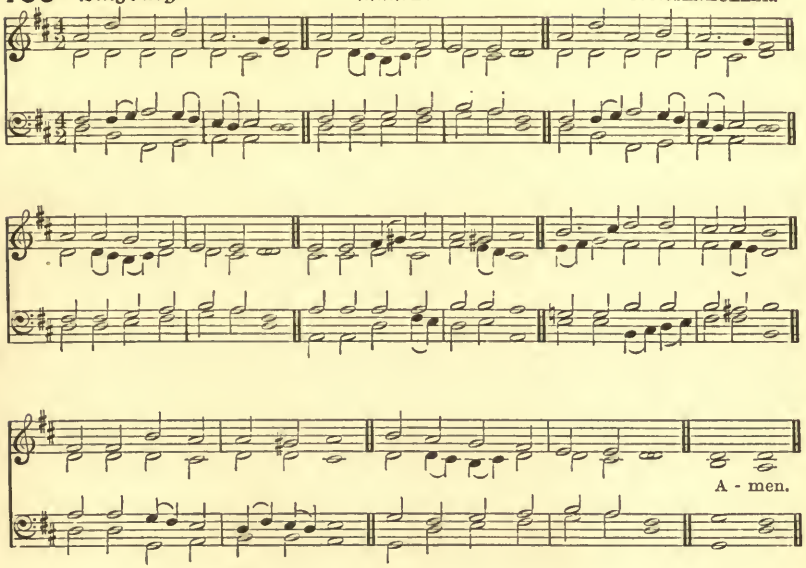
5 *mf* To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
cr His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The mountain dews shall nourish
p A seed in weakness sown,
f Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

6 *f* O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
cr From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
ff His Name shall stand for ever,
rall. p His changeless Name of Love. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

169 Salzburg

7.7.7.7. D. J. ROSENMÜLLER.



The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever.—Rev. xi. 15.

1 *f* HARK! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.
cr Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign:
ff Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 *f* Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
dim See Jehovah's banners furled, [done;
p Sheathed His sword: He speaks,—'tis
cr And the kingdoms of this world
f Are the kingdoms of His Son!

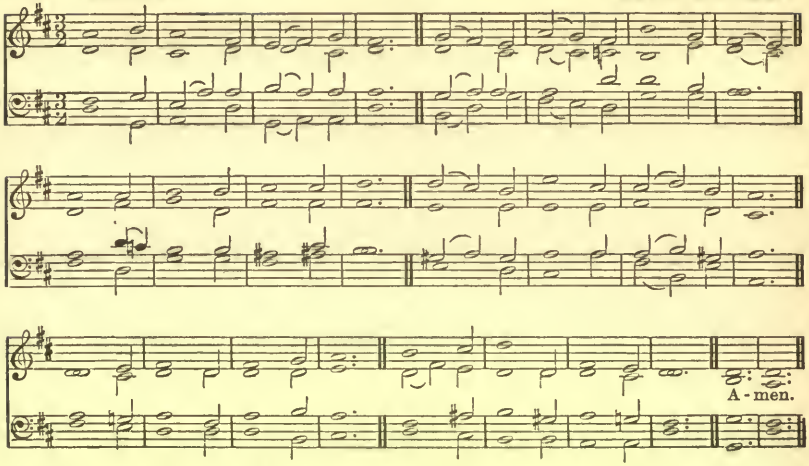
3 *ff* He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away.
Then the end: (*dim*) beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
ff Hallelujah! Christ in God,
rall God in Christ is all in all! Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

May also be sung to "St. George" (Elvey), No. 64.

170 Waltham

7.7.7.7.7.7. REV. W. E. MILLER.



The Lord shall be King over all the earth.—Zech. xiv. 9.

1 *f* HE shall reign o'er all the earth,
p He Who wore the crown of thorn,
Whom they deemed of little worth,
Whom they met with hate and scorn;
f Send the tidings forth, that all
dim Humbly at His feet may fall.

2 *p* Long His heritage hath lain
'Neath the false usurper's sway;
f He will claim it back again,
Rout the foes and win the day.
cr Send the tidings forth, that all
dim Humbly at His feet may fall.

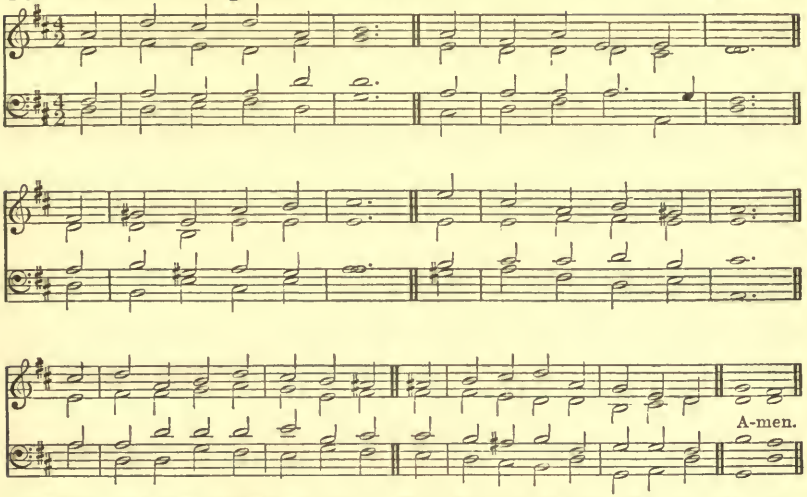
3 *mf* Then beneath His rule of peace
cr Heaven shall smile, and earth shall sing,
Ever yielding rich increase
f To the honour of her King.
cr Send the tidings forth, that all
dim Humbly at His feet may fall.

4 *mf* Hasten, Lord, the wondrous hour,
Bid it strike from shore to shore,
f Thine the kingdom and the power,
Thine the glory evermore.
cr Bow each rebel heart, till all
dim At Thy feet adoring fall. Amen.

SARAH G. STOCK.

May also be sung to "Ratisbon," No. 206.

171 Croft's 148th Psalm

6.6.6.6.8.8. DR. CROFT.

They shall come from the East, and from the West, and from the North, and from the South, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God.—St. Luke xiii. 29.

1 *f* HILLS of the North, rejoice!
River and mountain spring,
Hark to the advent voice;
Valley and lowland, sing:
cr Though absent long, your Lord is nigh;
He judgment brings, and victory.

2 *mf* Isles of the Southern seas,
dim Deep in your coral caves
p Pent be each warring breeze,
Lulled be your restless waves:
cr He comes to reign with boundless sway,
f And make your wastes His great highway.

3 *mf* Lands of the East, (*f*) awake!
Soon shall your sons be free;
The sleep of ages break,
And rise to liberty.
p On your far hills, long cold and gray.
cr Has dawned the everlasting day.

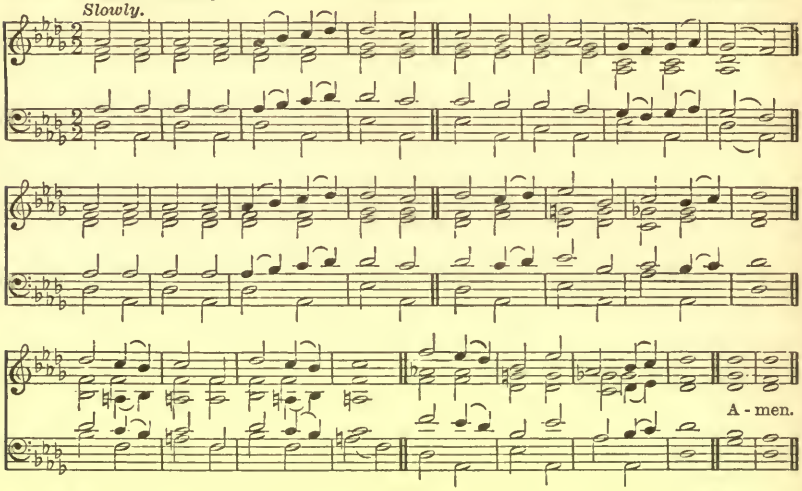
4 *mf* Shores of the utmost West,
p Ye that have waited long,
Unvisited, unblest,
cr Break forth to swelling song:
f High raise the note that Jesus died
Yet lives and reigns, the Crucified.

5 *f* Shout while ye journey home,
Songs be in every mouth;
cr Lo, from the North we come,
From East, and West, and South!
ff City of God, the bond are free:
rall We come to live and reign in thee! Amen.

CHARLES E. OAKLEY.

May also be sung to "Darwell," No. 59.

172 Wolverhampton

8.7.8.7.7.7. F. A. MANN.

When the Son of man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory.—St. Matt. xxv. 31.

1 *f* JESUS comes, His conflict over,
Comes to claim His great reward;
cr Angels round the Victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord;
Haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
ff Crown Him everlasting King!

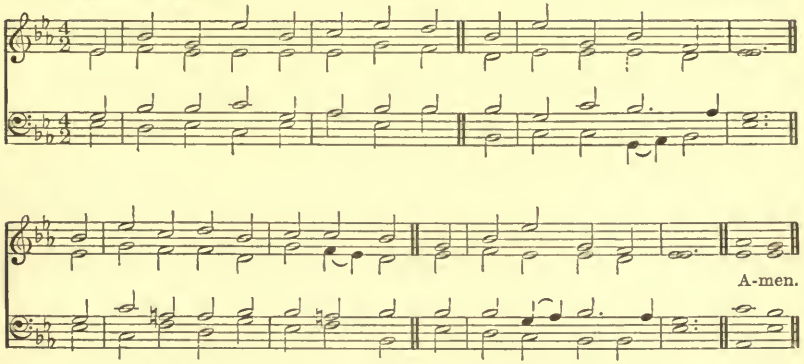
2 *f* Oh, what honours now await Him!
mf Friends and foes shall hear His voice:
p Tremble, tremble, ye that hate Him;
f Ye who love His Name, rejoice!
Haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
ff Crown Him everlasting King!

3 *f* Yonder Throne for Him erected,
Now becomes the Victor's seat;
p Lo! the Man on earth rejected,—
f Angels worship at His feet;
Haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
ff Crown Him everlasting King!

4 *f* Day and night they cry before Him,
"Holy, holy, holy, Lord!"
cr All the powers of Heaven adore Him,
All obey His sovereign word;
Haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
ff Crown Him everlasting King! Amen.

THOS. KELLY.

May also be sung to "All Saints," No. 165.

173 London New C.M. Scotch Psalter.

In Thy majesty ride prosperously, because of truth and meekness and righteousness.—Ps. xlv. 4.

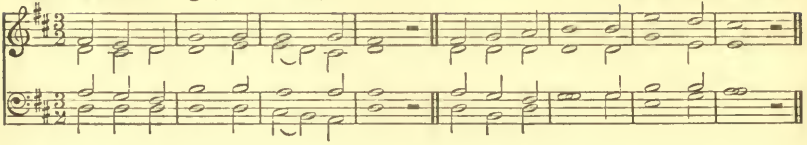
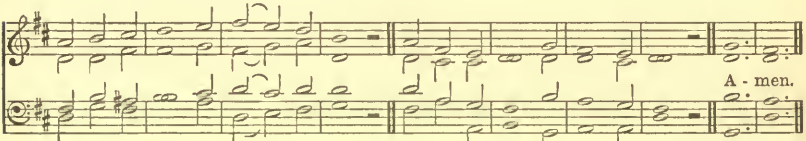
1 *f* JESUS, Immortal King, arise!
Rise and assert Thy sway;
cr Till earth subdued its tribute bring,
And distant lands obey.

2 *f* Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride,
Till all Thy foes submit;
cr And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at Thy feet.

3 *f* Send forth Thy word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around,
cr Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 *f* From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored;
ff And earth, with all her millions, shout
rall Hosannas to the Lord! Amen.

A. C. H. SEYMOUR.

174 Ombersley (*First Tune.*) L.M. W. H. GLADSTONE.



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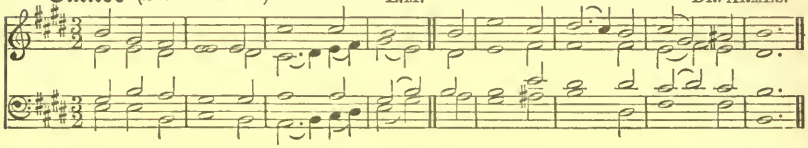
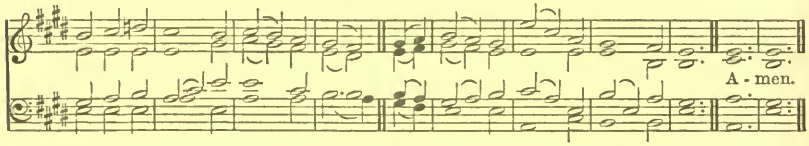
Galilee (*Second Tune.*) L.M. DR. ARMES.





His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and His kingdom that which shall not be destroyed.—Dan. vii. 14.

1 *f* JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
cr His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no [more.

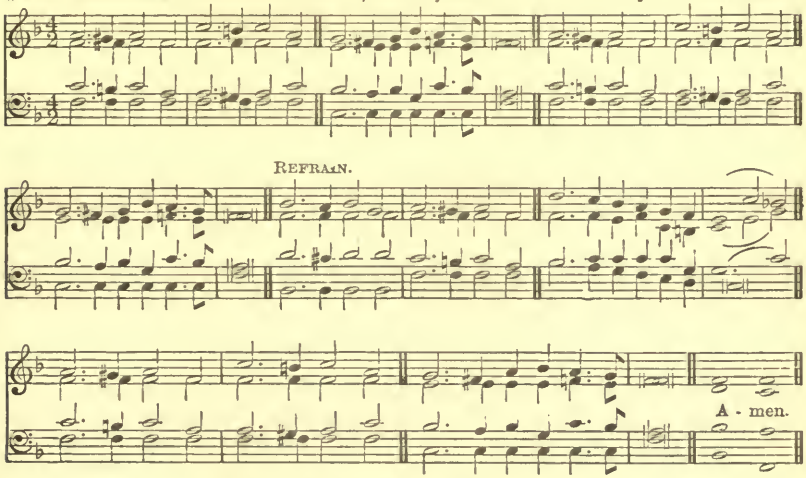
2 *mf* To Him shall endless prayer be made,
cr And princes throng to crown His head;
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 *mf* People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
p And infant voices shall proclaim
cr Their early blessings on His Name.

4 *f* Blessings abound where'er He reigns:
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
dim The weary find eternal rest,
cr And all the sons of want are blest.

5 *f* Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
cr Angels descend with songs again,
rall. ff And earth repeat the loud Amen! Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

175 Christus Coronatus 8.7.8.7, *with Refrain* Arr. by G. C. STEBBINS.

And on His head were many crowns.—Rev. xix. 12.

1 *f* LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious;
See the Man of sorrows now!
cr From the fight returned victorious:
Every knee to Him shall bow.
ff Crown Him! crown Him! Angels, crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of Kings!
Crown Him! crown Him! Angels, crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of Kings!

2 *f* Crown the Saviour! Angels, crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
cr In the seat of power enthrone Him,
ff While the vault of heaven rings.
Crown Him! &c.

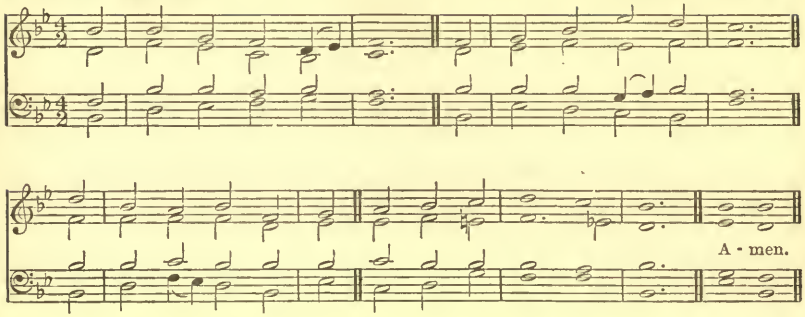
3 *p* Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
f Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name.
ff Crown Him! &c.

4 *f* Hark! the bursts of acclamation!
cr Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
ff Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! &c. Amen.

THOS. KELLY.

176 St. Dunstan

6.6.6.6. Rev. L. G. Hayne.



What shall be the sign of Thy coming?—St. Matt. xxiv. 3.

1 *mf* NO earthquake throes, no plagues,
No spread of war or fear
cr Can bid us surely know
f The Lord of glory near.

2 *p* Even the tears of saints,
Encountering world-wide hate,
cr May only mean that faith
Has longer yet to wait.

3 *p* Much less can waning love,
Fruit of abounding sin,
cr Show that the coming Day
Shall presently begin.

4 *mf* Not till our service grasps
In full His last command,
cr Are we to hail the Sign
Which shows Himself at hand.

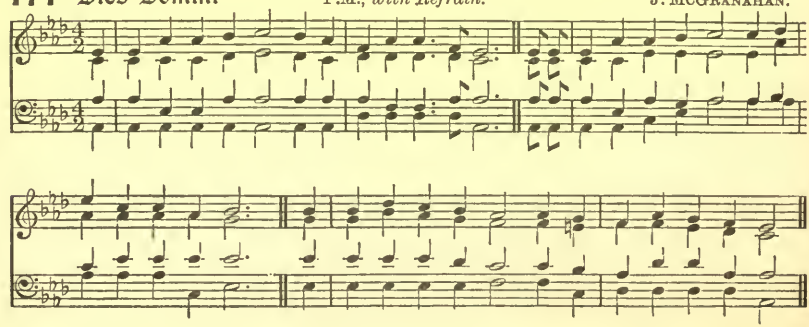
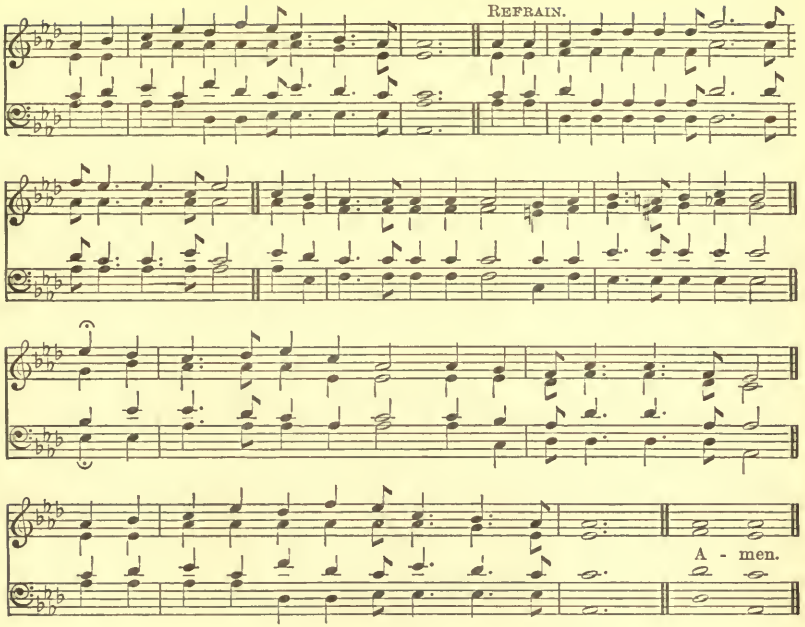
5 *f* The witness-cry which wakes
The latest unwaked shore,—
cr That is the voice which tells
His glory at the door!

6 *f* Up, then, to speed His way,
Ye that adore His Name;
ff And find, in that blest Day,
Your joy and His the same! Amen.

Rev. W. S. Lewis.

May also be sung to "St. Cecilia," No. 182.

177 Dies Domini

P.M., *with Refrain.* J. McGranahan.

They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory.—St. Matt. xxiv. 30.

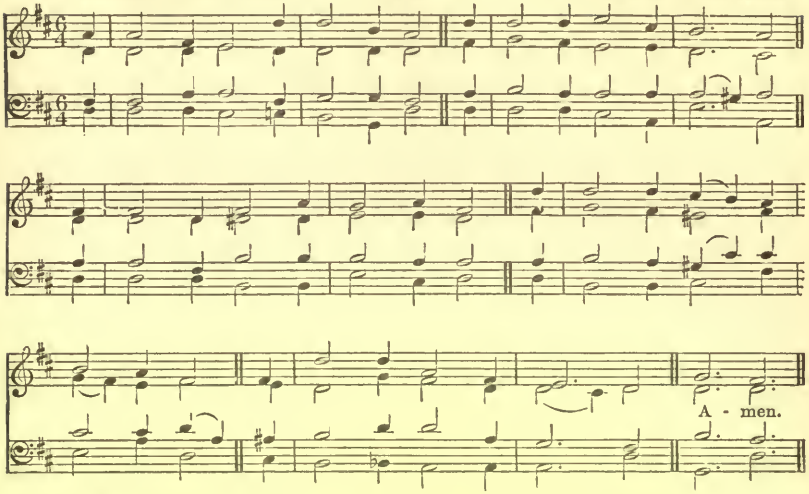
1 *p* OUR Lord is now rejected,
And by the world disowned;
By the many still neglected,
And by the few enthroned;
cr But soon He'll come in glory,
The hour is drawing nigh,
f For the crowning Day is coming
By and by!
f Oh! the crowning Day is coming,
Is coming by and by!
When our Lord shall come in "power"
And "glory" from on high!
cr Oh! the glorious sight will gladden
Each waiting, watchful eye,
ff In the crowning Day that's coming
By and by!

2 *f* The heavens shall glow with splendour;
cr But, brighter far than they,
The saints shall shine in glory,
As Christ shall them array;
The beauty of the Saviour
Shall dazzle every eye,
ff In the crowning Day that's coming
By and by!
f Oh! the crowning Day, &c.

3 *mf* Our pain shall then be over;
We'll sin and sigh no more;
p Behind us all of sorrow,
cr And nought but joy before,—
A joy in our Redeemer,
As we to Him are nigh,
f In the crowning Day that's coming
By and by!
f Oh! the crowning Day, &c.

4 *mf* Let all that look for, hasten
The coming joyful Day,
By earnest consecration
To walk the narrow way,—
By gathering in the lost ones,
p For whom our Lord did die,
cr For the crowning Day that's coming
By and by!
f Oh! the crowning Day, &c.

EL NATHAN. Amen

178 Victory (*First Tune.*) P.M. Rev. H. G Thwaites.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; . . and the King of glory shall come in.—Ps. xxiv. 7.

1 *f* O WORLD of pride,
Throw open wide
Your golden gates of splendour!
cr And let the Holy Christ come in
To triumph over death and sin;
ff O kings, your homage render!

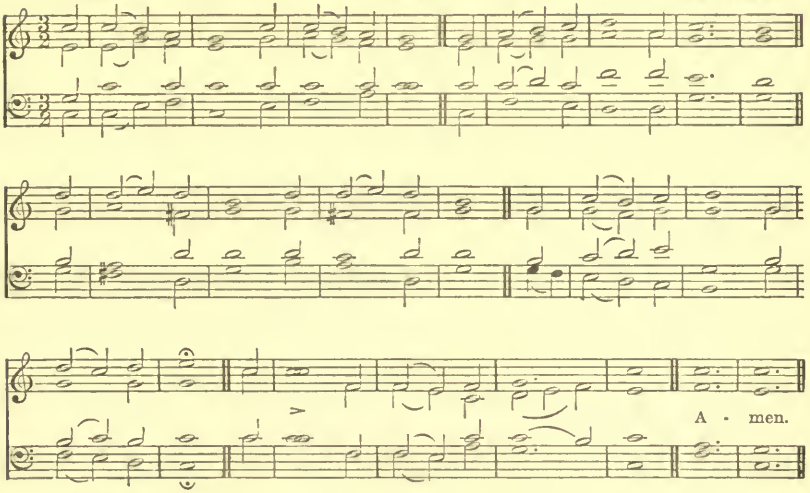
2 *p* O world of woe,
cr Wide open throw
Your iron gates of terror!
f And let the Consolation in
To triumph over death and sin,
And free from bonds of error.

3 *mf* O Labour's sons,
Ye toiling ones,
cr Throw wide your brazen portal!
And let Him in,—the Son of Man,—
Your toil to own, your work to scan,
f And bless with joys immortal!

4 *p* O gates of doom,
cr Make room, make room
f For Christ, the King of Glory!
cr He shall the world's wide gates possess,
He shall come in to judge,—to bless,—
ff And end earth's bitter story. Amen.

CLARA THWAITES.

Chagga (*Second Tune.*) P.M. J. DOWNING FARRER.



Lift up your heads, O ye gates; . . . and the King of glory shall come in.—Ps. xxiv. 7.

1 *f* O WORLD of pride,
Throw open wide
Your golden gates of splendour!
cr And let the Holy Christ come in
To triumph over death and sin;
ff O kings, your homage render!

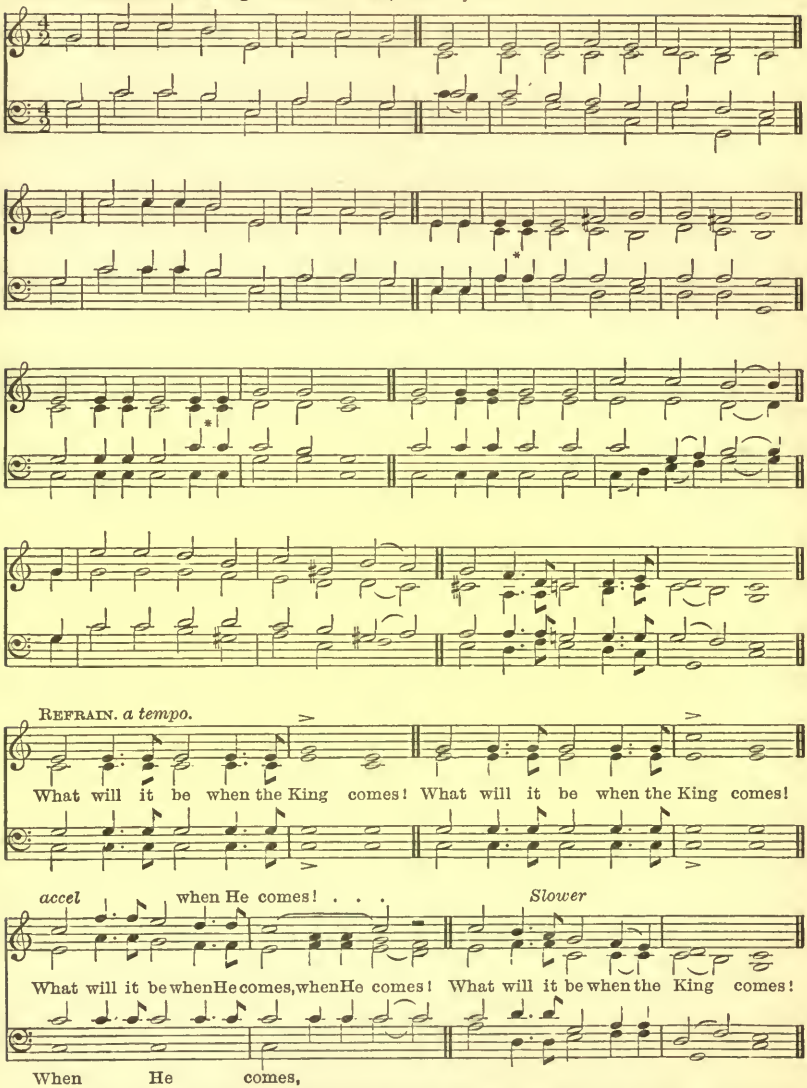
2 *p* O world of woe,
cr Wide open throw
Your iron gates of terror!
f And let the Consolation in
To triumph over death and sin,
And free from bonds of error.

3 *mf* O Labour's sons,
Ye toiling ones,
cr Throw wide your brazen portal!
And let Him in,—the Son of Man,—
Your toil to own, your work to scan,
f And bless with joys immortal!

4 *p* O gates of doom,
cr Make room, make room
f For Christ, the King of Glory!
cr He shall the world's wide gates possess,
He shall come in to judge,—to bless,—
ff And end earth's bitter story. Amen.

CLARA THWAITES.

179 When the King comes P.M., *with Refrain.* E. S. ELLIOTT.


REFRAIN. *a tempo.*
What will it be when the King comes! What will it be when the King comes!
accel
when He comes! . . .
Slower
What will it be when He comes, when He comes! What will it be when the King comes!
When He comes,

* *The Words must be sung to the Tune in their natural rhythm, the notes being repeated or not, as required.*

And He that sitteth on the throne said, Behold, I make all things new.—Rev. xxi. 5. (R V.)

1 *mf* THEY come and go, the seasons fair,
And bring their spoil to vale and hills;
cr But oh! there is waiting in the air,
And a passionate hope the spirit fills.
p Why doth He tarry, the absent Lord?
cr When shall the Kingdom be restored,
And earth and heaven, with one accord,
f Ring out the cry that the King comes?
What will it be when the King comes!
What will it be when the King comes!
What will it be when He comes!
What will it be when the King comes!

2 *f* The floods have lifted up their voice:
The King hath come to His own,—His own!
The little hills and vales rejoice,
His right it is to take the crown.
cr Sleepers awake, and meet Him first!
Now let the marriage hymn outburst!
dim And powers of darkness flee, disperst;—
f What will it be when the King comes!
What will it be, &c.

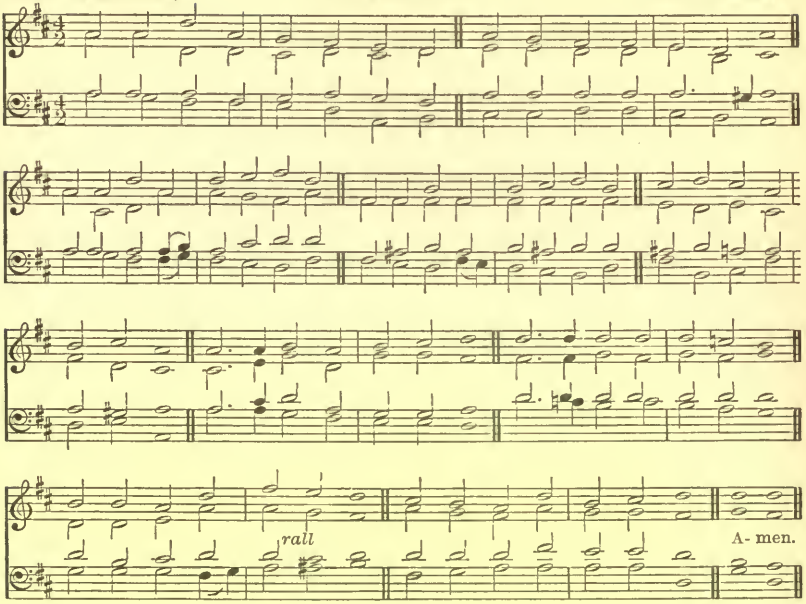
3 *f* A ransomed earth breaks forth in song,
Her sin-stained ages overpast;
p Her yearning, "Lord, how long,—how long?"
cr Exchanged for joy at last,—at last!
Angels carry the royal commands;
Peace beams forth throughout all the lands;
The trees of the field shall clap their hands;---
f What will it be when the King comes!
What will it be, &c.

4 *f* Now Zion's hill, with glory crowned,
Uplifts her head with joy once more;
And Zion's King, once scorned, disowned,
Extends her rule from shore to shore.
cr Sing, for the land her Lord regains!
Sing, for the Son of David reigns!
And living streams o'erflow her plains;—
ff What will it be when the King comes!
What will it be, &c.

5 *f* Oh, brothers, stand as men that wait,
The dawn is purpling in the East,
And banners wave from Heaven's high gate;
p The conflict now,—(*f*) but soon the feast!
Mercy and truth shall meet again;
cr Worthy the Lamb that once was slain!
p We can suffer now,—(*f*) He will know us then;—
ff What will it be when the King comes!
What will it be, &c.

E. S. ELLIOTT.

180 Beverley

8.7.8.8.7.7.7.7.7. DR. W. H. MONK.

Behold, He cometh.—Rev. i. 7.

1 *f* THOU art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming, O my King,
cr In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing!
p Coming!—(*cr*) in the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells:
Coming!—(*f*) O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

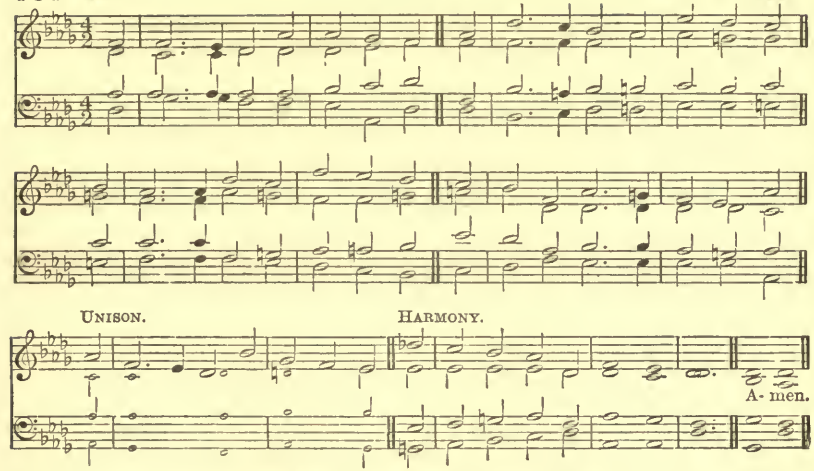
2 *f* Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
cr We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say;
f What an anthem that will be,
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At Thine own all-glorious feet!

3 *mf* Thou art coming; at Thy Table
We are witnesses for this;
p While remembering hearts Thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss,
Showing not Thy death alone,
cr And Thy love exceeding great,
f But Thy coming, and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

4 *mf* Thou art coming: we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail,
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
cr Anchored safe within the veil.
p Time appointed may be long,
cr But the vision must be sure:
f Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.

5 *f* O the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own belovèd Lord!
cr Every tongue Thy Name confessing,
Worship, honour, glory, blessing
Brought to Thee with one accord,
ff Thee, my Master and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned,
Unto earth's remotest end
rall Glorified, adored, and owned!
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Amen.

181 Rest

8.8.8.8.8.8. SIR J. STAINER.

When ye pray, say . . . Thy kingdom come.—St. Luke xi. 2.

1 *p* THY kingdom come! (*cr*) From year to year
Thy waiting Church uplifts her prayer,
mf They in whose hearts Thy grace has wrought,
Breathe forth the cry Thy lips have taught,—
p Thy kingdom come! (*cr*) Let every knee
Bow down, and own Thy majesty.

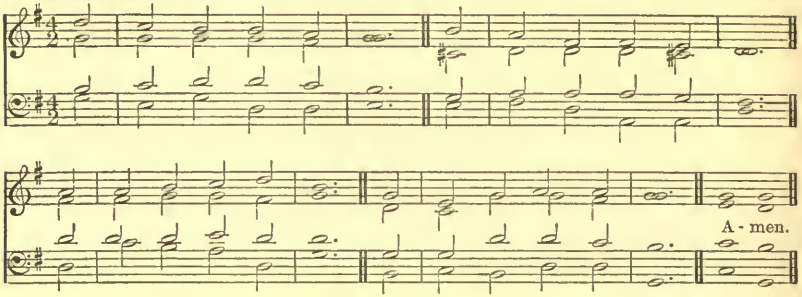
2 *mf* Thy will in earth like heaven be done;
cr O'er every foe be victory won;
Till earth and heaven again shall be
f One with each other, and with Thee.
p Our Father, let Thy kingdom come!
cr Thy will in earth like heaven be done.

3 *p* Where once beneath wrath's gathering cloud
Thy sacred head in anguish bowed,—
Where Thou didst bear Thy cross in pain,
cr Come, Lord, in glorious might to reign!
f Rejoice, O earth, and hail your King!
Ye morning stars together sing!

4 *p* Thy kingdom come! (*mf*) from day to day
Thy loyal Church shall ever pray,
cr And wait the hour, in joyful hope,
When angel hands shall bear us up,
f Thy bliss to share, Thy glory see,
And reign for evermore with Thee. Amen.

ANON.

182 St. Cecilia

6.6.6.6. REV. L. G. HAYNE.

Thy Kingdom come.—St. Matt. vi. 10.

1 *mf* THY kingdom come, O God,
Thy rule, O Christ, begin;
cr Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.

2 *p* Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
cr As in the realms above?

3 *mf* When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
And lust, oppression, crime
cr Shall flee Thy face before?

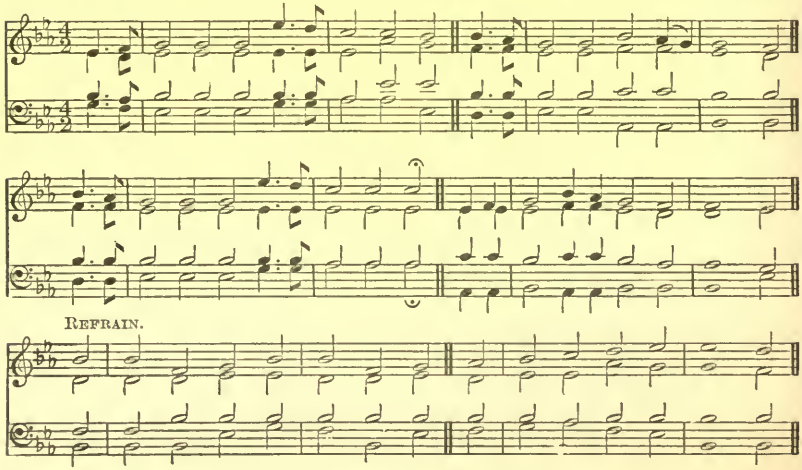
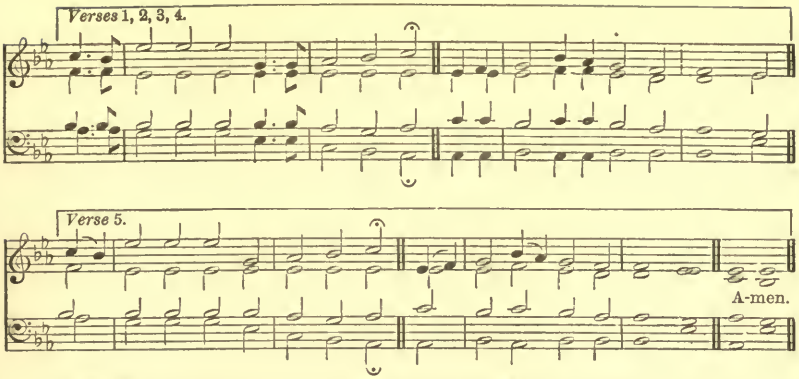
4 *mf* We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
cr And come in Thy great might;
f Revive our longing eyes,
dim Which languish for Thy sight.

5 *p* Men scorn Thy sacred Name,
And wolves devour Thy fold;
By many deeds of shame
dim We learn that love grows cold.

6 *pp* O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
cr Arise, O morning Star,
rall. f Arise, and never set! Amen.

REV. L. HENSLEY.

183 Edith

P.M., *with Refrain.* REV. T. GRAHAM.

The dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.—1 Thess. iv. 16, 17.

1 *mf* WHEN the King comes back from the far-off land,
cr And the trumpet sounds to meet Him;
f Oh! the joy that thrills through the raptured band
Of the saints as they rise to greet Him;—
ff O hasten, Lord, that happy day,
The kingdom of Thy glory;
cr For our spirits yearn for Thy blest return,
As we muse on the Gospel story.

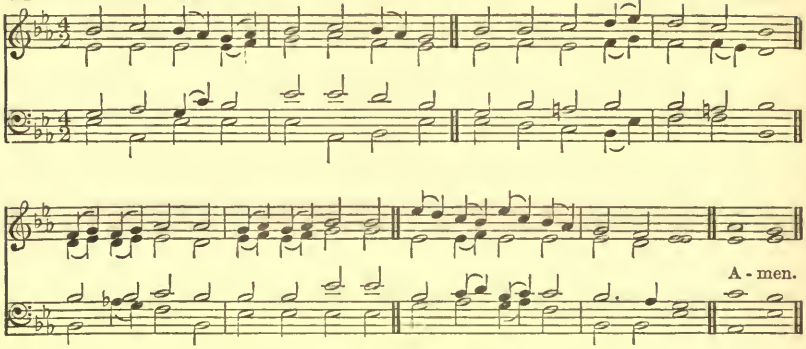
2 *mf* When the morning breaks on the hills of time
And the shadows all are fleeing,
f When the Bride awakes to the marriage chime,
And her faith is lost in seeing;—
ff O hasten, Lord, that happy day, &c.

3 *mf* When the fight is o'er: and the victory won,
cr And the vanquished foe is flying;
f When the Captain calls, with His own "Well done!"
To the crown of the life undying;—
ff O hasten, Lord, that happy day, &c.

4 *f* Oh! to share the grace of the holy place
cr Where the angel-hosts adore Him;
Where our eyes shall gaze on the Bridegroom's face
As we stand all fair before Him!
ff O hasten, Lord, that happy day, &c.

5 *mf* Speed, speed that hour when Thy blood-bought power
cr Shall reveal Thy full salvation;
f And the world resound to her utmost bound
With the song of the new creation;—
ff All blessing, glory, honour be,
And praise that ceaseth never,
To Him that sits upon the throne,
rall And to the Lamb for ever! Amen.

REV. T. GRAHAM.

184 Sicilian Mariners 8.7.8.7. Anon.

Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion.—Ps. ii. 6.

1 *f* ZION'S King shall reign victorious;
All the earth shall own His sway;
cr He will make His kingdom glorious;
ff He will reign through endless day.

2 *p* Nations, now from God estrangèd,
cr Then shall see a glorious light;
f Night to day shall then be changèd,
Heaven shall triumph in the sight.

3 *mf* Then shall Israel, long dispersèd,
Mourning seek the Lord their God,
Look on Him Whom once they piercèd,
cr Own and kiss the chastening rod.

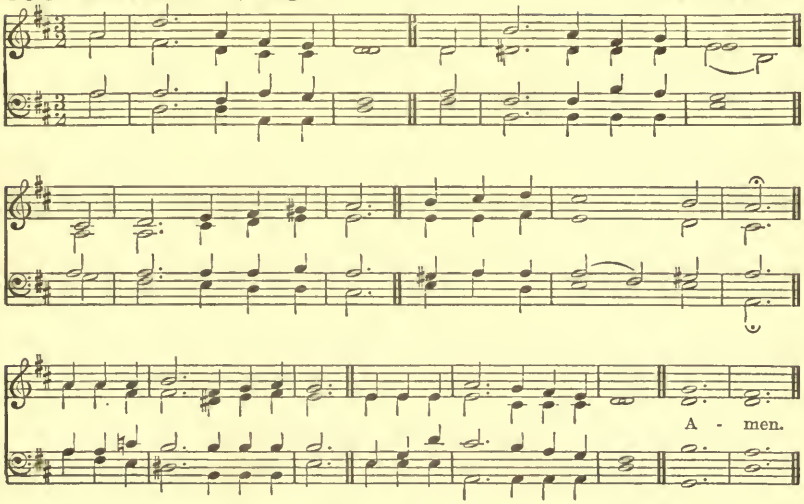
4 *f* Mighty King, Thine arm revealing,
Now Thy glorious cause maintain;
cr Bring the nations help and healing,
ff Make them subject to Thy reign. Amen.

THOS. KELLY.

May also be sung to "St. Ambrose," No. 149.

See also Hymns 8, 9, 15, 29, 42, 54, 67, 77, 118, 128, 144, 149, 153, 156, 161, 162, 213 237.

For Children.

185 St. Matthew's, Bayswater 6.6.6.6.8.8. LIVESEY CARROTT.

Let no man despise thy youth.—1 Tim. iv. 12.

1 *mf* CAN I, a little child,
Do anything for those
p Who are by sin defiled,
To lighten their sad woes?
mf I cannot see the reason why
I should not, if I really try.

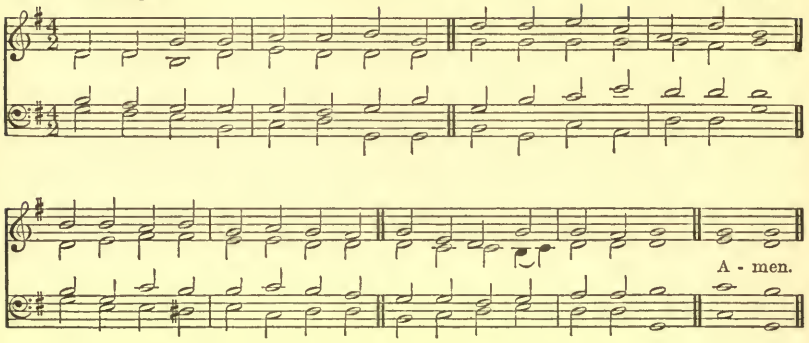
2 *mf* First, then, I would implore
The Lord to change their heart;
Then from my little store
I freely will impart,
cr That some kind teachers may be given
f To point out Christ, the Way to heaven.

3 *mf* How would such joyful news
cr Their inmost souls delight!
And who would then refuse
To give their little mite,
f That every heathen child may know
What blessings Jesus can bestow? Amen.

ROBERT MOFFAT.

186 Stuttgart

8.7.8.7. H. L. HASSLER.



Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.—St. Matt. vi. 10.

1 *mf* GOD in Heaven, hear our singing,
p Only little ones are we,
cr Yet, a great petition bringing,
Father, now we come to Thee.

2 *mf* Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee;
dim Let the world in Thee find rest;
cr Let all know Thee, and obey Thee,
f Loving, praising, blessing, blest.

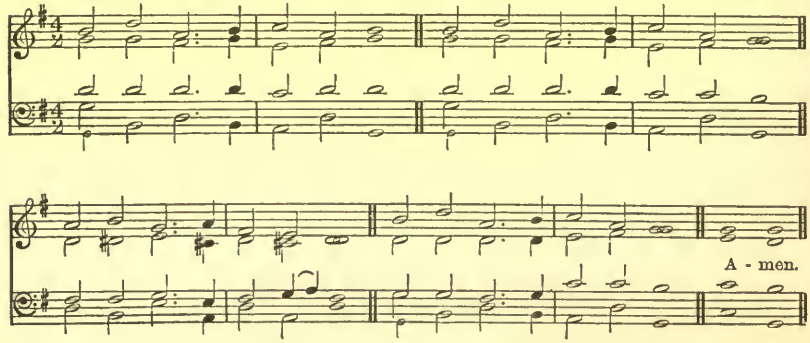
3 *mf* Let the sweet and joyful story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
cr Make on earth a song of glory,
f Like the angels' song above.

4 *mf* Send Thy Spirit's mighty shower,
cr Bring the heathen to Thy throne,
ff For the kingdom, and the power,
And the glory, are Thine own.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Amen.

187 German Hymn

7.7.7.7. I. PLEYEL.



One God and Father of all.—Eph. iv. 6.

1 *mf* GOD of love, before Thee now
Help us all in love to bow;
As the dews on Hermon fall,
cr Let Thy blessing rest on all.

2 *p* Let it soften every breast,
Hush ungentle thoughts to rest,
cr Till we feel ourselves to be
Children of one family;

3 *mf* Children who can look above
For a heavenly Father's love,
cr Who shall meet, life's journey past,
f In that Father's house at last.

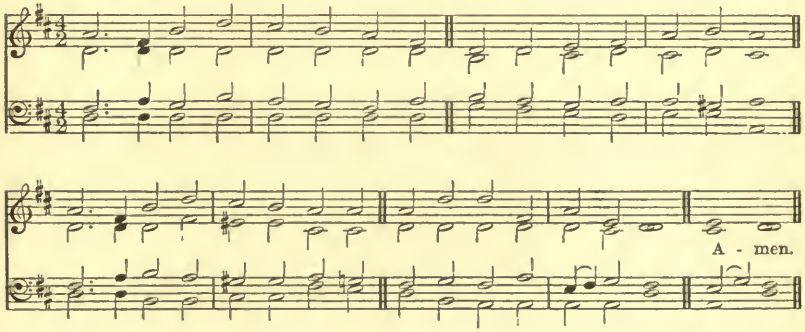
4 *mf* But, while thankfully we stand
Round Thy footstool, hand in hand,
dim Yet one humble, earnest plea,
Father, we would bring to Thee.

5 *mf* Far across the ocean wave
Brethren, sisters too, we have;
p But they have not heard of Thee;
cr Will Thou not their Father be?

6 *mf* Let them hear the Shepherd's voice,
cr And beneath His care rejoice;
f And together let them come
To the fold, while yet there's room.
ANON. Amen.

188 St. Ambrose

8.7.8.7. REV. J. B. DYKES.



(FOR THE CENTENARY.)

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength.—Ps. viii. 2.

1 *f* HARK! I hear a trumpet sounding!
Children! join the battle-throng!
cr God by weakness is confounding
All the great, and wise, and strong!

2 *mf* Out of mouth of babes ordaining
cr Strength, O God, Thy triumph prove,
p Till, where sin and death are reigning,
cr Little ones may learn Thy love.

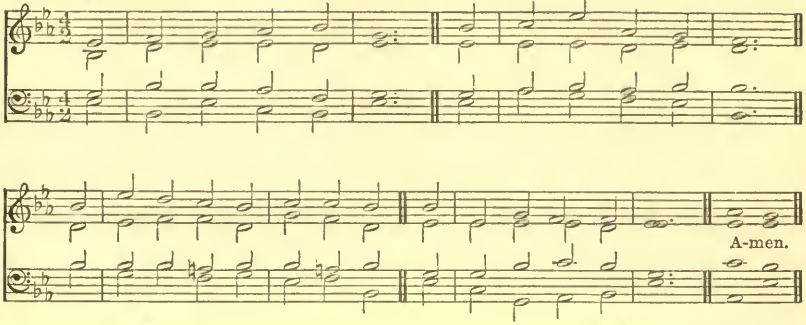
3 *p* Christ, with gentle hands caressing,
Set the babes upon His knee,
cr Called them to receive a blessing,
dim Bade men all like children be.

4 *mp* Still He calls to lands of danger,
Lands of fear, and death, and night,
cr Bids them turn to Bethlehem's manger,
Hail the new-born Prince of light.

5 *mf* Saviour, speed our tender voices,
cr Let Thy Gospel message ring,
f Till the whole wide world rejoices
In our Father and our King! Amen.
CANON H. D. RAWNSLEY. N

189 Franconia

S.M. German.



He that hath My commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me.—St. John xiv. 21.

1 *mf* HOW blest are they who strive
Their Lord's command to keep,
cr Who send abroad the word of life
dim To feed His wandering sheep!

2 *mf* How blest the messengers,
That word of life who bear,
dim And far away in heathen lands
cr The Saviour's love declare.

3 *mf* O Lord, we would unite
Thy glorious work to aid
cr From love to Thee, Whose love to us
Is day by day displayed.

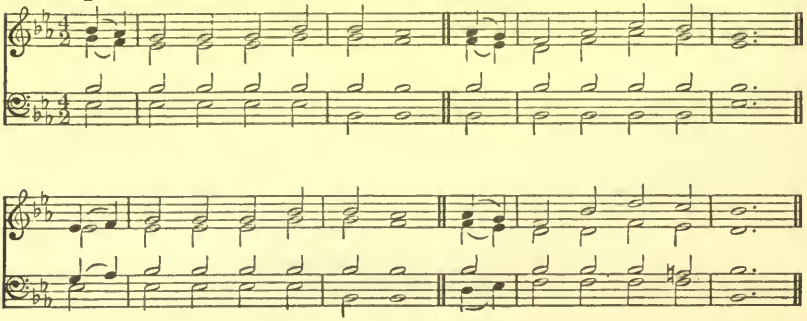
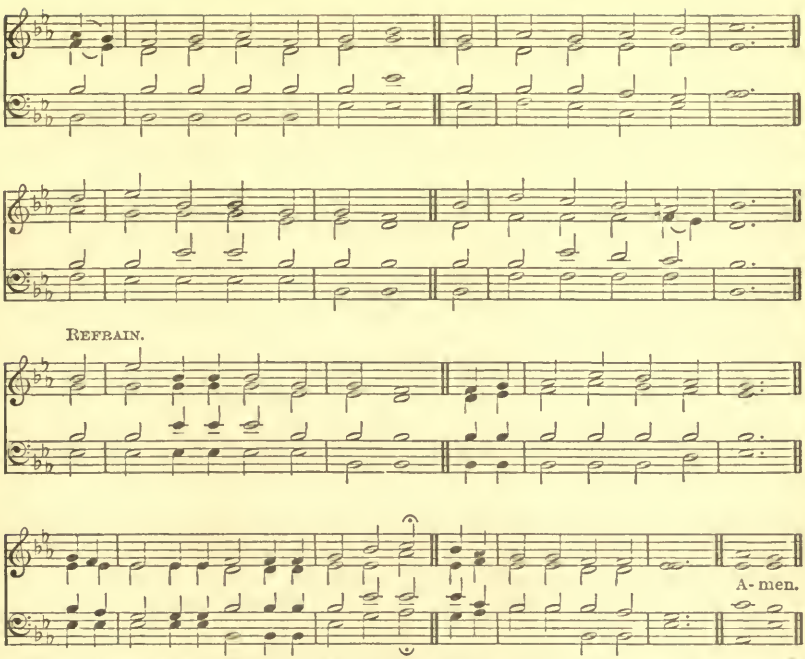
4 *mf* It needs not age or wealth,
Thy favour to possess;
cr The prayers of children Thou wilt hear,
The work of children bless.

5 *mf* A life of active love
O teach us, Lord, to live!
cr That we who freely have received
May also freely give. Amen.

ANON.

190 Procul ab Ovili

P.M., *with Refrain.* Rev. R. Lowry.



When He saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd.—St. Matt. ix. 36.

1 *p* HOW many sheep are straying,
Lost from the Saviour's fold!
Upon the lonely mountain
They shiver with the cold;
dim Within the tangled thickets,
Where poison vines do creep,
And over rocky ledges
pp Wander the poor lost sheep.
f O come, let us go and find them,
p In the paths of death they roam;
cr At the close of the day, 'twill be sweet to say,—
"I have brought some lost one home."

2 *mf* O who will go to find them?
Who, for the Saviour's sake,
Will search, with tireless patience,
Through briar and through brake?
p Unheeding thirst or hunger,
cr Who still, from day to day,
Will seek, as for a treasure,
The sheep that go astray? [&c.
f O come, let us go and find them,

3 *mf* Say, will you seek to find them?
From pleasant bowers of ease,
Will you go forth determined
To find the "least of these"?
For still the Saviour calls them,
And looks across the wold,
cr And still He holds wide open
The door into His fold.
f O come, let us go and find them, &c.

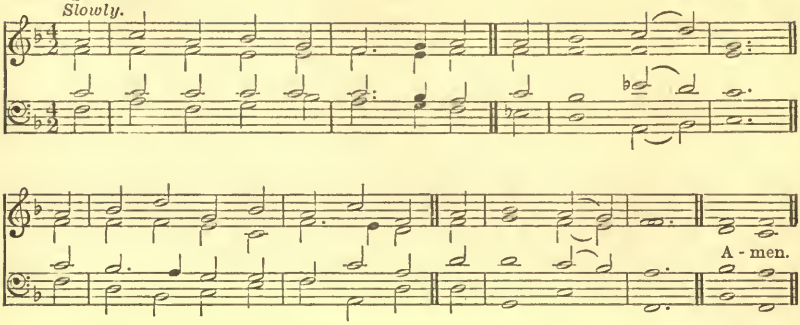
4 *mf* How sweet 'twould be at evening,
If you and I could say,—
cr "Good Shepherd, we've been seeking,
The sheep that went astray!
p Heartsore and faint with hunger,
We heard them making moan,
cr And, lo! we come at nightfall
f And bear them safely home."
O come, let us go and find them, &c. Amen.

E. M. H. GATES.

191 Pattison

8.4.8.4. SAMUEL SMITH.

Slowly.



He died for all.—2 Cor. v. 15.

1 *mf* I KNOW that Jesus died for me
p Long years ago;
mf He trod this earth that I might see
His steps below.

2 *mf* But not alone for me He died
p A death of shame;
cr But that the whole great world beside
f Might learn His Name.

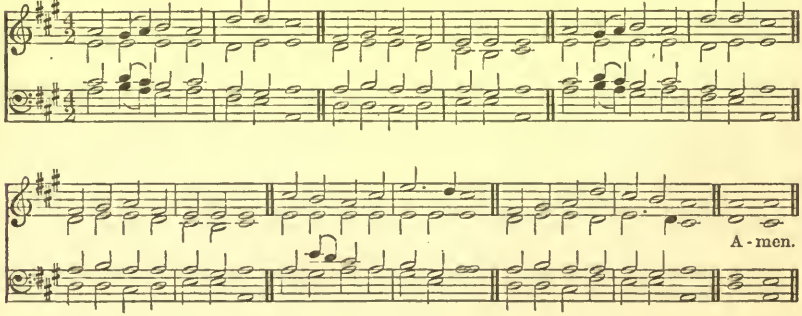
3 *p* But millions know not of His love
Nor do His will;
cr And yet He looks down from above
And loves them still.

4 *mf* God does not send this joyful news
By angel bands:
cr But, if I ask Him, He may use
p My little hands.

5 *mf* And I would pray for those who go,
For Jesus' sake.
To sultry lands, or fields of snow,
cr His love to take. Amen.

ELEANOR FRANCES FOX.

192 Dix

7.7.7.7.7.7. C. KOCHER.

Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right.—Prov. xx. 11.

1 *mf* IN the furrows of the field
Children, drop the precious grain,
cr Which a harvest sure will yield,
Ripened by God's sun and rain;—
Thus your hearts and lives prepare
f In the harvest-joy to share.

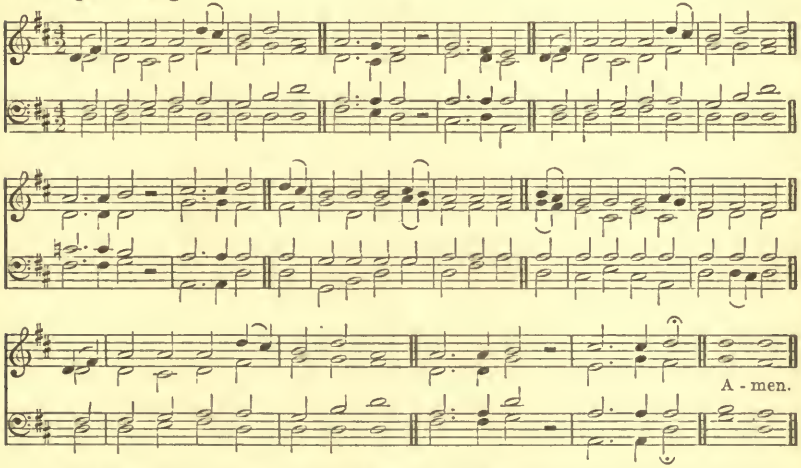
2 *mf* Say not, "I am still too young;—"
p Oh! the ill small hands have wrought!
And the sorrows they have flung
O'er our world for lack of thought;—
cr Let your hands be early found
Scattering blessings all around.

3 *mf* Let your youthful footsteps tread
In the way your Lord has led,—
cr Give your best, your freshest days
To His love, His work, His praise;—
mf Young disciples have their part
In their Saviour's inmost heart.

4 *cr* So, in that glad coming time,
When from every land and clime,
f Earth's redeemèd ones shall bring
Alleluias to their King,
ff You shall not a starless crown
At His glorious feet lay down. Amen.

M. F. MAUDE.

193 Far away

P.M. J. HAYHURST.

The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough to make cakes . . . . unto other gods.—Jer. vii. 18.

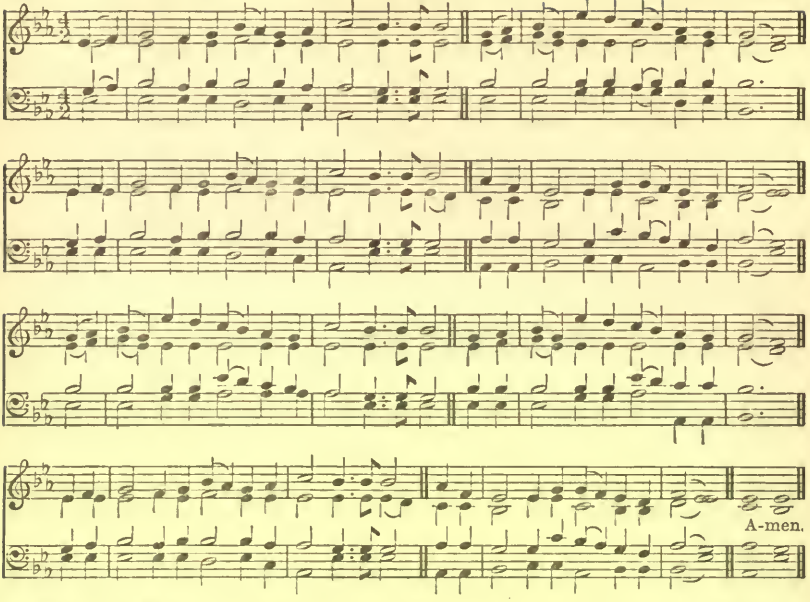
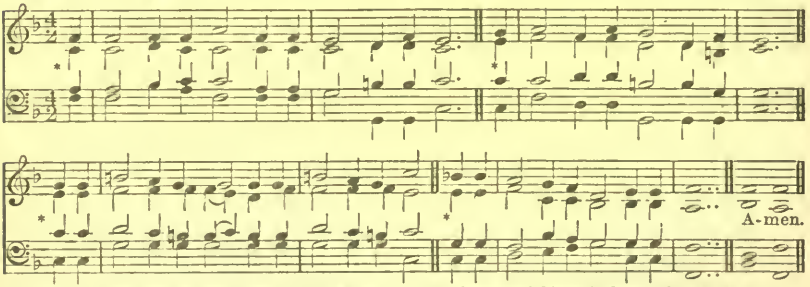
1 *mf* I OFTEN think of heathen lands,—
Far away!
Where many a pagan temple stands,—
Far away!
dim And there each hapless child is led
To bow to idol gods his head,
Whilst many a muttered charm is said,—
p Far away!

2 *mp* Oh, how I pity children there,—
Far away!
cr Although the clime be passing fair,—
Far away!
I would not leave my humble home,
In fields of richest fruit to roam,
dim If there no Gospel-sound should come,—
p Far away!

3 *mf* But I will pray that God would send,—
Far away!
cr Glad tidings of my Saviour-Friend,—
Far away!
And every little I can spare
Shall help to send the Bible there,
And men of God the truth to bear,—
p Far away!

4 *mf* And when the silver trumpet swells,—
Far away!
And all the love of Jesus tells,—
Far away!
cr Then idols shall, like Dagon, fall,
And many a child on God shall call,
f And own my Jesus Lord of all,—
Far away! Amen.

ANON.

194 Greek Air (*First Tune.*) P.M. Anon.

Muswell Hill (*Second Tune.*) P.M. Rev. W. J. L. Sheppard.

He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.—St. Mark x. 16.

1 *mf* I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
cr I should like to have been with Him then.

2 *mf* I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,—
p "Let the little ones come unto Me."

* *The Words must be sung to the Tune in their natural rhythm, the notes being repeated or not, as required.*

3 *mf* Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
cr I shall see Him and hear Him above;

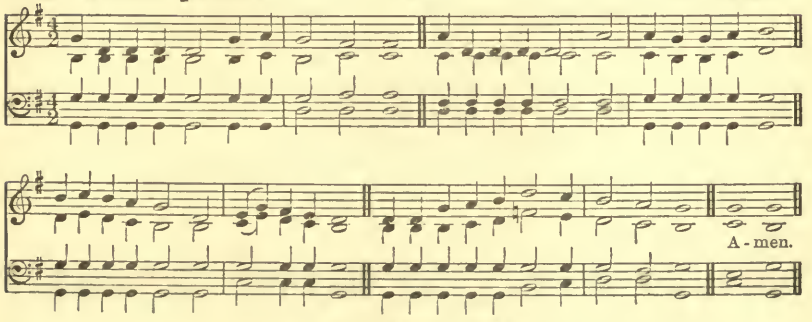
4 *f* In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
dim "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

5 *p* But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
cr I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

6 I long for that blessèd and glorious time,
f The fairest, and brightest, and best;
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest. Amen.

J. LUKE.

195 Lumina Parvula

P.M. E. O. EXCELL.

Let your light . . . shine.—St. Matt. v. 16.

Jesus called a little child unto Him.—St. Matt. xviii. 2.
Of such is the kingdom of heaven.—St. Matt. xix. 14.

1 *p* LITTLE travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest
cr In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest;
f There, to welcome, Jesus waits,
Gives the crown His followers win:
ff Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in!

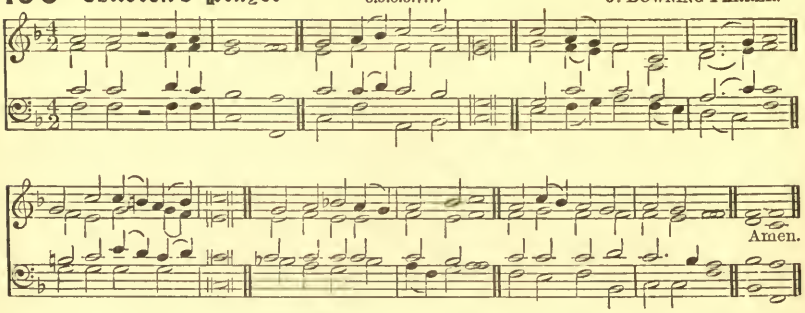
2 *p* Who are they, whose little feet
Pacing life's dark journey through,
cr Now have reached that heavenly seat
They have ever kept in view?
mf "I from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I from India's sultry plain;"
"I from Afric's barren sand;"
"I from islands of the main."

3 *p* All their earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
cr There together met at last,
f At the portal of the sky;
cr Each the welcome "Come!" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin;
ff Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in! Amen.

J. EDMESTON.

196 Children's Prayer

6.5.6.5.7.7. J. DOWNING FARRER.



I am the good Shepherd. . . . And other sheep I have which are not of this fold: them also I must bring.—St. John x. 14, 16.

1 *p* JESUS, tender Shepherd,
Thou art very near,
And Thy loving presence
Keeps my soul from fear:
mf Nothing evil need I dread,
While by such a Shepherd led.

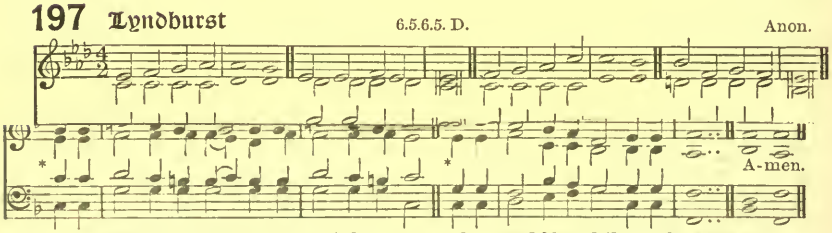
2 *p* Jesus, tender Shepherd,
cr Thou hast "other sheep,"
dim Far away from shelter,
p Where dark shadows creep;
cr Seeking Saviour, bring them home,
That they may no longer roam

3 *p* Jesus, tender Shepherd,
cr While Thou leadest me,
As Thy little helper
Faithful may I be,
mf Seeking others far and wide,
Drawing lost ones to Thy side. Amen.

ANON.

197 Lyndhurst

6.5.6.5. D. Anon.



He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.—St. Mark x. 16.

1 *mf* I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
cr I should like to have been with Him then.

2 *mf* I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,—
p "Let the little ones come unto Me."

* *The Words must be sung to the Tune in their natural rhythm, the notes being repeated or not, as required.*

2 *mf* Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
cr Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.
p So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Into sin to stray.

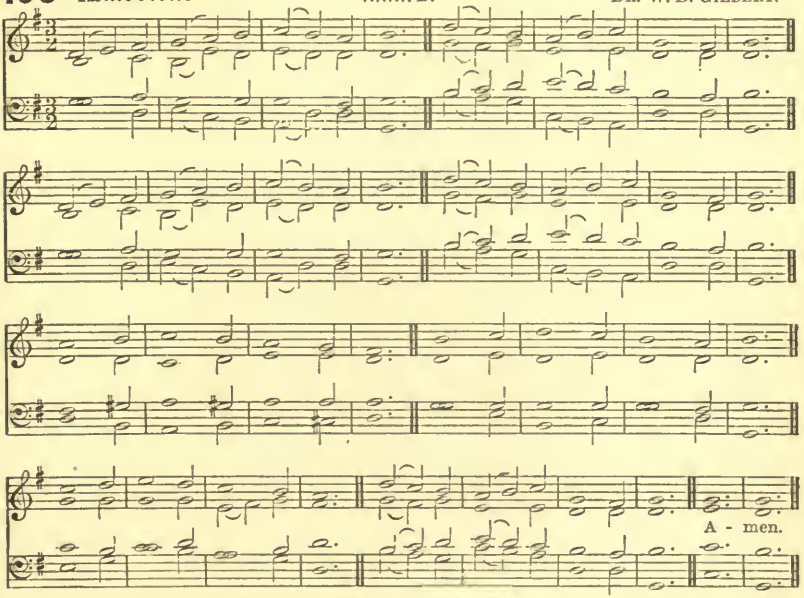
3 *mf* Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
cr Grow to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.
f Little ones in glory
cr Swell the angels' song:
p Make us meet, dear Saviour,
For their holy throng. Amen.

E. C. BREWER AND BISHOP E. H. BICKERSTETH.

May also be sung to "Ruth," No. 56 (II.).

198 Maidstone

7.7.7.7. D. DR. W. B. GILBERT.



Jesus called a little child unto Him.—St. Matt. xviii. 2.
Of such is the kingdom of heaven.—St. Matt. xix. 14.

1 *p* LITTLE travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest
cr In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest;
f There, to welcome, Jesus waits,
Gives the crown His followers win:
ff Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in!

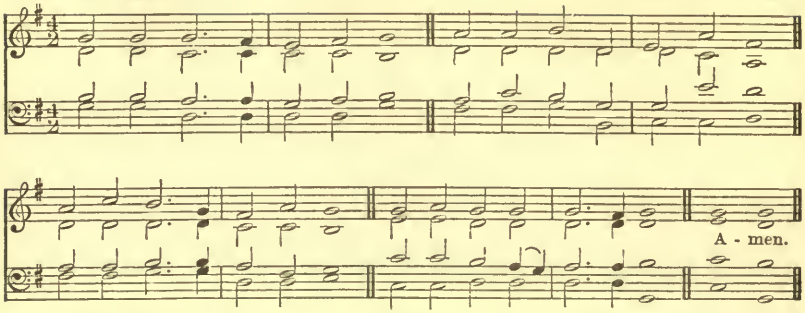
2 *p* Who are they, whose little feet
Pacing life's dark journey through,
cr Now have reached that heavenly seat
They have ever kept in view?
mf "I from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I from India's sultry plain;"
"I from Afric's barren sand;"
"I from islands of the main."

3 *p* All their earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
cr There together met at last,
f At the portal of the sky;
cr Each the welcome "Come!" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin;
ff Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in! Amen.

J. EDMESTON.

199 St. Bees

7.7.7.7. REV. J. B. DYKES.



His children are far from safety, . . . neither is there any to deliver them.—Job v. 4.

1 *mf* ONCE again, dear Lord, we pray
For the children far away,
p Who have never even heard
cr Jesus' Name,—our sweetest word.

2 *mf* Little lips that Thou hast made,
dim 'Neath the far-off temple's shade
p Give to gods of wood and stone
cr Praise that should be all Thine own.

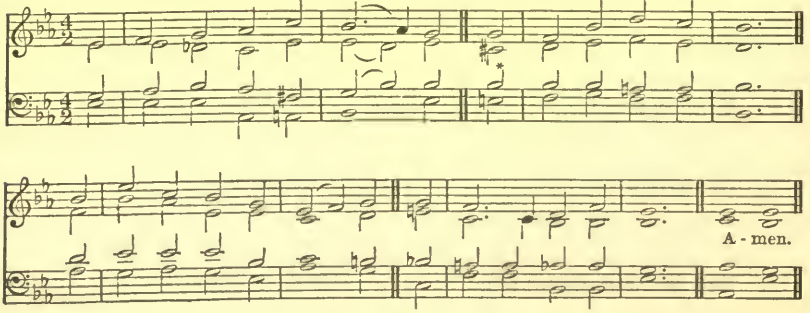
3 *mf* Little hands, whose wondrous skill
Thou hast given to do Thy will,
p Offerings bring, and serve with fear
Gods that cannot see or hear.

4 *mf* Teach them, O Thou heavenly King,
cr All their gifts and praise to bring
To Thy Son, (*p*) Who died to prove
cr Thy forgiving, saving love. Amen.

M. J. WILLCOX.

200 Seed-time

7.6.7.6. R. F. PEARCE.



(FOR SOWERS' BANDS.)

He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man.—St. Matt. xiii. 37.

1 *mf* O SON of man! Great Sower!
Stretch out Thy gracious hand,
cr And scatter seeds of blessing
On this our Sowers' Band.

2 *mf* In every heart before Thee
* May the good seed take root,
cr And, watered by Thy Spirit,
f Bring forth abundant fruit;

3 *f* The fruit of life-long service
To Thee, O Master dear!
The fruit of earnest longing
That souls Thy voice may hear.

4 *p* Lord Jesus Christ! Great Sower!
Accept our humble prayer,
cr That in Thy work of sowing
Thy little ones may share.

5 *mp* To Thee, in hopeful waiting,
We stretch our empty hands:
cr Fill them, that we may scatter
The seed in heathen lands.

6 *mf* And, ere we leave Thy footstool,
O hearken, while we pray
For those who now are bearing
The burden of the day.

7 *cr* Uphold them in their labours,
* Till the blest time shall come
f When sowers, gleaners, reapers,
rall Shall sing the Harvest-Home! Amen.

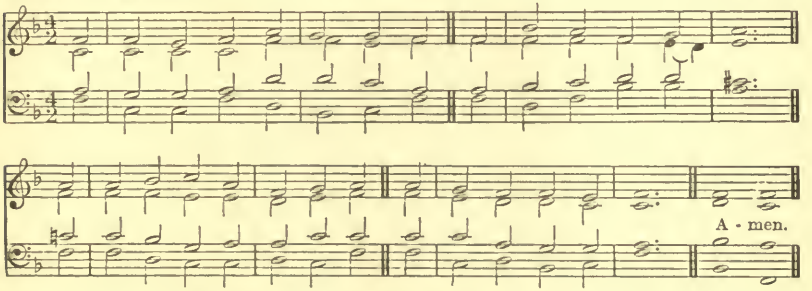
L. F. PEARCE.

* In the second lines of second and seventh verses, divide the first minim into two crotchets and sing the words "good" and "blest" to the first two notes of next bar.

May also be sung to "St. Alphege," No. 92.

201 St. Flavian

C.M. DAY'S Psalter.



He shall speak peace unto the heathen.—Zech. ix. 10.

1 *mp* OUR Saviour's voice is soft and sweet,
When, bending from above.
He bids us gather round His feet,
And calls us by His love.

2 *mf* But while our youthful hearts rejoice
That thus He bids us come,
p "Jesus!" we cry with pleading voice,
"Bring heathen wanderers home."

3 *p* They never heard the Saviour's Name,
They have not learned His way:
They do not know His grace, Who came
To take their sins away.

4 *mf* Dear Saviour, let the joyful sound
In distant lands be heard;
cr And, oh! wherever sin is found,
Send forth Thy pardoning word.

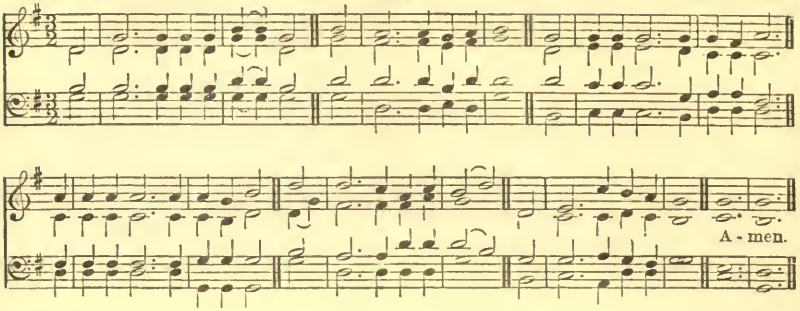
5 *p* And if our lips may breathe a prayer,
Though raised in trembling fear,
cr O let Thy grace our hearts prepare,
And choose some heralds here. Amen.

E. PARSON.

May also be sung to "Mona," No. 231 (II.).

202 Manhattan

P.M. J. R. MURRAY.



There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes.—St. John vi. 9.

1 *p* O WHAT can little hands do
To please the King of heaven?
cr The little hands some work may try,
To help the poor in misery:
dim Such grace to mine be given,—
p Such grace to mine be given.

2 *p* O what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven?
f The little lips can praise and pray,
dim And gentle words of kindness say:
Such grace to mine be given,—
p Such grace to mine be given.

3 *p* O what can little eyes do
To please the King of heaven?
cr The little eyes can upward look,
And learn to read God's holy book:
dim Such grace to mine be given,—
p Such grace to mine be given.

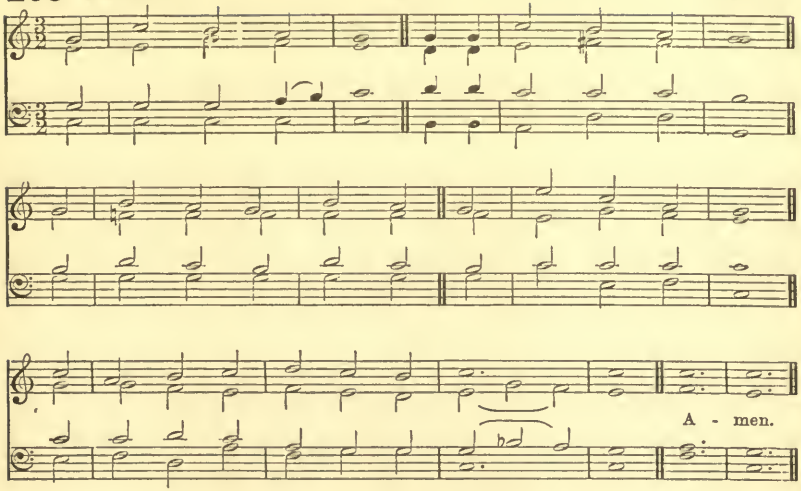
4 *p* O what can little hearts do
To please the King of heaven?
cr Our hearts, if God His Spirit send,
Can love and trust their Saviour-Friend:
dim Such grace to mine be given,—
p Such grace to mine be given.

5 *p* Though small is all that we can do
To please the King of heaven,
cr When hearts and hands and lips unite
To serve the Saviour with delight,
f Dear are they in His sight:—
p Such grace to mine be given. Amen.

G. W. HISDALE

203 Harvest

P.M. J. ADCOCK.



The fields . . . are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal.—St. John iv. 35, 36.

1 *mf* THE fields are all white,
dim And the reapers are few;
mf We children are willing,
dim But what can we do
cr To work for our Lord in His harvest?

2 *mp* Our hands are so small,
And our words are so weak,
We cannot teach others;
How then shall we seek
cr To work for our Lord in His harvest?

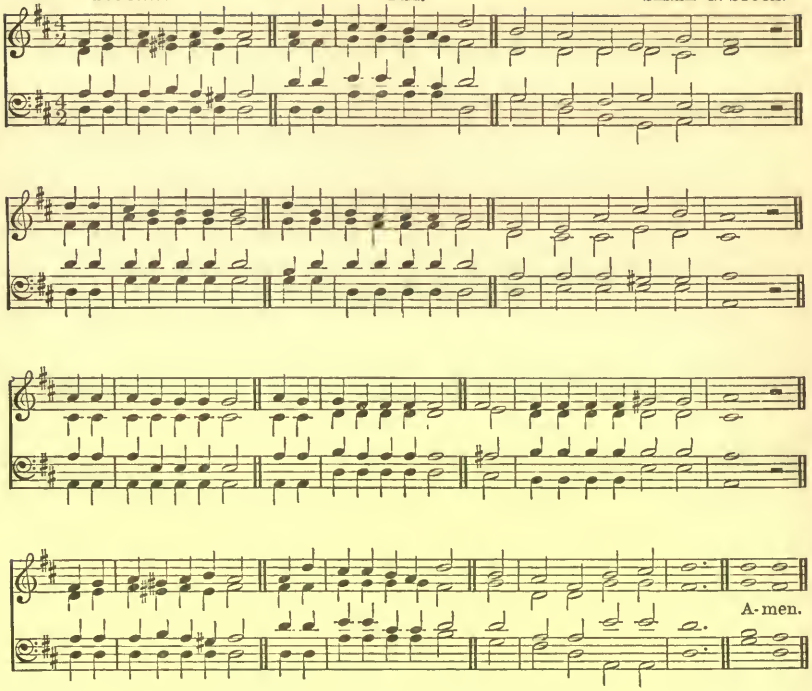
3 *mf* We'll work by our prayers,
By the gifts we can bring,
By small self-denials;
cr The least little thing
f May work for our Lord in His harvest.

4 *mf* Until, by-and-by,
As the years pass, at length
cr We too may be reapers,
f And go forth in strength
ff To work for our Lord in His harvest. Amen.

ANON.

204 Neckar

P.M.

SARAH G. STOCK.

Thou art my King, O God.—Ps. xliv. 4.

1 *f* WE are children of the King,
And His praises we will sing,—
p The Saviour-King Who died:
cr While His love we gladly own,
How we long to make it known
Throughout the whole world wide!
mp 'Twas for us His life He gave,
Shed His precious blood to save,
cr Brought peace and pardon freely down;
And to those who trust His word,
And accept Him as their Lord,
f He'll give a glorious crown.

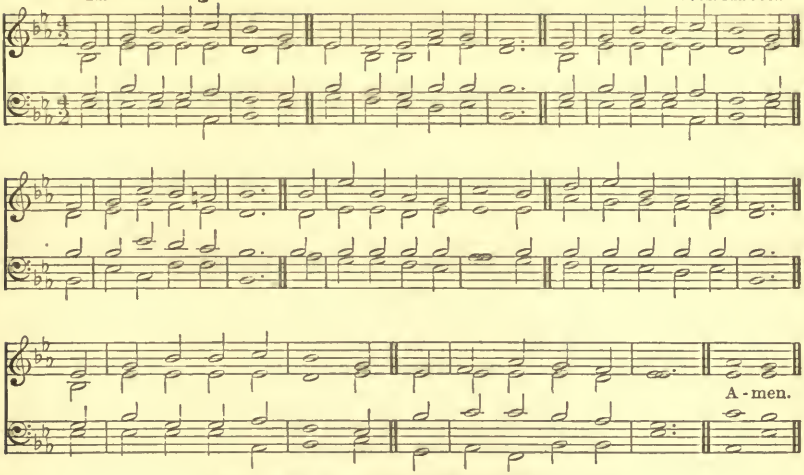
2 *mf* But across the seas afar
Many thousand souls there are,
Who know not Christ the King;
p They have never heard His Name,
Nor the news of how He came
Eternal life to bring
p Some are groping for the light,
Some are dying in the night,
cr And yet our Saviour loves them too,
And He bids His servants send
To the world's remotest end
f The tidings glad and true.

3 *mf* There is room enough for all,
Strong or feeble, great or small,
In this His service blest;
Helping others who have gone
To proclaim what He has done,
dim That weary souls may rest.
mf May each heart among us care,
And may each among us share
cr The blessèd work for Christ our King
f And when He shall come again,
Over all the world to reign,
ff The triumph-song we'll sing! Amen.

SARAH G. STOCK.

205 Missionary

7.6.7.6. D. DR. L. MASON.



He said, Bring them hither to Me.—St. Matt. xiv. 18.

1 *mf* WE bring our hearts to Jesus,
To have them freed from sin,
His precious blood will cleanse them,
His Spirit dwell within;
cr Then, ready for His service,
We can go forth with prayer,
f To do the work He gives us,
And serve Him anywhere.

2 *mf* We bring our hands to Jesus,
cr That He may make them strong
To fight the daily battle
With sin and every wrong;
f We're soldiers in His army,
And pledged to serve our King,
cr Then let us lift His banner
With faith unwavering.

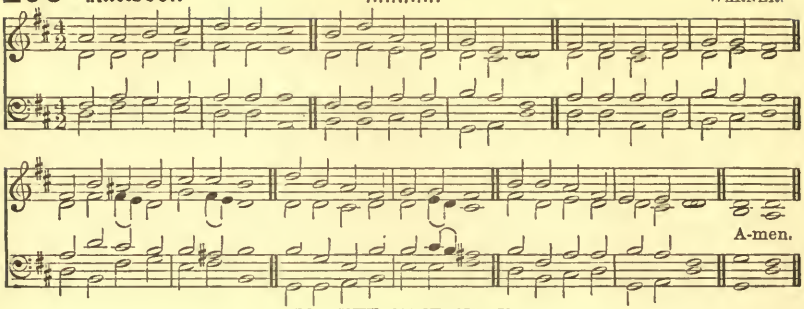
3 *mf* We bring our seed to Jesus,
The seed we want to sow,
cr That He may give His blessing,
And cause each grain to grow;
We're sowing for the harvest,
And pray for precious corn
f To fill the Master's garner
Upon the happy morn.

4 *mf* We want to glean for Jesus
In fields both far and near,
To gather in the lost ones
The Gospel news to hear;
p Although He may not send us
To work in distant lands,
cr We know he also serveth,
Who by his Master stands.

5 *mf* But if the voice of Jesus
Should say,—"Go, work to-day,"
cr We want to follow gladly
dim To dark lands far away.
f Oh! Saviour, take us, use us,
And make us all Thine own,
dim Thy weak and faltering children,
rall. f But Thine, Lord,—Thine alone. Amen.

VIOLET HINE.

206 Ratisbon

7.7.7.7.7.7. WARNER.

(FOR THE CENTENARY.)

The children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David.—St. Matt. xxi. 15.

1 *mf* WHEN of old, in lowly state,
Jesus rode through Zion's gate,
cr Children did their voices raise
f In Hosannas to His praise;
p And the Lord, Who came to die,
cr Turned on them a loving eye.

2 *mf* Christian children, on whose brow
His dear cross is signèd now,
cr Joyful rise, and gladly bring
Alleluias to your King,
f Who in glorious form will come,
Calling all His children home.

3 *mf* Take your part, your happy part,
In the work so near His heart;
Send the news that makes you glad
p To the sinful and the sad,—
cr Tidings of the love that gave
God's dear Son, a world to save.

4 *mp* Free the little slave forlorn,
From his home and country torn;
Tell the orphan in the wild
cr He may be "Our Father's" child;
Think how freely ye receive,—
Freely work, and freely give.

5 *mf* Christian children, as ye sing,
Give yourselves unto your King;
Early make the blessèd choice,
Early heed His loving voice,—
cr Christ, our Master, from above
Claims your heart, your life, your love.

6 *mf* Jesus, Saviour, throned on high,
p Listen to Thy children's cry;
cr Perfect from our lips Thy praise,
Sanctify us all our days,—
f Till we bless Thee, and adore
In Thy Temple evermore. Amen.

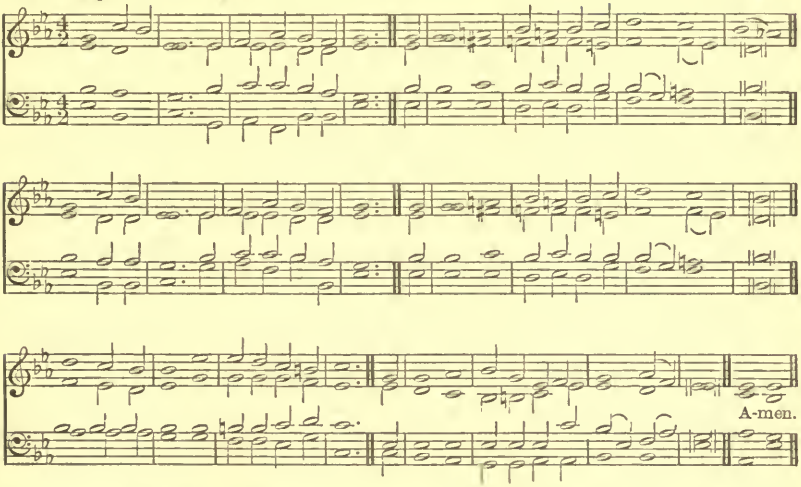
M. F. MAUDE.

May also be sung to "Dix," No. 192.

Holy Communion.

207 Apart with Me

10.10.10.10.10.10. SIR J. STAINER.



And He said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart, ... and rest awhile.—St. Mark vi. 31.

1 (*Unis*) *p* "COME ye yourselves apart and rest awhile,"
(*Har*) The way is weary and the toil is long;
Come, linger in the sunshine of His smile,
cr And gather strength to meet the woe and wrong.
p Come, these brief moments, (*cr*) freed from sin and care.
f Shall make you strong the heavy load to bear.

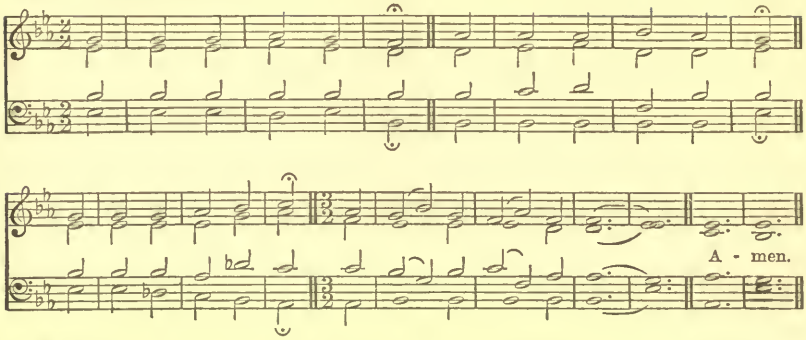
2 (*Unis*) *p* "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile,"
(*Har*) *dim* The weary world is surging round you still,
And Satan strives your spirit to beguile.
cr Come, seek your Lord, and ponder o'er His will;
mf Come, drink the wine, and eat the broken bread,
Meet emblems of the strength ye so much need.

3 (*Unis*) *p* "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile,"
(*Har*) *mf* For he that serves his Lord must holy be,
And he that labours must be free from guile,
And he that sows be filled with purity;
cr And he that speaks the message of the Word
Must first receive the fulness of the Lord.

4 (*Unis*) *p* "Come ye and rest," (*Har*) but only for awhile,
cr The fields are ripening (*dim*) and the labourers few,
f Go forth and work, (*p*) and wait the call Divine,—
cr "Come ye yourselves apart, my servants true,
f And at the Supper of the Lamb adore,
Worship, and praise, and rest for evermore." Amen.

MARY B. WHITING.

208 Dolomite Chant

6.6.6.6. Anon.

I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever.—St. John vi. 51.

1 *p* I HUNGER and I thirst;
cr Jesu, my manna be;
f Ye living waters, burst
Out of the rock for me.

2 *p* Thou bruised and broken Bread,
cr My life-long wants supply;
mf As living souls are fed
dim O feed me, or I die.

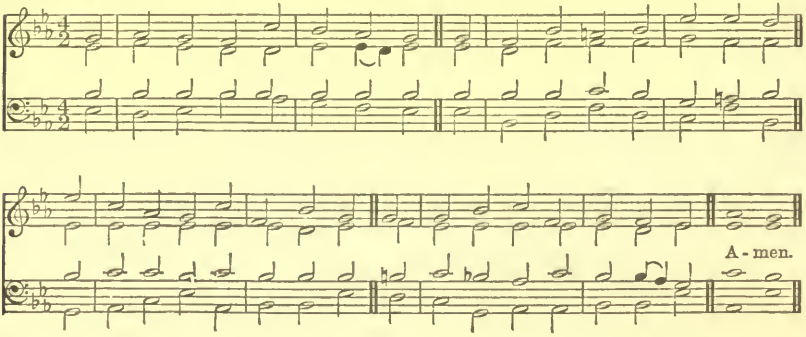
3 *p* Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove;
cr Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.

4 *p* Rough paths my feet have trod
Since first their course began;
cr Feed me, Thou Bread of God;
dim Help me, Thou Son of Man.

5 *p* For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before;
f O living waters, rise
Within me evermore. Amen.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL.

209 Eaton

L.M. J. Downing Farrer.

I am that bread of life.—St. John vi. 48.

1 *f* JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of Life, Thou Light of men,
dim From the best bliss that earth imparts
cr We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 *f* Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
p Thou savest those that on Thee call;
cr To them that seek Thee, Thou art good;
f To them that find Thee,—All in All.

3 *mf* We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 *p* Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast,
cr Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,—
f Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

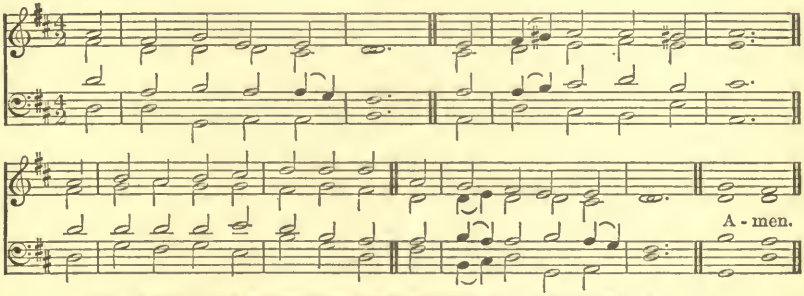
5 *mp* O Jesus, ever with us stay;
cr Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
f Shed o'er the world Thy holy light. Amen.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, *tr. by* R. PALMER.

May also be sung to "Holly," No. 137.

210 Swabia

S.M. German.



For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink the cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death.—1 Cor. xi. 26. (R.V.)

1 *mf* NO Gospel like this Feast
Spread for Thy Church by Thee;
cr Nor prophet nor evangelist
Preach the glad news so free.

2 *p* All our redemption cost,
f All our redemption won;
All it has won for us, the lost;
p All it cost Thee, the Son.

3 *p* Thine was the bitter price,
f Ours is the free gift given;
p Thine was the blood of sacrifice,
f Ours is the wine of heaven.

4 *mp* Here we would rest midway,
As on a sacred height,
p That darkest (*cr*) and that brightest day
Meeting before our sight.

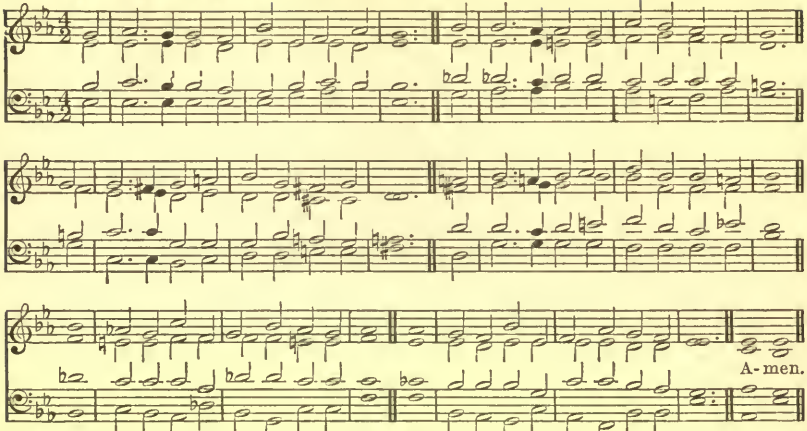
5 *p* From that dark depth of woes
cr Thy love for us hath trod,
f Up to the heights of blest repose
Thy love prepares with God;

6 *f* Till from self's chains released,
One sight alone we see:
Still at the Cross, as at the Feast,
Behold Thee,—only Thee. Amen.

MRS. RUNDLE CHARLES.

211 Pro Mundi Vitâ

10.10.10.10.10.10. DR. C. H. LLOYD.



(THE PLEA FOR HEATHEN AND MOSLEM LANDS IN THE COMFORTABLE WORDS.)

God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—St. John iii. 16.

1 *mf* O FATHER, Who hast given Thine only Son
To ransom the whole world from Satan's thrall,
For all the perfect sacrifice of One,
And life, through One Who died, made free for all;
cr O hear us now, while we Thy children plead
Thy boundless mercy, (*p*) and our brethren's need.

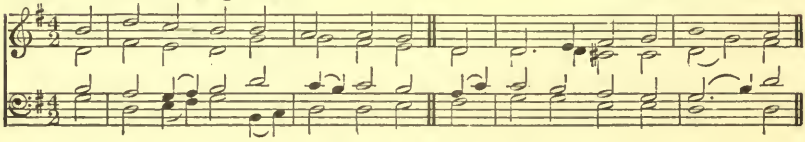
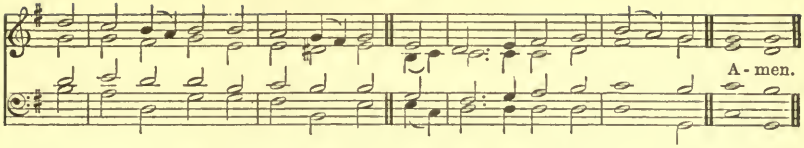
2 *p* O Saviour, dost Thou bid the weary come
dim And lean their weariness upon Thy breast,
cr Not only the sick souls of Christendom,
But all who crave and have not found Thy rest?
mf Hear Thou our prayer in this memorial Feast,
Who art for all the Offering and the Priest.

3 *f* O Spirit of the living God, by Whom
The spirits of all flesh alone can live,
p Souls cry to Thee in anguish through the gloom:
Lord, when Thou hearest their dumb cry, forgive,
cr And draw them to the wounded feet and side
Of Him Who lives for all, for all Who died.

4 *mf* O Father, Saviour, Comforter Divine,
p All hearts are open to Thy searching glance;
cr Lift up on this our darkened world of sin
The light and glory of Thy countenance,
f Till love its final victory hath won,
And as in heaven, on earth Thy will be done. Amen.

BISHOP E. H. BICKERSTETH.

212 Dominus Regit Me

8.7.8.7. REV. J. B. DYKES.

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.—Ps. xxiii. 1.

1 *mf* THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
cr I nothing lack if I am His
f And He is mine for ever.

2 *mf* Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
cr And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 *p* Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
cr But yet in love He sought me,
p And on His shoulder gently laid,
f And home rejoicing brought me.

4 *p* In death's dark vale I fear no ill
cr With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

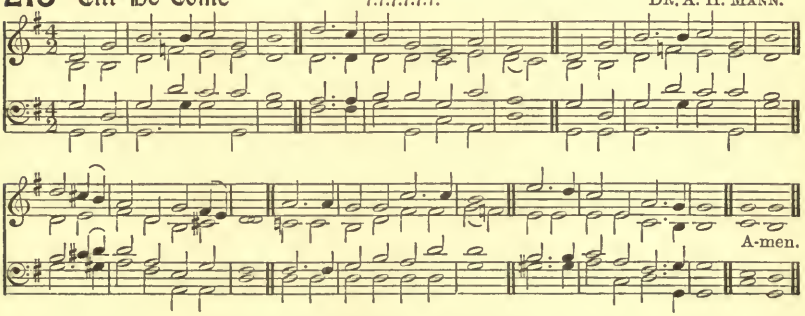
5 *mf* Thou spread'st a Table in my sight;
cr Thy Unction grace bestoweth;
f And oh! what transport of delight
From Thy pure Chalice floweth!

6 *f* And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
ff Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever. Amen.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER.

213 Till He Come

7.7.7.7.7.7. DR. A. H. MANN.



Till He come.—1 Cor. xi. 26.

1 *p* "TILL He come,"—(*cr*) O let the words
dim Linger on the trembling chords;
p Let the little while between
cr In their golden light be seen;
f Let us think how Heaven and Home
dim Lie beyond that (*p*) "Till He come."

2 *p* When the weary ones we love
cr Enter on their rest above,
dim Seems the earth so poor and vast,
p All our life-joy overcast?
pp Hush, be every murmur dumb;
cr It is only (*p*) "Till He come."

3 *mp* Clouds and conflict round us press:
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
p Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper "Till He come."

4 *mf* See, the Feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread:
Sweet memorials,—(*cr*) till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board;
f Some from earth, from glory some,
dim Severed only (*p*) "Till He come."

BISHOP E. H. BICKERSTETH. Amen.

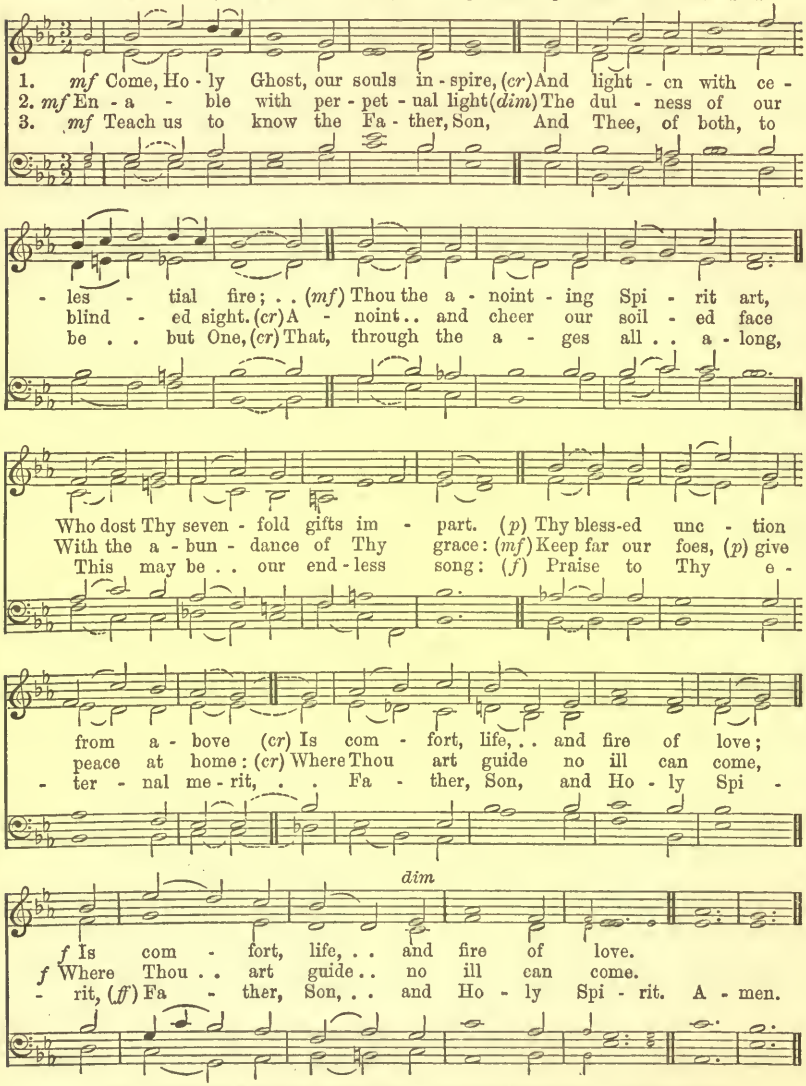
May also be sung to "Ratisbon," No. 206.

See also Hymns 17, 34, 93, 96, 99, 106, 117, 129, 134, 137, 149, 155, 161, 179, 180, 214, 215, 216, 217, 221.

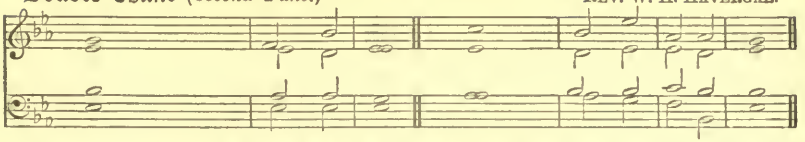
Devotional Meetings.

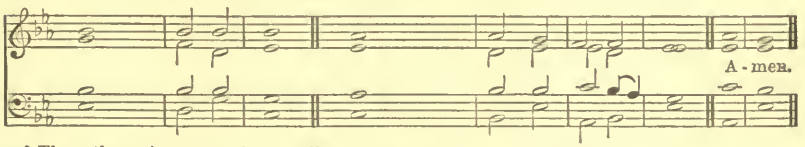
214 Veni Creator (*First Tune.*) P.M. THOS. ATTWOOD.

He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost.—St. John xx. 22.


1. mf Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in - spire, (cr) And light - en with ce -
2. mf En - a - ble with per - pet - ual light (dim) The dul - ness of our
3. mf Teach us to know the Fa - ther, Son, And Thee, of both, to
- les - tial fire; . . (mf) Thou the a - noint - ing Spi - rit art,
blind - ed sight. (cr) A - noint . . and cheer our soil - ed face
be . . but One, (cr) That, through the a - ges all . . a - long,
Who dost Thy seven - fold gifts im - part. (p) Thy bless-ed unc - tion
With the a - bun - dance of Thy grace: (mf) Keep far our foes, (p) give
This may be . . our end - less song: (f) Praise to Thy e -
from a - bove (cr) Is com - fort, life, . . and fire of love;
peace at home: (cr) Where Thou art guide no ill can come,
- ter - nal me - rit, . . Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spi -
dim
f Is com - fort, life, . . and fire of love.
f Where Thou . . art guide . . no ill can come.
- rit, (ff) Fa - ther, Son, . . and Ho - ly Spi - rit. A - men.

* The *dotted* slurs and ties to be used or omitted as required by the Words.

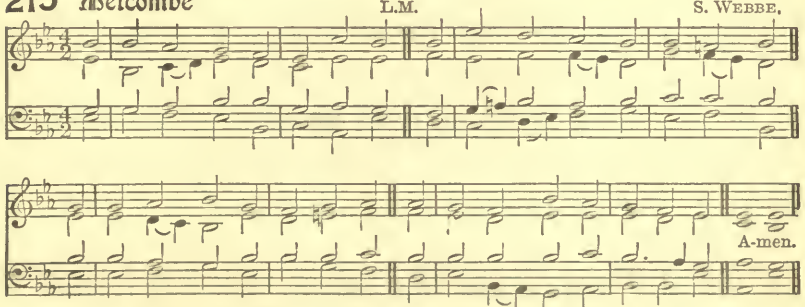
Double Chant (*Second Tune.*) REV. W. H. HAVERGAL.

He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost.—St. John xx. 22.

1 *mf* Come, Holy Ghóst, our souls in - spire, *cr* And lighten with ce - les-tial fire,
2 *p* Thy blesséd únction from a - bove *cr* Is comfórt, life, and fire of love.
3 *cr* Anoint and chéer our soil - èd face With the a- bun-dance of Thy grace:
4 *mf* Teach us to knów the Fa - ther, Son, And Thée, of both, to be but One,

mf Thou the a-nóinting } Spi- rit art, Who dóst Thy seven-fold gifts im- part.
mf Enable with per- pet -ual light *dim* The dúlness of our blind-ed sight.
mf Keep far our fóes, (*p*) give } peace at home: *cr* Where Thóu art } guide no ill can come.
cr That, through the áges } all a - long, Thís may . . be our end-less song:
cr Praise to Thý e- ter - nal merit, Fáther, . . Son, and Ho - ly Spirit. A - men.

BISHOP COSIN.

215 Melcombe

L.M. S. WEBBE.



There the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.—Ps. cxxxiii. 3.

1 *mf* COMMAND Thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here;
cr Behold us with a Father's love,
dim While we look up with filial fear.

2 *mf* Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord,
May we Thy true disciples be;
cr Speak to each heart the mighty word;
dim Say to the weakest, "Follow Me."

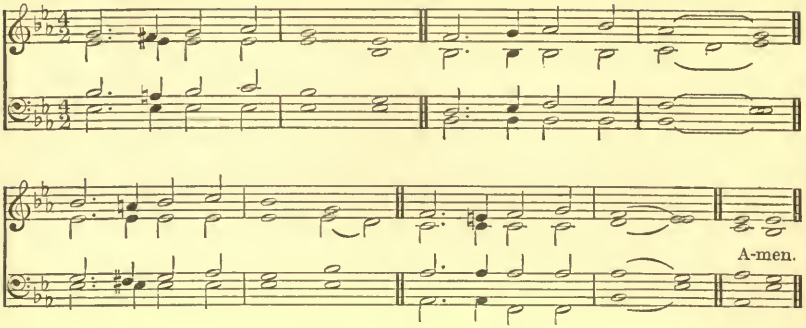
3 *mf* Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill this place
cr With humbling and with healing power,
f With quickening and confirming grace.

4 *f* O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true Eternal God confessed,
May nought in life or death divide
The saints in Thy communion blessed. Amen. J. MONTGOMERY.

May also be sung to "St. Alkmund," No. 62.

216 St. Alban's

6.5.6.5. Anon.



Then . . . came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.—St. John xx. 19.

1 *mf* JESUS, stand among us
In Thy risen power,
Let this time of worship
dim Be a hallowed hour.

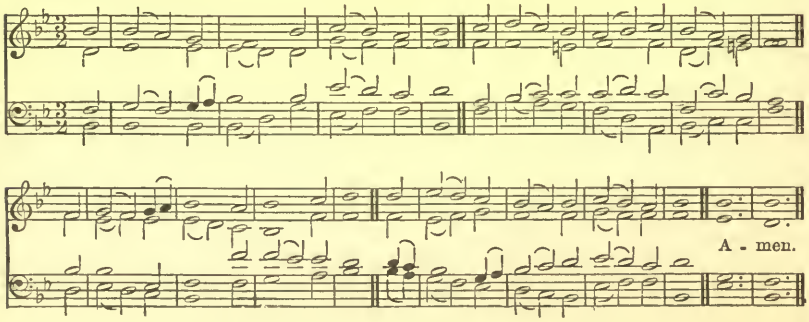
2 *mp* Breathe the Holy Spirit
Into every heart,
cr Bid the fears and sorrows
dim From each soul depart.

3 *mf* Thus with quickened footsteps
cr We pursue our way
f Watching for the dawning
Of the eternal day. Amen.

REV. W. PENNEFATHER.

217 Warebam

L.M. W. KNAPP.



In all places where I record my Name I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee.—Ex. xx. 24.

1 *mf* JESU, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 *mf* For Thou, within no walls confined,
dim Inhabitest the humble mind;
cr Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going take Thee to their home.

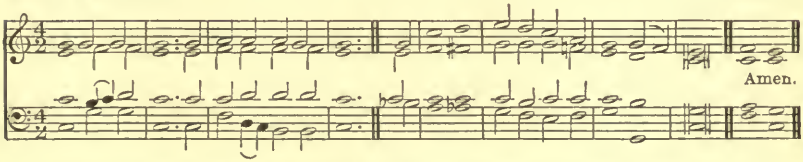
3 *mf* Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
cr Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.

4 *mf* Here may we prove the power of prayer
cr To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
f And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 *p* Lord, we are few, (*cr*) but Thou art near,
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
f O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make all hearts, O Lord, Thine own! Amen.

W. COWPER.

218 Pax Tecum

10.10. G. T. CALDBECK.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee.—Isaiah xxvi. 3.

1 *mp* PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
p The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 *mf* Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
cr To do the will of Jesus, (*dim*) this is rest.

3 *mf* Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
dim On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

4 *mp* Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
cr In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

5 *mp* Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
f Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

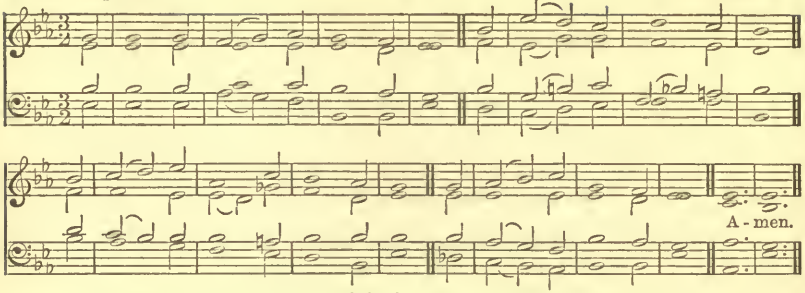
6 *p* Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
f Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 *mf* It is enough: (*dim*) earth's struggles soon shall cease,
pp And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace. Amen.

BISHOP E. H. BICKERSTETH

219 Upton

C.M. H. FORD BENSON.



Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving.—Col. iv. 2.

1 *mf* THY watchers, Lord! with Thee apart
We come to talk awhile, [art,
cr Our rest, our joy, our strength Thou
Our one reward Thy smile.

2 *mf* Thy watchers, Lord! in every land
p Where Satan has his seat,
cr A scattered yet united band
dim Of suppliants at Thy feet.

3 *mf* Thy watchers, Lord! we come to plead
cr For power to watch and pray,
dim To feel with Thee the world's sore need,
cr To work with Thee each day.

4 *mf* Thy watchers, Lord! O make us wise
To guard against our foe,
cr Thy guiding hand to recognize,
Thy perfect will to know.

5 *mf* Thy watchers, Lord! (*cr*) O make us strong
dim The weariness to bear,
cr Nor deem the "hour" of waiting long,
Which Thou dost with us share.

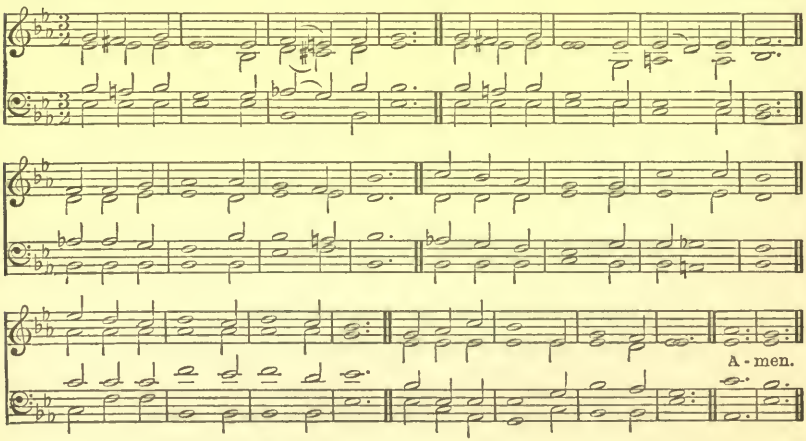
6 *mf* Thy watchers, Lord! (*cr*) until the night
Of sin shall pass away, [light
f And earth, redeemed, shall hail the
Of love's unending day. Amen.

J. LEES.

May also be sung to "Dundee," No. 155.

220 Adoration

8.8.8.8.8.8. J. DOWNING FARRER.



We are unprofitable servants.—St. Luke xvii. 10.

1 *mp* WE have not known Thee as we ought,
Nor learned Thy wisdom, grace, and power;
The things of earth have filled our thought,
And trifles of the passing hour.
cr Lord, give us light Thy truth to see,
f And make us wise in knowing Thee.

2 *mp* We have not feared Thee as we ought,
Nor bowed beneath Thine awful eye,
Nor guarded deed, and word, and thought,
p Remembering that God was nigh.
cr Lord, give us faith to know Thee near,
dim And grant the grace of holy fear.

3 *mp* We have not loved Thee as we ought,
Nor cared that we are loved by Thee;
p Thy presence we have coldly sought,
And feebly longed Thy face to see.
cr Lord, give a pure and loving heart,
f To feel and own the love Thou art.

4 *mp* We have not served Thee as we ought,
p Alas! the duties left undone,
The work with little fervour wrought,
The battles lost, or scarcely won!
f Lord, give the zeal, and give the might,
cr For Thee to toil, for Thee to fight.

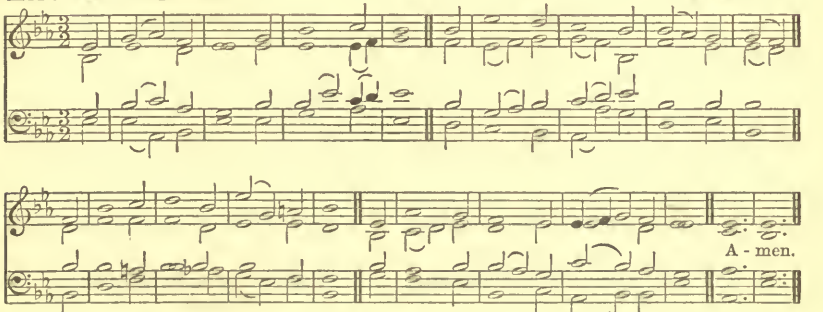
5 *mf* When shall we know Thee as we ought,
And fear, and love, and serve aright?
cr When shall we, out of trial brought,
f Be perfect in the land of light?
p Lord, may we day by day prepare
cr To see Thy face, and serve Thee there. Amen.

REV. T. B. POLLOCK.

May also be sung to "Barnby," No. 32 (II.).

221 Rockingham

L.M. E. MILLER.



God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.—Gal. vi. 14.

1 *mf* WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
p On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 *mf* Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

3 *p* See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
cr Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 *mf* Were the whole realm of nature mine,
dim That were an offering far too small;
f Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

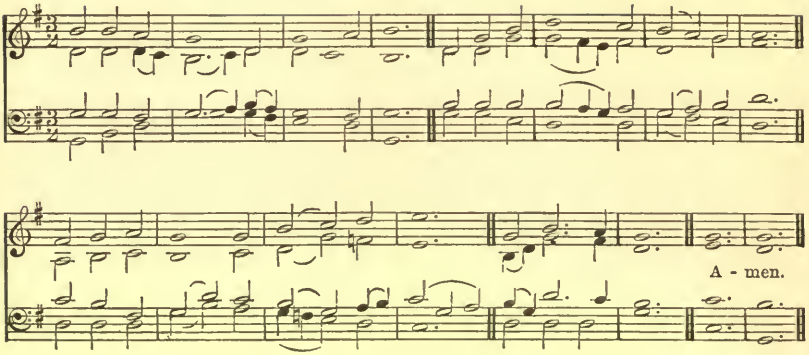
ISAAC WATTS. Amen.

See also Hymns 17, 34, 65, 68, 78, 117, 118, 142, 161, 207, 209, 212.

Offertory.

222 Almsgiving

8.8.8.4. REV. J. B. DYKES.



All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee.—1 Chron. xxix. 14.

1 *f* O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

2 *mf* The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits Thy love declare;
cr Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

3 *mf* For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
cr We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

4 *p* Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
cr And freely with that Blessèd One
Thou givest all.

5 *mf* Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 *p* For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
cr For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
f What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all?

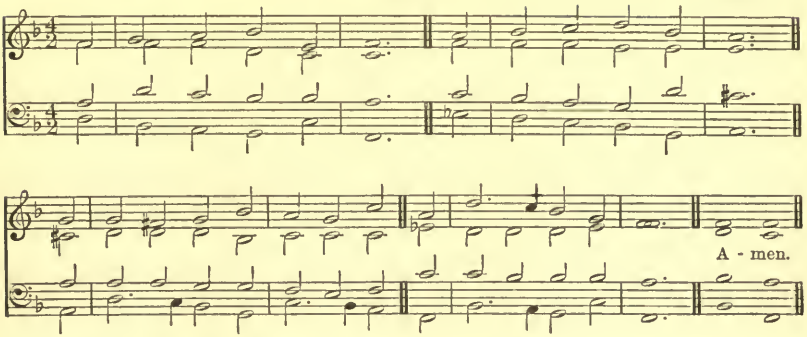
7 *p* We lose what on ourselves we spend,
f We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

8 *mf* Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
cr Repaid a thousandfold will be,
f Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all;

9 *f* To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give,
ff O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all. Amen.

BISHOP C. WORDSWORTH.

223 We give Thee but Thine own

S.M. E. H. THORNE.

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.—St. Matt. xxv. 40.

1 *mf* WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 *mf* May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
cr And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 *p* Oh! hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

4 *cr* To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

5 *mf* The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 *cr* And we believe Thy word,
dim Though dim our faith may be,—
f Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee. Amen.

BISHOP W. WALSHAM HOW.

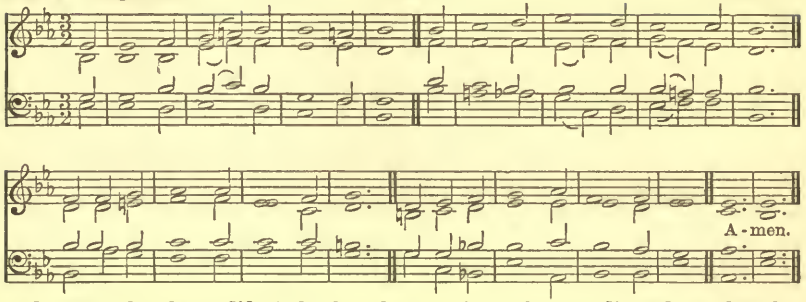
May also be sung to "Narenza," No. 151.

See also Hymns 2, 9, 17, 49, 73, 106, 109, 145.

Medical Missions.

224 Angelus

L.M. German.



And at even, when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils. And all the city was gathered together at the door.—St. Mark i. 32, 33.

1 *mf* AT even, ere the sun was set,
dim The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
p Oh! in what divers pains they met!
f Oh! with what joy they went away!

2 *mf* Fast falls the world's great eventide,
dim Her sun is sinking in the sky;
p And still, O Lord, on every side
Her sick and suffering round Thee lie.

3 *p* 'Mid heathen ignorance and gloom,
By untold maladies opprest,
They sink in anguish to the tomb,
dim Unhealed, uncomforted, unblest.

4 *mf* And souls are sore diseased within
With lusts and passions none can tame,
Possessed by foulest powers of sin,
dim Pierced through and through with guilt and shame.

5 *mf* While we, whom Thou dost richly bless,
p In thralls of selfish languor lie,
Unheeding sickness and distress,
And careless of our brothers' cry.

6 *mf* O Saviour, Thou art with us still,
Through other hands Thy touch we feel,
Thou workest yet by human skill,
cr Thy power is present still to heal;

7 *p* For sickness and for sin afar,—
For selfish ease that broods around,—
cr With Thee the gifts of healing are,
In Thee alone our help is found.

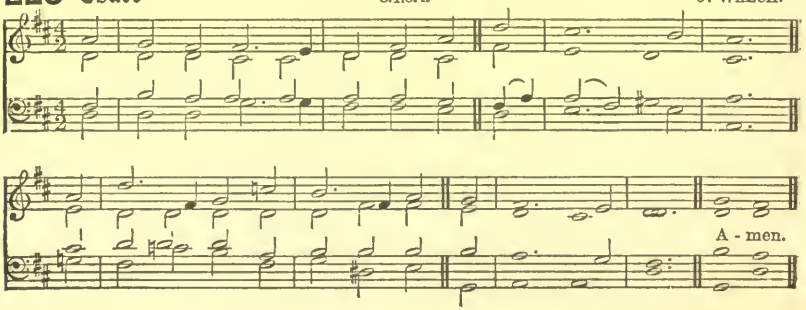
8 *f* Stretch forth, O Lord, Thy hand of power,
dim As o'er the world the shadows fall;
pp Hear, in this last and solemn hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

REV. W. J. L. SHEPPARD.

(By kind permission of the Rev. Canon Twells the first stanza of his well-known Hymn has been used as above.)

225 Cburt

8.4.8.4. J. WALCH.



The Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy.—Jas. v. 11.

1 *mf* GOD of all pity and all power,
These both we claim,
cr By Thy Son's death and risen life,
And in His Name.

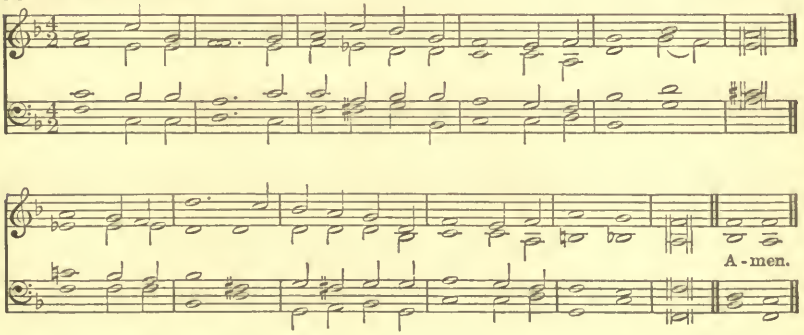
2 *mf* His earthly acts displayed His power
From Thee above,
p And pity lay in every look
And word of love.

3 *mf* And some still rise up to obey
His last commands,
cr And heal the sick, and preach the word
dim In heathen lands.

4 *mp* Thy pity called them to this work,—
f The power now give,
That in His footsteps they may tread,
His life may live.

5 *mf* Their double work needs double power,
cr Give, therefore, Lord,
The skill to heal, the grace to preach
f Thyself, the Word. Amen.

ELEANOR FRANCES FOX.

226 Sbrubland 11.4.11.4. H. GIBBON.

He sent them to preach the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick.—St. Luke ix. 2.

1 *mp* SAVIOUR, to Whom the sound of sorrow's sighing,
Ne'er came in vain, [ness dying,
dim For those twice sick, in Godless dark-
We plead again.

2 *p* Their souls and bodies need Thy two-fold healing
To cure their ill; [teous dealing,
cr Then give Thy servants, with Thy boun-
The double skill.

3 *mf* Give them the grace to lead the spirit's longing
To perfect rest; [thronging
cr And to the sick around their footsteps
Their skill be blest.

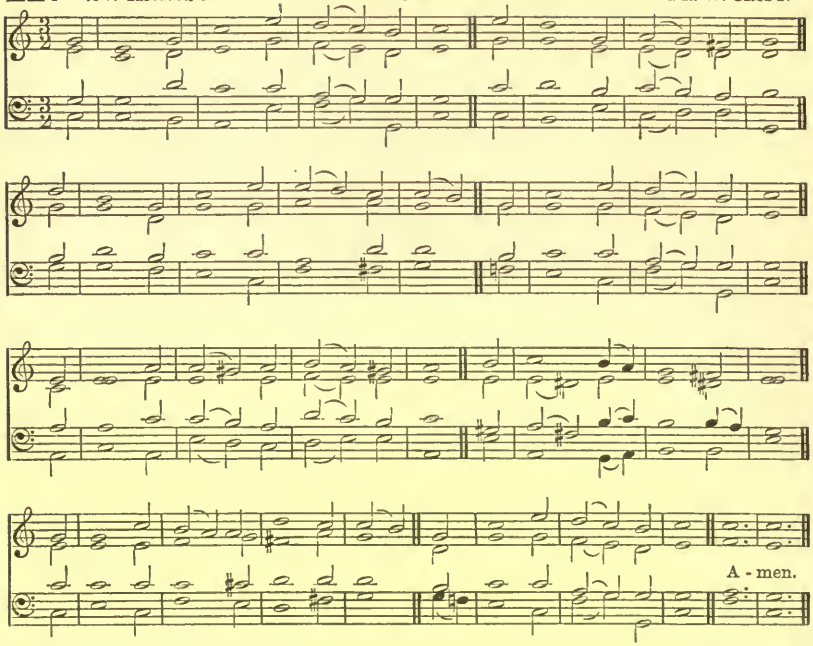
4 *mf* Healers or Preachers, where Thy voice is calling
Thy servants go, [from falling,
cr Then in Thy footsteps keep their feet
While here below.

5 *f* Then when that Voice shall call to heaven's glory
dim Their weary feet,
cr May souls now saved rise up to make their story
f Of life complete. Amen.

ELEANOR FRANCES FOX.

227 St. Matthew

D.C.M. DR. W. CROFT.



They brought unto Him all that were diseased; and besought Him that they might only touch the hem of His garment: and as many as touched were made perfectly whole.—St. Matt. xiv. 35, 36.

1 *f* THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old,
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave;
p To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

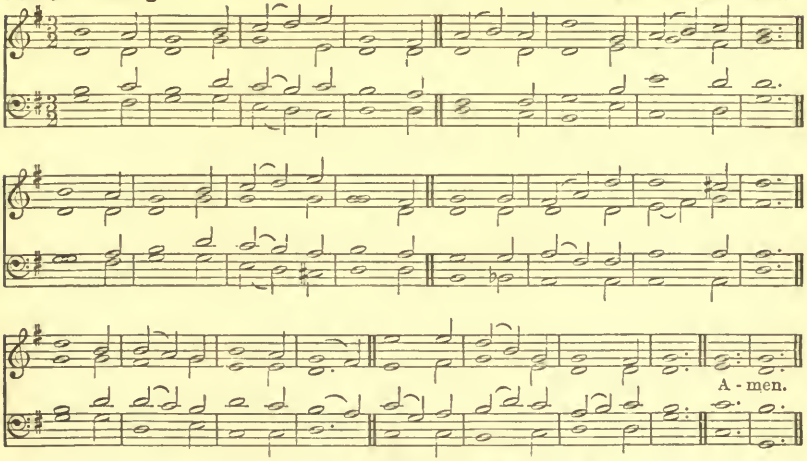
2 *mf* And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
cr And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of light;
f And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 *mf* Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
cr Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With Thine Almighty breath;
To hands that work, and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
f That whole and sick, and weak and strong
May praise Thee evermore. Amen.

DEAN PLUMPTRE.

228 Safety

8.7.8.7.7.7. REV. J. H. MATTHEWS.



I was sick, and ye visited Me.—St. Matt. xxv. 36.

1 *mf* THOU to Whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
cr Still with healing word replying
dim To the wearied cry of pain,
p Hear us, Jesu, as we meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

2 *p* Still the weary, sick, and dying,
Need a brother's, sister's care;
cr On Thy higher help relying
May we now their burdens share,
mf Bringing all our offerings meet,
dim Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

3 *mf* May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
cr All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart,
mf Ever bringing offerings meet,
dim Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

4 *cr* So may sickness, sin, and sadness,
To Thy healing power yield,
Till the sick and sad in gladness,—
f Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,—
One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat. Amen.

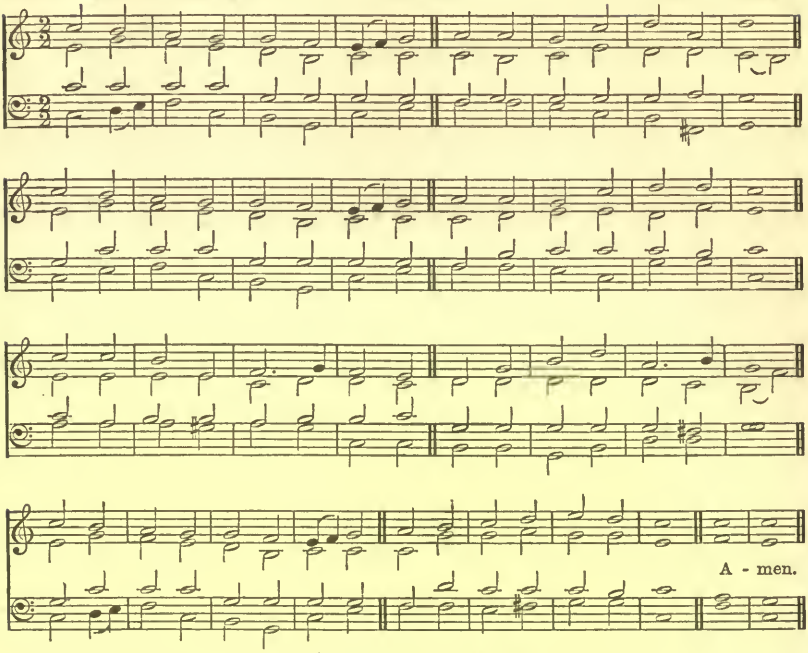
REV. PREB. TIRING.

See also Hymns 1, 10, 73, 223.

Special Occasions.

229 Haverstock Hill

8.7.8.7. D.

SARAH G. STOCK.

(FOR GLEANERS' UNION MEETINGS.)

Let thine eyes be on the field that they do reap, and go thou after them.—Ruth ii. 9.

1 *mf* HEAR ye not the tramp of reapers
Hasting to the harvest plain,
cr Where beneath the broad, bright heaven
Wave the ears of golden grain?
Ripe and ready for the reaping,
Waving idly in the breeze,
dim While the labourers tarried sleeping
p On the couch of careless ease.

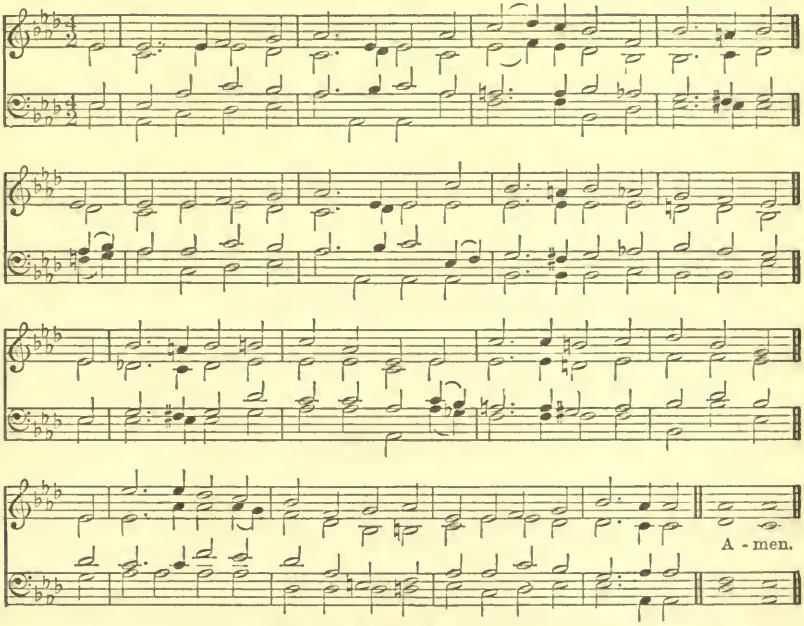
2 *mf* See the breath of heaven has waked them,
And the Master's call has stirred;
cr Forth they go, their homes forsaking,
At His sweet, compelling word;
Go to carry out His pleasure
Where the fields are full and wide;
f Go to gather in His treasure,
dim Precious souls for whom He died.

3 *f* Rich and plenteous is the harvest,
Rich on India's burning plain;
Rich 'mid China's thronging millions;
Rich beyond the eastern main;
cr Rich where stands the open portal
Into Afric's wondrous land;
ff Oh! how rich the spoil immortal!
p Oh! how small the reaper band!

4 *mf* Hark! I hear the tread of Gleaners
Sounding through this world's turmoil;
Thousand lowly feet are hasting,
Fain to share the reapers' toil.
cr Jesus! Master! give Thy blessing,
Bid each loiterer hear Thy "Come!"
Keep Thy servants onward pressing
f To the glorious Harvest-home!

SARAH C. STOCK. Amen.

230 Stanley

D.L.M. DR. A. H. MANN.

(FOR WOMEN'S MEETINGS.)

Which laboured much in the Lord.—Rom. xvi. 12.

1 *mf* O MATCHLESS honour, all unsought,
High privilege, surpassing thought,
That Thou shouldst call us Lord, to be
In fellowship of work with Thee!
To carry out Thy wondrous plan,
To bear Thy messages to man;
cr "In trust" with Christ's own word of grace
To every soul of human race.

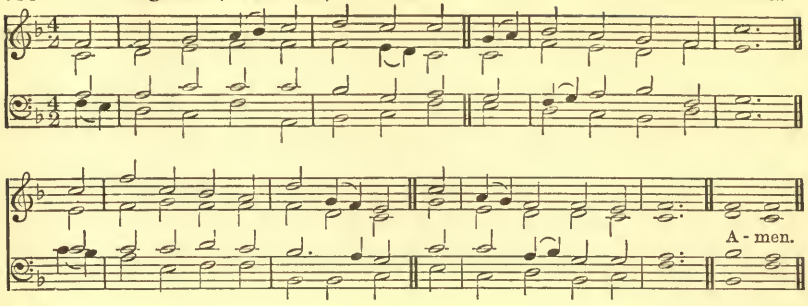
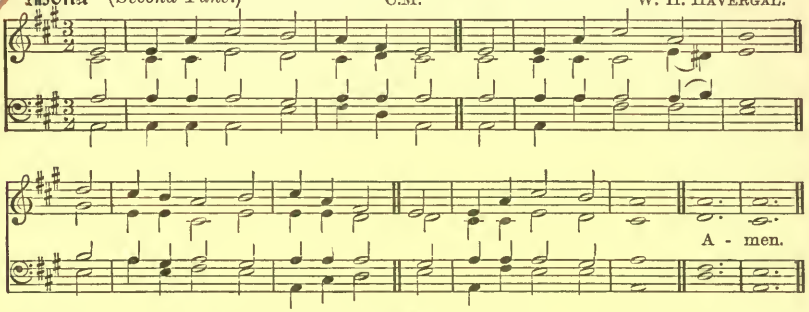
2 *f* So great the task! (*p*) the strength how small!
cr Yet quickened ears have heard Thy call;
Joyful we rise with one glad word,
"Behold the handmaid of the Lord!"
f And strong in fellowship Divine,
Our feeble hands fast locked in Thine,
ff Mountains shall vanish, foes shall flee,
"All things are possible" with Thee.

3 *mf* Great Master-Worker! May we stand,
Vessels made ready for Thy hand;
p Purged by the holy cleansing Fire
From sin's alloy, and self's desire;
cr Prepared by grace to do our part,
To bring our God the ready heart,
p The lowly mind, the yielded will,
The emptied soul which He may fill.

4 *mf* O Father, now at heaven's high gate,
With outstretched hands Thy children wait.
Hear us, and grant us from above
cr Thy "Comfort, Life, and Fire of Love." [shower:
Thirsting,—we crave the gracious
Helpless,—we grasp Almighty power:
Suppliant before Thy temple gate,
f Fall, Fire of God, on hearts that wait!

M. MAUDE. Amen.

May also be sung to "Melcombe, No. 215.

231 St. Angelus (*First Tune.*) C.M. A. H. BROWN.

Mona (*Second Tune.*) C.M. W. H. HAVERGAL.

(FOR WOMEN'S MEETINGS.)

Jesus met them, saying, All hail . . . . Be not afraid: go, tell My brethren.—St. Matt. xxviii. 9, 10.

1 *mf* O RISEN Saviour! Thou didst meet
The little, trembling band,
Who came and held Thy blessèd feet,
With one Divine command,—

2 *mf* "Go, tell!"—(*f*) and, strong in the
"All hail!"
And "Fear not!" of their Lord,
They sped to tell their wondrous tale,
And bear His precious word.

3 *mf* And still, though now ascended far,
Where faith alone can see,—[charge
cr Our King repeats from Heaven the
He gave near Calvary.

4 *mf* Still, to the handmaids at His feet,
p "Go, tell!" He whispers low;
And still they catch the echo sweet
Of "Fear not!" as they go.

5 *mf* Go, tell of Love that stooped to bear
dim A whole world's sin and shame,
cr Of boundless Grace repulsing ne'er
The worst to Him who came;

6 *mf* Tell of the Fountain opened wide
Whence streams of cleansing flow,
cr And that for ever at its side
Fair, holy fruits will grow.

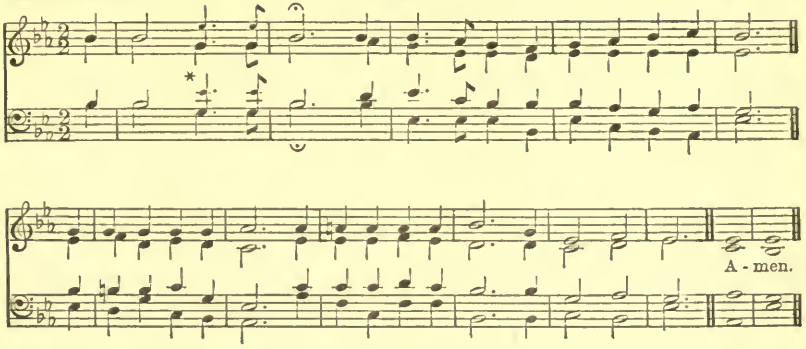
7 *p* And even in the saddest hour,
And in the deepest shade,
cr Trust in your risen Saviour's power,
f Trust,—and "Be not afraid!"

8 *mf* So, when from yon unfolding skies
cr He comes His own to greet,
f That "Fear not!" and that glad
"All hail!"
ff Shall be your welcome sweet. Amen.

M. F. MAUDE

May also be sung to "Dundee," No. 155.

232 Ancilla

P.M. E. J. C.

(FOR WOMEN'S MEETINGS.)

The Lord giveth the word: the women that publish the tidings are a great host.—
Ps. lxviii. 11. (R.V.)

1 *f* THE Lord gave the Word,—
"Let all my people bless My saving Name!"
cr And Israel's women throng,
With timbrel and with song,
To spread His fame.

2 *f* The Christ gave the Word,—
"Go, tell my brethren that I live for aye!"
cr And swift the glad feet sped
Along the path that led
dim From Calvary.

3 *f* The King gave the Word,—
"Go, teach ye every soul in every land!"
cr Loud sounds that call, and clear:
Rabboni! we are here
At Thy command.

4 *f* The Lord gives the Word,—
mp And straightway, from their lowly waiting place,
cr Thy willing handmaids rise,
f With joyful, eager eyes
Fixed on Thy face.

5 *f* The Christ gives the Word,—
Bear we that message, as in days of old,
Thy Gospel to proclaim,
cr To glorify Thy Name,
And fill Thy Fold.

6 *f* The King gives the Word,— [gate
Oh! happy heralds, through an opened
His tidings glad who bring;—
They also serve their King,
p Who stand and wait.

7 *f* But speak, Lord, the Word,
Binding for life or death to Thy blest feet:
cr And give us hearts that still
Move with Thy holy will
In service sweet. Amen.

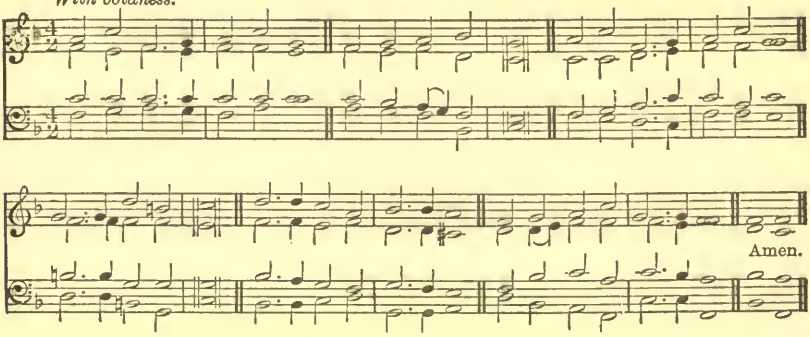
M. MAUDE.

* *From Verse 4 to the end the higher notes to be taken*

233 Bingley

With boldness.

7.5.7.5.7.7. DR. W. T. BELCHER.



(FOR A MISSIONARY EXHIBITION.)

Howbeit I believed not the words, until I came, and mine eyes had seen it: and, behold, the half was not told me.—1 Kings x. 7.

1 *mf* TREASURES we have gathered here,
Brought from lands afar,
cr Where Christ's servants follow Him
To the holy war,
From the grasp of death and sin
f His inheritance to win.

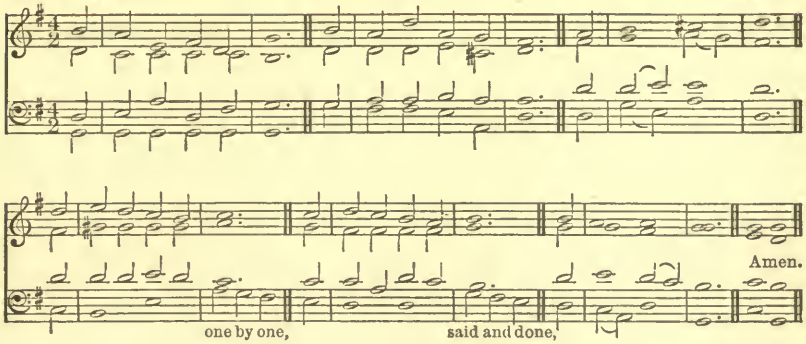
2 *mf* Tokens of the strife they wage
Daily for their Lord;
cr Tokens of the triumphs won
By His holy Word;
f Tokens of His blessings given,
Captives freed and fetters riven.

3 *p* Lord, wilt Thou our treasures use?—
cr Use them now to wake
Souls from sleep, of self and sloth;
And for Jesus' sake
f Bid us face the world's great needs,
Follow where our Captain leads.

4 *mf* In the battle-field with Him
May we take our part,
cr Consecrating to His Name,
Mind and strength and heart;
f Conqueror He will surely be:
rall. May we share His victory! Amen.

SARAH G. STOCK.

234 Naomi

6.6.4.6.6.4. C. H. FORREST.

(FOR GLEANERS' UNION MEETINGS.)

Where hast thou gleaned to-day?—Ruth ii. 19.

1 *mf* WHERE hast thou gleaned to-day?
Thus does the Master say
To you,—to me;
Come, tell Him, one by one,
All we have said and done,
Whate'er it be.

2 *mf* In the great field of prayer,
Have we been gleaning there,—
Abroad,—at home,—
cr Blessings, for His dear sake,
On all who strive to make
His kingdom come?

3 *mf* From God's own Scripture field
Glean we some precious yield
Of golden grain,—
Promise, and plan, and will
cr For this great world, until
f Christ comes again?

4 *mf* Glean we from fields afar
News of the holy war
Of God's dear Son,
cr Of progress towards the goal,
Of many a heathen soul
For Jesus won?

5 *mf* Or in the fields around
Have we no gleanings found
Of gifts or gold,
To God's great treasure store,
Brought in by rich or poor,
By young or old?

6 *mf* And, gleanings richer still,
Those who, the Father's will
Longing to do,
Bring to Him heart and hand,
Joining our Gleaner-Band,—
f Co-workers true?

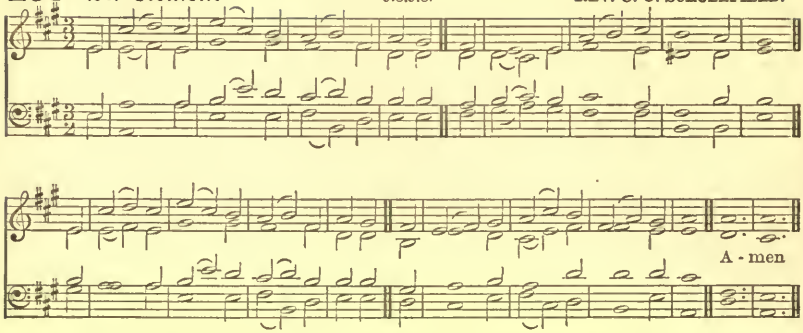
7 *p* So grant us, Lord, we pray,
cr To glean while it is day,
That ours may be
f At last the blest reward,—
ff To bring our sheaves, dear Lord,
With joy to Thee! Amen.

REV. W. J. L. SHEPPARD.

Evening.

235 St. Clement

9.8.9.8. REV. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.



The Lord's Name is praised, from the rising up of the sun unto the going down of the same.—PS. cxiii. 3. (P.B.V.)

1 *mf* THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
dim The darkness falls at Thy behest;
cr To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
f Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

2 *mf* We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
cr While earth rolls onward into light,
f Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

3 *mf* As o'er each continent and island
cr The dawn leads on another day,
f The voice of prayer is never silent,
ff Nor dies the strain of praise away.

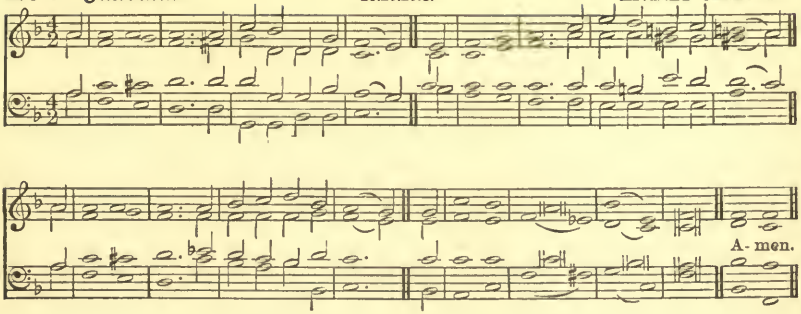
4 *p* The sun, that bids us rest, (*cr*) is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
f And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 *cr* So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never
Like earth's proud empires pass away;
ff Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway. Amen.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON.

236 Jandiala

10.10.10.6. LIVESEY CARROTT.



He giveth His beloved sleep.—Ps. cxxvii. 2.

1 *mf* THE night draws near, our day of praise is o'er,
cr Our songs, our hearts, uplifted rise once more,
dim As at Thy feet, O Lord, our offerings pour,
p And then, "Good night, Good night."

2 *p* The day of life has oft-times darkened been,
Fierce storms have raged, with fitful lights between;
cr But still at even, o'er the changing scene,
dim Has come,—sweet word,—"Good night."

3 *mp* He knows full well the weary hours of toil,
p The seed oft sown with tears in barren soil;
cr And His voice bids us "Come and rest awhile,"
dim So we must say, "Good night."

4 *mf* The task will soon be o'er, however hard,
The lonely struggle, watched still by the Lord,
f With Him is thine exceeding great reward,
p Till then "Good night, good night."

5 *mf* Go forth in earnest, steadfast lives, to prove
mf Thy teaching true: deep rooted in His love,
cr Fruits budding here, to ripen soon above,
dim Where none shall say "Good night."

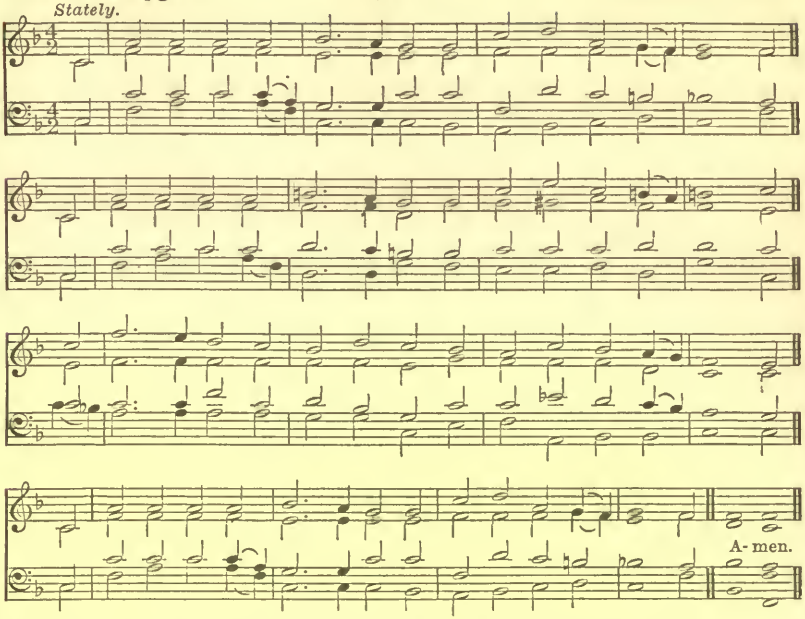
6 *mp* "Good night." The longest day must have an end,
The happiest hours will to their closing tend,
cr Beyond, afar, the eternal day we'll spend,
mp "Good night, (*p*) Good night, (*pp*) Good night." Amen.

KATE SACHS

See also Hymns 29, 30, 224. (*Revised by* CANON PETHERTON).

Centenary.

237 Bishopgarth 8.7.8.7. D. SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Stately.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the Jubilee to sound . . . And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year and proclaim liberty throughout all the land: . . . it shall be a Jubilee unto you.—Lev. xxv. 9, 10.

For My sake and the Gospel's.—St. Mark viii.'35.

1 *mf* "FOR My sake and the Gospel's, go
And tell Redemption's story;"
cr His heralds answer, "Be it so,
f And Thine, Lord, all the glory!"
mf They preach His birth, His life, His cross,
The love of His atonement
For Whom they count the world but loss,
f His Easter, His enthronement.

2 *f* Hark, hark, the trump of Jubilee
Proclaims to every nation,
cr From pole to pole, by land and sea,
Glad tidings of salvation:
p As nearer draws the day of doom,
While still the battle rages,
f The heavenly Dayspring through the gloom
ff Breaks on the night of ages.

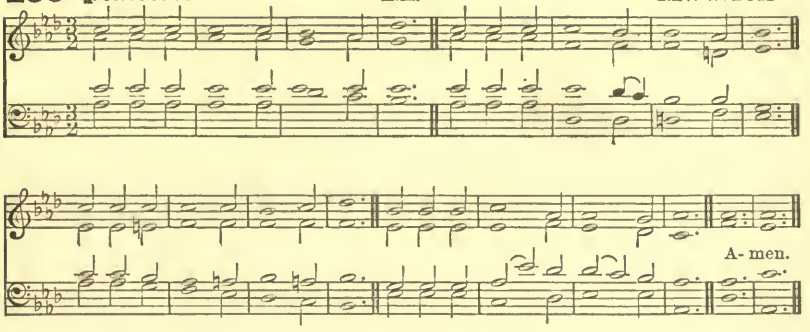
3 *f* Still on and on the anthems spread
Of Hallelujah voices,
In concert with the holy Dead
cr The warrior Church rejoices;
Their snow-white robes are washed in blood,
Their golden harps are ringing;
ff Earth and the Paradise of God
One triumph-song are singing.

4 *f* He comes, Whose Advent Trumpet drowns
The last of Time's evangels,
Emmanuel crowned with many crowns,
The Lord of saints and angels:
cr O Life, Light, Love, the great I AM,
Triune, Who changest never,
ff The throne of God and of the Lamb
rall Is Thine, and Thine for ever!

BISHOP E. H. BICKERSTETH. Amen.

238 Pentecost

L.M. REV. W. BOYD.



Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me.—St. Matt. xi. 29.

There are diversities of ministrations, and the same Lord.—1 Cor. xii. 5. (R.V.)

1 *mf* "FROM Christ to learn, for Christ to teach,"— [clear
Our fathers gave the watchword
cr As they the flag unfurled, and each
True heart to-day still holds it dear.

2 *mf* "From Christ to learn, for Christ to teach,"— [cry
f Forth in the strength of that glad
cr They went, the Gospel-word to preach,
Through all the Hundred Years gone by.

3 *mf* "From Christ to learn, for Christ to teach,"—
p And some the children gather in,
cr That youthful hearts His truth may reach, [win.
f And youthful lives His love may

4 *mf* "From Christ to learn, for Christ to teach,"— [they press,
So through the fields and lanes
And in the busy mart they preach
cr The Christ, Who died, and lives to bless.

5 *mf* "From Christ to learn, for Christ to teach,"— [gloom,
p Then, where their sisters wait in
cr In patient love they tell to each
f Of that bright hope that lights the tomb.

6 *mf* "From Christ to learn, for Christ to teach,"— [lame
p While 'mid the sick, the blind and
cr They stand to heal, and all beseech
To trust the One, the saving Name.

7 *mf* "From Christ to learn, for Christ to teach,"—
And some toil on with busy pen,
His scribes who write in other speech
cr The Word of Life and Light to men.

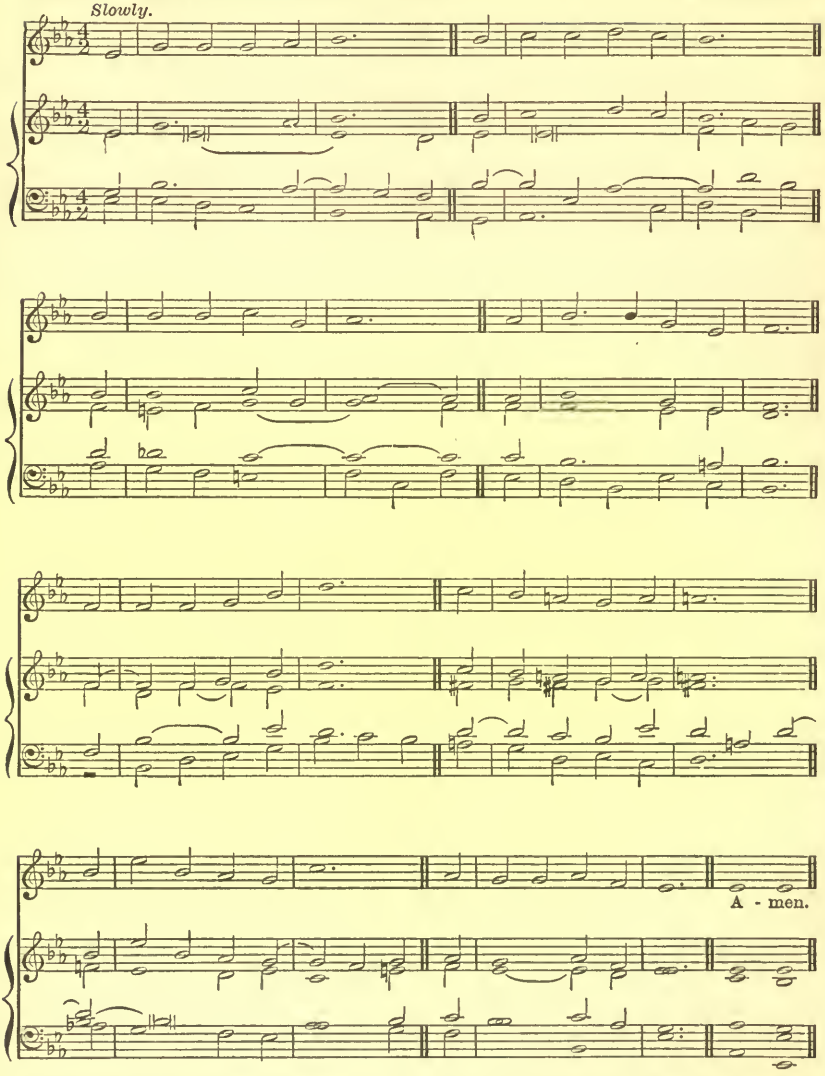
8 *mf* "From Christ to learn, for Christ to teach,"—
May this our watchword ever be,
cr Until the Day we yearn to reach
f Brings near the Face we long to see. Amen.

REV. W. J. L. SHEPPARD.

(Suggested by Archbishop Plunket's beautiful Hymn in the "Church of Ireland Hymnal.")

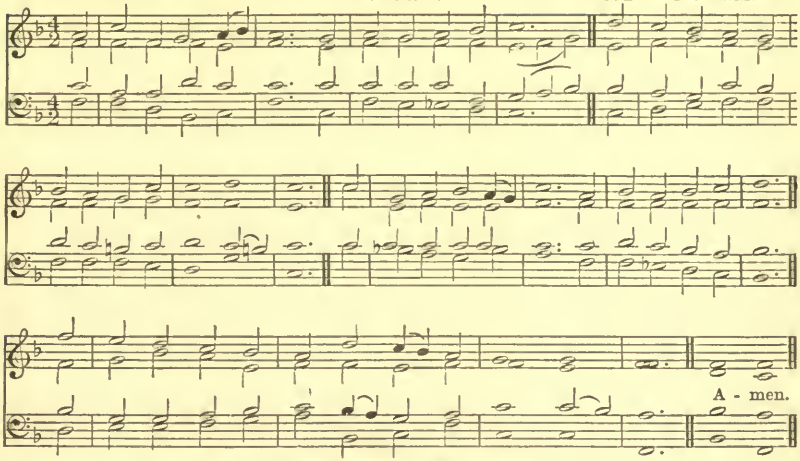
The principle of the C.M.S., laid down in 1799, has always been—"Spiritual Men for Spiritual Work."

239 Centenary (*First Tune.*)* 6.6.6.6. D. Dr. S. Corbett.

Slowly.

* *This Tune should be sung in unison, but if harmony be preferred, the unnecessary ties should be omitted.*

The Land Beyond (*Second Tune.*)

6.6.6.6. D. J. DOWNING FARRER.



Unto Him shall the gathering of the people be.—Gen. xlix. 10.
Let the whole earth be filled with His glory.—Ps. lxxii. 19.

1 *f* GREAT God, we bless Thy Name
For all Thy grace has done,
Thy Gospel's growing fame,
The trophies it has won.
Praise for Thine arm revealed,
The Spirit's gracious rain,
cr The whitening harvest field,
ff The heaven-garnered grain.

2 *mf* Where near the ice-bound Pole
Dwell few and scattered bands,
And where the rivers roll
Their streams o'er tropic sands,
Peoples of every race,
p Who sat in darkness drear,
cr Of God's redeeming grace,
f His great salvation, hear.

3 *f* The joyful tidings reach
To India's torrid plain,
cr And Asia's varied speech
Has caught the Gospel strain.
p And many a weary soul,
cr From idols breaking free,
Hastens to one glad goal,
dim Its rest, O Christ, in Thee.

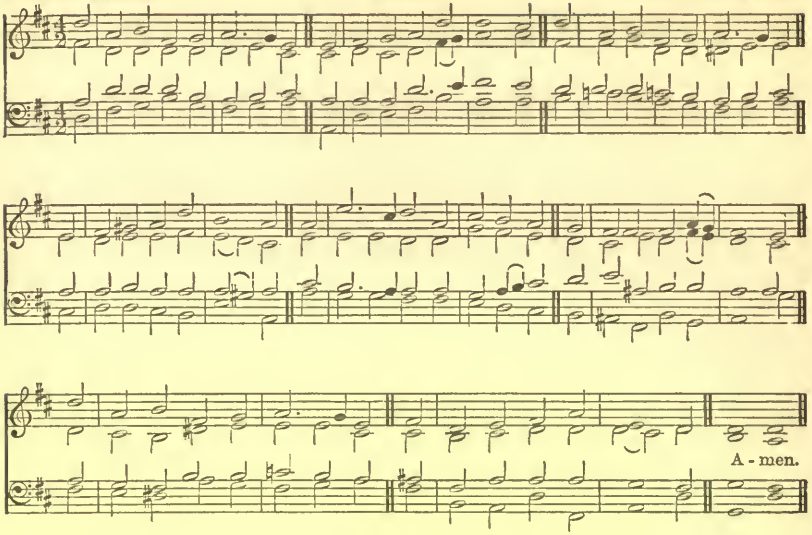
4 *p* O'er Afric's darkened land
cr Has dawned a brighter day,
To God, with outstretched hand,
Her ransomed people pray;
f And, from the rising sun
dim To where he sinks to rest,
f Immortal souls are won,
And men in Christ are blest.

5 *f* O Lord, with mighty hand
Touch every heart and tongue,
cr Till rings through every land
The Hallelujah-song!
f O for the living fire,
The Pentecostal flame,
All hearts with love to inspire,
Dear Saviour, to Thy Name!

6 *f* Come, Dayspring from on high,
All the round world to bless!
cr O'er this beclouded sky
Rise, Sun of Righteousness!
Thy glory fill the earth
As rolls the boundless sea!
ff Come, new creation's birth!
Come, glorious Jubilee! Amen.

REV. E. C. INCE.

240 Lagos

8.7.8.7. D. DR. E. J. BELLERBY.

Sing unto the Lord; for He hath done excellent things: this is known in all the earth.—Isaiah xii. 5.

1 *mf* O KING of Glory, God of Grace,
Age after age is telling
Thy mercy to a fallen race,
The Lord with mankind dwelling,
Thou didst of old send forth Thy Word,
Pardon and Peace revealing:
cr From slumber waked our fathers heard,
And sought the nations' healing.

2 *mf* They gave, for Thou hadst given all,
Their dearest earthly treasure,
Obedient to their Master's call,
cr In Love's own royal measure.
f And we, their children, bring our praise,
Their God and ours confessing,
Faithful and true through all the days,
Twice fifty years of blessing.

3 *mf* To every land the word has gone,
"Christ comes, go forth to greet Him:"
p Where darkness dwelt (*cr*) the light has shone,
"Prepare, O earth, to meet Him."
f Break, Afric, break thine age-long chains,
Proud Islam's bondage spurning;
Sing, India, sing, o'er all thy plains
Sorrow to joy is turning.

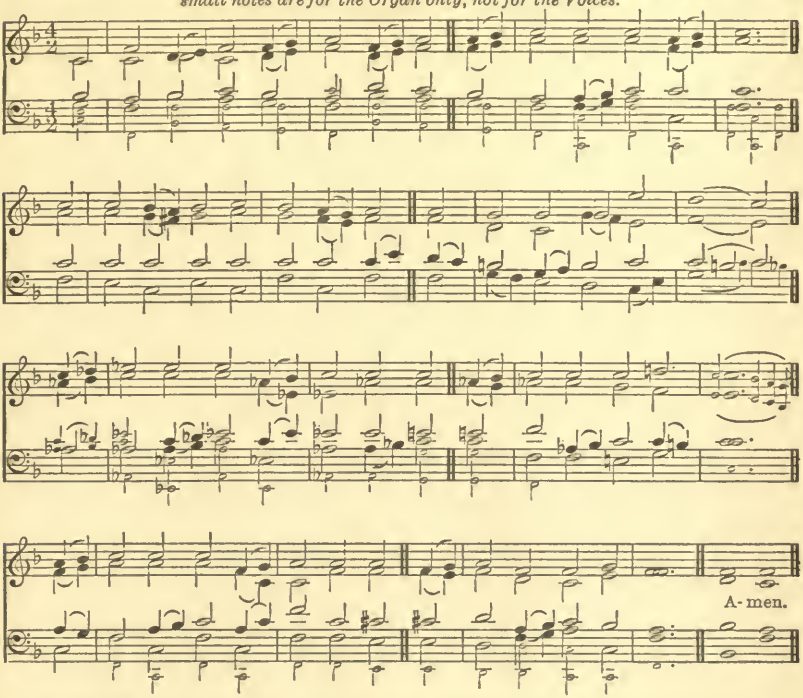
4 *mf* Land of the rising sun, arise,
cr Thy better day is dawning,
From shore to shore the message flies,
That hails earth's brighter morning.
f Kinsmen afar responsive sing,
Pass on the Gospel story;
Sing, comrade Band, "Make Jesus King,"—
The Lord comes back in glory!

REV. H. E. FOX. Amen.

May also be sung to "Bishopgarth," No. 237.

241 Laus, Tibi, Christe

8.6.8.6. D. G. F. COBB.

To be sung, not smoothly, but with the rhythm well marked, in the manner of a March. The small notes are for the Organ only, not for the Voices.

Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name give the praise.—PS. CXV. 1. (P.B.V.)

1 *f* O LORD of Lords and King of Kings,
We praise Thy glorious Name,
The Same to-day and yesterday,
And evermore the Same!
p Who for a world by sin undone
Cam'st down in love to die,
f And sittest on Thy Father's throne
In glory now on high.

2 *f* O Lord of Lords and King of Kings,
We praise Thy holy Name,
That Thou didst from Thy faithful Church
A glorious service claim,—
cr To bid the Gospel-trumpet sound
Far over land and sea,
Until the earth's remotest bound
Thine own possession be.

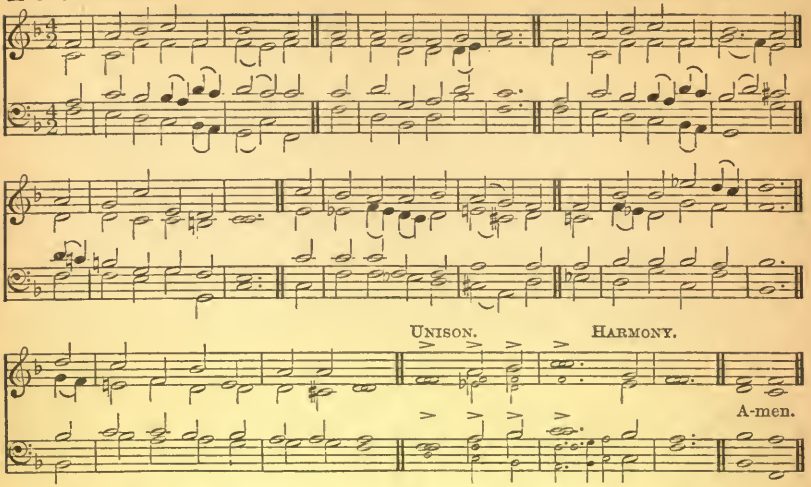
3 *f* O Lord of Lords and King of Kings,
We praise Thy blessèd Name,
cr That to our fathers' waking hearts
Anew Thy summons came;
p Till, where the seed was sown in tears
cr Fields white to harvest lay,
f The increase of the Hundred Years
ff A hundredfold to-day!

4 *f* O Lord of Lords and King of Kings,
We praise Thy gracious Name,
That in Thy world-wide work Divine
Our part we too may claim;
cr O may we thus Thy Gospel-word
Proclaim from shore to shore,
ff Till all the earth shall hail Thee Lord,
rall. And praise Thee evermore! Amen.

REV. W. J. L. SHEPPARD.

242 Glendon

7.6.7.6.7.6.8 6. SIR GEORGE C. MARTIN.



The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.—Ps. cxxvi. 3.

1 *mf* WE scan the years swept from us
By time's swift-rolling stream,
dim We gaze in awe and wonder,
p We stand like them that dream;
cr Our mouth is filled with laughter,
f With joyful song we say,— [us,
cr "The Lord hath done great things for
ff O praise His Name to-day!"

2 *mf* In years long past our fathers
Cast forth the holy grain,
cr With faith in Him Who giveth
The first and latter rain;
f Where now glad harvests ripen
p They trod their fruitless way: [us,
f "The Lord hath done great things for
ff O praise His Name to-day!"

3 *f* The years brought life and blessing
To many a tribe and tongue,
cr All kindreds of the peoples
Unite with ours their song;
Redeemed from out the nations,
ff His servants shout and say,— [us,
"The Lord hath done great things for
We praise His Name to-day!"

4 *f* On, then, through years before us
The precious seed to bear,
p Although with tears of sorrow
The Master's toil we share,
cr Sure in the Day of harvest
f Sheaves at His feet to lay;—
cr "The Lord will do great things for us,
ff O praise His Name alway!"

5 *mf* Then, when the years are ended,
And time has ceased to be,
cr When ours the joy of harvest
Through all eternity,
f Shall rise the heavenly anthem,
Which ne'er shall pass away,—
ff "The Lord hath done great things for us,
rall Praise we His Name for aye!" Amen.

REV. W. J. L. SHEPPARD.

May also be sung to "Cruger," No. 168, *the last chord but one of the seventh line being divided as the Words require.*

See also Hymns 8, 29, 30, 43, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 58, 104, 123, 155, 156, 160, 161, 169, 179, 181, 188, 206, 220.

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